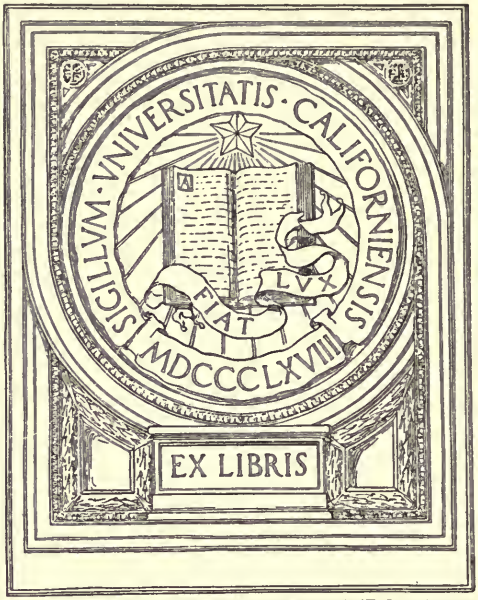
Don Diego

Albert B. Reagan

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
AT LOS ANGELES



ROBERT ERNEST COWAN

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DON DIEGO

THE GOD CLOWN DANCER.

Don Diego

or

The Pueblo Indian Uprising of 1680

BY

ALBERT B. REAGAN

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PREFACE

Soon after I became United States Indian Farmer at Jemez, New Mexico, in 1899, the Jemez Indians had a masked dance. As the dance occurred on mail day, they stopped the mail carrier and would not allow him to proceed on his journey. This they did in accordance with their custom not to allow a white man to enter or to pass through the village while they were thus occupied. The stopping of the mail led to the arrest of the Indian governor, José Romero. He, as a result of the preliminary examination, was bound over to the United States' grand jury which was to meet the next March, six months after the crime was committed. Taking pity on the Indian, I bailed him out and took him back to the village. From that time on throughout the winter months the Jemez were very friendly to me. They allowed me to visit their performances at will, though they did not send me special invitations to do so. At the trial in March the governor was found guilty and fined the full extent of the law for interfering with the carrying of the mail. As soon as the sentence was handed down, I went to the judge, and after a great deal of argument, persuaded him to suspend the sentence upon the promise of good behavior. So I returned to the village with the governor a second time. In the evening after our return the "principals" of the place met, and, as the greatest favor they could bestow upon

me, they invited me in the name of the tribe to visit any and all of their ceremonies, both open and secret. They stated further that they would let me know whenever they had any special ceremony. This, with but one exception, they carried out to the letter. Acting upon the invitation, I visited each of the *estufas* at will. I was often with the Indians in them six nights in a week. I also examined the "blind closets" and secret rooms in their dwellings. Furthermore, night after night I listened to the legends told around their firesides. Thus I was enabled to see and hear many things of interest. Later I had charge of the Cibicu division of the Fort Apache Indian reservation and had access to all of their performances, both religious and medicinal. All these, together with the Spanish accounts of the discovery and subjugation of New Mexico, and the Indian myths and traditions concerning same, I have used in the following story, believing that it will prove of interest to the public, while laying no claim to absolute historical accuracy other than in descriptions. Indian customs vary but little and what took place in this century is practically the same as what occurred in the seventeenth century. This is not a history but a novel with an historical thread with gaps filled in to make up the story. Moreover the writer has used the novelist's license to bring out the effect desired. It must also be understood that the word slave as used in this book is used to mean any person who labors without pay, as a forced servant, a peon, or a convict.

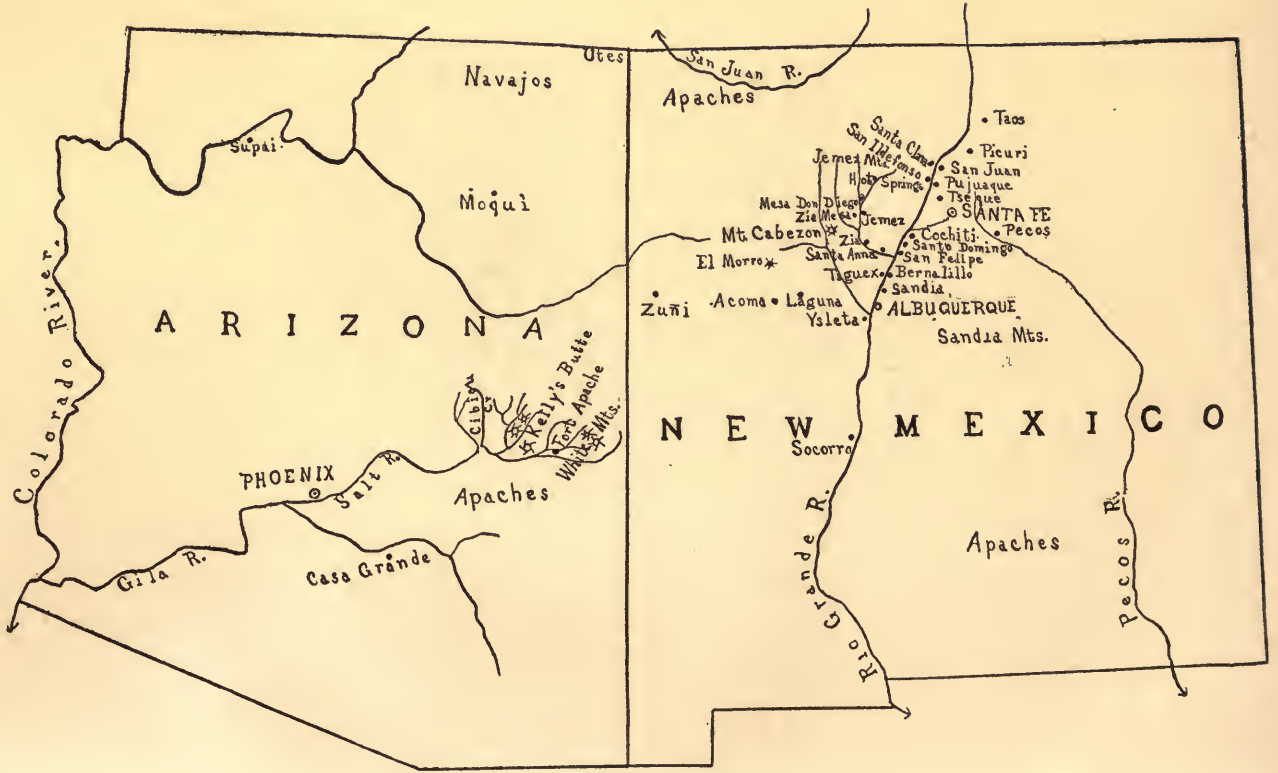
In conclusion I wish to express my everlasting gratitude to Professor Bandelier of Columbia College, New York, who has aided me in correcting the manuscript.

For the benefit of students I must add that the authorities I have principally followed in the historical part are George Parker Winship's "The Coronado Expedition, 1540-1542," Fourteenth Ethnological Report, 1893, Part I, pages 331 to 598; also Bancroft's History of Arizona and New Mexico, and the accounts Mr. Bancroft gives from other authors in his notes.

ALBERT B. REAGAN.

AN EXPLANATORY NOTE

The Queres were the Zia, Santa Anna, San Felipe, Santo Domingo and Cochiti Indians. The Piros Indians lived in the vicinity of Socorro, south of Albuquerque, New Mexico. The Tompiros lived back of the San Dias, southeast and east of Albuquerque. The Tiguas were the Ysleta Indians and their neighbors. The Tanos were the Indians about Santa Fé. They were the San Lazaro, San Cristobal, Callisteo, San Marcos, San Pedro and Cienaga. The Tehuas were the Santa Clara, San Ildefonso, Jacona, Nambé, San Juan, Pujuaque, and Tezuque. The Picuri were north of Santa Fé, east of the Rio Grande, north of the Tehuas, the farthest north except Taos.


Utes
Navajos
San Juan R.
Apaches
Supai
Moqui
Taos
Picuri
San Juan
Pujuaque
Tsiguc
SANTA FE
Pecos
Santa Clara
San Ildefonso
Jemez Mts.
Hot Springs
Mesa Don Diego
Zia
Jemez
Mt. Cabezon
Zia
Cochiti
Santo Domingo
El Morro
Santa Anna
San Felipe
Tiguex
Bernalillo
Sandia
Zuñi
Acoma
Laguna
Ysleta
ALBUQUERQUE
Sandia Mts.
ARIZONA
NEW MEXICO
Colorado River
Cibik
Kelly's Butte
Fort Apache
White Mts.
PHOENIX
Salt R.
Apaches
Gila R.
Casa Grande
Socorro
Rio Grande R.
Apaches
Pecos R.

DON DIEGO

CHAPTER I

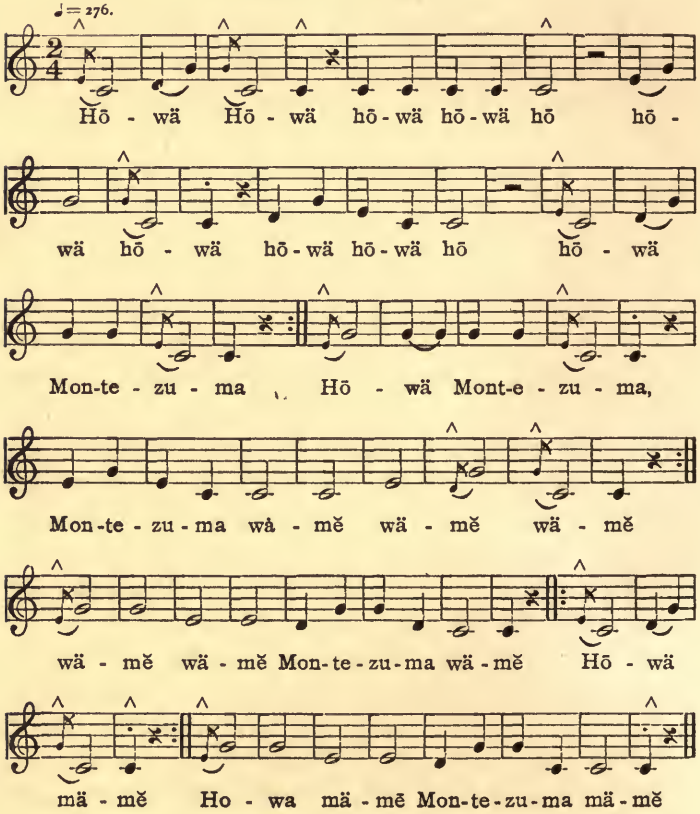
"AHOO, ahoo, ahoo, ahoo," broke the stillness of an early morning in May, at Jemez, in the year 1680. A masked dance was commencing. The "ahoo, ahoo, ahoo," grew louder and louder, becoming a heavier, basic, hideous sound as sixteen strange-looking creatures issued, one after another, from the passageway in the roof of the rectangular "sun house." They were the clowns who, according to the Jemez religion, represent the principal Gods — the Sun, the Moon, the Morning Star and the Evening Star, on special religious occasions. All of these clowns were gaudily dressed. All had conspicuous head ornaments. All wore circular masks, some eight inches in diameter, on which were painted the gods they respectively represented, together with paintings of clouds, of lightnings, and of snakes. The Indians think that the gods in the vault above wear similarly decorated masks, so large that each respectively hides the whole person of the god that wears it. The mask only is all that is ever seen by human eyes.

The arms of these clowns were naked. They wore leggings and moccasins tinged in red. Their yellow-painted bodies were wrapped in richly colored blankets or robes, on which were embroidered, in characteristic colors, figures of the sun, of the moon, of the great

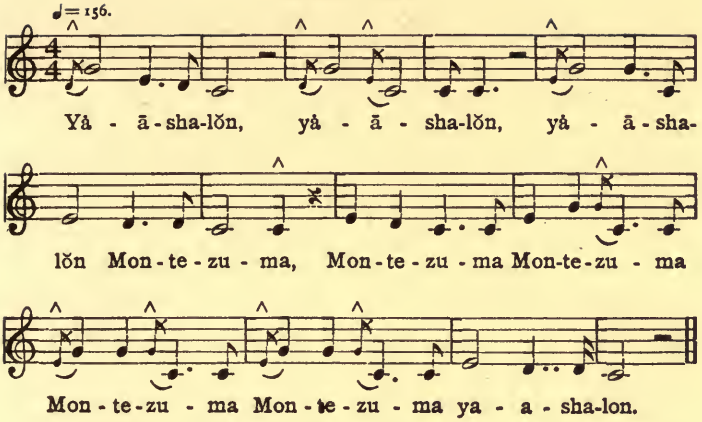
stars, of the good and evil snakes, of the rainbow in the west and the rainbow in the east, and of four pillars of clouds. They made a fantastic display.

Nearly all of the head ornaments of these men consisted of eagle feathers so arranged on a buckskin covering as to represent the spread tail of a bird with reverse side presented to the front. Back of this fan of

HYMN TO THE GODS



MONTEZUMA

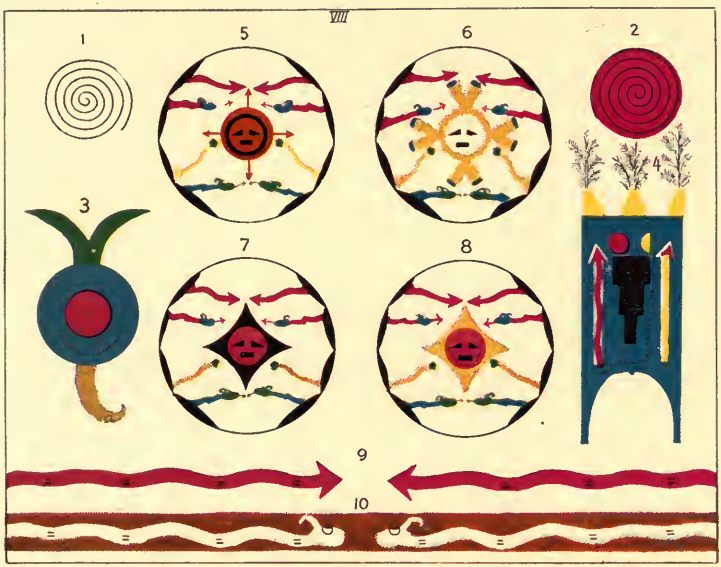


These are Jemez songs. The first is used in the "round dances" in the estufas, also in the "ghost dances." The second is sung by the young people to pass away the time. It is also sung on religious occasions.

feathers were paintings of the greater gods, whose outlines were formed with tiny images, beads of turquoise, and shells of various kinds.

The masks, with respect to the figures painted on them, were four of a kind. The symbol which the wearer represented occupied the central position on the mask. These central figures consisted of a disk surrounded by concentric bands in the sun and moon drawings and by points in the star symbols. The disks of all the figures were red, except those of the moon, which were white. The inner band of the sun was black, the outer was composed of rays of red alternating with outer spaces of yellow. From this outer band there projected darts in red; one to the right, and one to the left, one towards the heavens, and one toward the earth. The white disk of the moon was surrounded by a wide yellow ring.

From it four groups of peculiar-looking figures projected, one toward each of the four cardinal points when the mask is laid flat on the ground, with one of the groups extending in a cardinal direction. The Jemez suppose that these groups represent the rays of the moon. Each group consisted of two yellow figures inclined at a small angle from the perpendicular and from each other. Each of these terminated at its outer end in a blue disk. The whole looked much like a half-burned cigar, the blue disk representing the ashy end. The stars were four pointed. The points of the morning star were black, those of the evening star yellow. The disks of all the central figures were god faces. The eyes were triangular in shape, the mouth rectangular. Both the eyes and the mouth were painted black. The outer figures on the masks were at the right and at the left of the central emblem. The drawings on the one side were the counterparts of those on the other. The four pillars of clouds, painted black, projected out and extended as a succession of steps along the rim of the mask almost from its lower part, as the mask is worn, to its upper part. From these cloud pillars, or "steps from earth to heaven," as the Jemez believes them to be, four figures, painted in striking and characteristic colors, extend, one from each cloud projection in toward the controlling symbol. The upper figure represented the bolt lightning; the next lower a red, zigzag-bodied snake, having a blue head from which a horn curved backwards like a goat's horn. This figure is the emblem of evil. It is the Indian devil, *Sawah*. The third from the top was a sinuously curved yellow figure which terminated in three green buds. It was drawn to represent the flash of heat



VIII. A Miscellaneous Group.

1. The Sun as carved on a bowlder on the trail between Zia and Jemez, N. M.; also on a rock near White River, Ariz.

2. A Sun drawing in an Estufa at Santa Anna, N. M.

3. A Getlu, probably a representation of a comet. It was used as a handpiece in the masked dance of March 17, 1900. (Used here by permission of the Bureau of American Ethnology.)

4. A Head Ornament worn by a male column dancer in the masked dances at Jemez, N. M.

5. A Sun Mask worn by a sun clown in the masked dances at Jemez.

6. A Moon Mask worn by a moon clown in the masked dances at Jemez.

7. A Morning Star Mask worn by a morning star clown in the masked dances at Jemez.

8. An Evening Star Mask worn by an evening star clown in the masked dances at Jemez.

9. The Bolt Lightning drawn on the beam at the entrance of an Estufa at Santa Anna, N. M.

10. The White Snakes drawn on the center beam in the south Estufa at Jemez, N. M.

lightning, which the Jemez believe is the god of bloom. The lower figure was a zigzag, blue-bodied snake, having a green head, with horn turning backwards, similar to that of the red snake. This snake is the representative of good. It is considered by the Indians as the producer of rain,— as being the genius of the watercourses.

As soon as the god representatives had descended from the roof of the *estufa,* as the Pueblo sun houses are called, they began to dance and crow-hop about, and for several minutes they kept up their ear-grating "ahooing." Then they began to march around the village, if a march it can be called. They advanced in a long, drawn-out column. Some crow-hopped; some jumped like a man, others like a frog; some walked with a cane, mimicking an old man. The cane was tri-colored in red, yellow, and green. Some, leaning forward on short canes, walked on all fours. Others strutted about like a turkey-gobbler. Occasionally all stopped a moment to pose. In this act they usually stood half erect, threw their hips backwards, contorted their bodies, and brought their heads in a position so that the circular mask presented a full front to the god of day, or to his place of rising. At the same time they prolonged the "ahooing" and gave it an emphatic accent. In this manner did they march and pose till they had encircled the whole village and returned to the public square in front of the *estufa.* From that time on they mingled with the populace in the streets and plaza, feasted, danced, crow-hopped, or posed, as the "spirit moved" each individual or the whole group collectively till the close of the dance.

Soon after the god-clowns had begun their march around the village twelve men, dressed or undressed, as

each one's fancy dictated, their faces whitened with paint, issued from the *estufa,* and began a rude rhythmic chant in a minor key; the time was beaten with a single stick on a drum made from a hollow log. The musicians advanced in a body through the plaza, keeping time with their feet and gesticulating in a manner intended to convey the meaning of their song.

As soon as the musicians were far enough from the *estufa* to give room, the dancers issued from that house and formed a fantastic procession in double column, two men abreast, then two women, and so alternating till the procession was completed. The men stamped and the squaws tripped lightly, but all were keeping time. They presented a weird appearance, tricked out in their gaudy apparel and ornamented with flashy trinkets. The hair of the men was worn loosely; tufts of feathers fluttered over their foreheads; while around their necks and dangling over their naked chests were strings of shell beads, turquoises, bright pebbles, feldspar, obsidian — anything, in short, that glitters and shines. Fastened about the waist and reaching nearly to the knee, a kilt-like dancing skirt of buckskin hung and flapped. It was ornamented with an embroidery of red and black threads. Below the knee, garters of buckskin, stained red, yellow, and blue, formed a fringe, to which were attached tortoise-shells and rattles. The ankles were encased with strips of black and white fur. From the waist a fox-skin hung, fastened at the back and reaching almost as low as the heel. Each man carried a tuft of hawk's feathers in his left hand, while the right grasped a rattle fashioned from a gourd, partly filled with pebbles. Although the women wore their ordinary black dress, they

were bedecked with a profusion of necklaces, strings of beads, silver badges, wristbands, and ear pendants, while in each hand was borne a bunch of piñon twigs, which was wagged from side to side. Both the men and women wore masks and striking head-dresses. The masks were heart-shaped, with the exception of the base, which was a straight line. They were made of buckskin, were painted blue or green, and, like the circular masks, had triangular holes cut in them for the eyes and a rectangular hole for the mouth. The head-dresses consisted of a piece of wood about fifteen inches long and eight inches in width. One end of it was carved out, in arch shape, so as to fit the head transversely just in front of the ears. The other end was trimmed in what resembled a triple turret, squarely notched with white feathers fluttering from each. This head-piece was painted green and decorated in symbolic figures in red and yellow. This peculiar head-gear was held in place by strips of buckskin attached to the center of the hollowed-out arch and knotted about meshes of the wearers' dark, streaming hair, and also by a cord passing beneath the chin from the ends of the board at the foot of the arch.

Just as these dancers had formed in double column for dancing, the spectators were suddenly attracted toward the passageway of the *estufa,* whence were issuing a dozen or more strange-looking beings. They were the " funny men." They did not walk into the plaza, neither did they dance into it, but rather tumbled into it; running, hopping, stumbling, cutting capers, like a troupe of ill-trained clowns. In fact, in their clumsy way, they imitated or acted out almost every silly performance known to the clown profession. The lookers-on enjoyed

their tricks and pranks immensely. They hailed the clumsy attempts at a joke and the coarse sallies of wit with shrieks of laughter. These " funny men " were attired only in breech-cloth. Their bodies were daubed in transverse rings or bands of black and white, and their heads were decorated with corn husks instead of feathers.

While the clowns performed, the column dancers moved about the whole plaza, the men gravely stamping, the women gracefully tripping, and when the entire plaza was circled the couples separated and changed places, all turning and facing each other, suggesting by their movements the flexures of a closely folded ribbon. The couples then reformed, the double rank strung out as before, tramping in a wide circle to the rhythm and measure of the monotonous music. The faces were now reversed, and they danced in double column back to the starting-point. A rest was then taken.

The very moment that the dancing ceased, the " funny men " resumed their performing with increased vigor. One clown climbed a tree backwards. Another snatched a millstone and slab from the grinding box in a house and, rushing to the plaza, commenced grinding sand upon it, singing all the while, and putting handfuls of sand in his mouth now and then. He was in this manner mimicking a squaw grinding meal. Four or five more played a farce in representation of the immorality of the place. Another got the skull of an elk and began to beat it, while several of his fellows danced the double-column dance. As they danced, another one of the order walked reverently to the column and, as he prayed in jest, sprinkled each dancer with sand and ashes. Thus he mimicked

the sun priest sprinkling the dancers with sacred corn pollen in the *estufa* before they issued from it to dance in the plaza. Just as the mock dancers were dispersing, a " funny man " tumbled out of a house with an ear of corn in his hand. Reaching the dancing area, he began to gnaw the corn as a dog does a bone. Instantly another clown began to snarl and growl, and finally sprang upon the bone-gnawer. At that moment the attention of everyone was attracted from the pretended dog-fight by the shrieks of the women and girls. The clowns were making sallies on them. Some of the younger men of the fraternity were trying to embrace the older women; some of the older men the young girls.

After a momentary lull the " funny men," acting upon a previous plan, tumbled and rolled over each other toward the war-captain, Don Diego, until they were within a yard or so of him. Springing to their feet, they seized and carried him on their shoulders to the center of the public square. Reaching it, they placed him on a piece of buckskin and, in a body, demanded a speech, the chief clown introducing him to the motley multitude.

" Here is our war-captain," he said. " He is brave. He has killed the bear in his hole. He has been the hero in many a religious hunt. He has fought the Navajos and has driven them even to their hogans in their own land. Aye, he is brave. He would fight even the demons of the land of fogs and storms. But he quails before the women. He is a bachelor and a bachelor he will remain, though Geetlu would be his wife if he would ask her. But he is brave. Hear him."

Tiring of the fun, Don Diego turned a flashing eye upon his tormentors. " You shall have a speech." Then

without further ceremony he proceeded: "This earth is flat and round like a pancake and is known to possess four places of habitation, situated one above another. Each has for its roof the floor of the apartment above it, except this one, which has the sky. A long, long while ago our people lived in the apartment beneath this one. For a long time they lived there. Finally one day a man saw a hole which led up through the roof to this world. He crawled up through it and all the people followed him. The mouth of the hole being in the far north, a council was called. At this meeting the 'principals' decided to move toward the noon-day sun. Said they: 'The sun warmed the place from which we came; therefore, by moving towards it this earth must become warmer.' So they began their march over mountains of ice and snow toward the boiling ocean. For a long, long time they journeyed; but the land of sunshine was not reached. On, on they marched till their food supply became scanty and their blankets became worn out. Then one by one they died of cold and hunger. For a while those who survived kept up courage even under the adverse conditions, and continued their onward march. At last, however, their numbers being so depleted, they became despondent and wished all to die. At this juncture the mother god, the moon, prayed to her husband, the sun, to save the remnant of men, their children. So the sun took one of the survivors of our people, painted his body in transverse black and white bands, decorated his head with corn husks, and suspended an eagle feather behind each ear. As soon as he was thus painted and decorated, this man became a 'funny man,' and began to dance, cut capers, and make grimaces. So interested

did the people become in his performing that they forgot their sorrows and became glad. They then resumed their journey, which they continued till they reached the confluences of the Rio Grande.

" Here in this valley they ceased their wandering and took up their abode. Being few in numbers and not trained in the arts of war and defense, they were afraid of the savage tribes,— the Apaches, and Navajos, who dwelt in the region. So they established their places of habitation in narrow cañons, along cliffs, and in caves. In these they lived a great, great while, subsisting on the grain they raised and on the plentiful game. Then the savage hordes began to make inroads into the territory. They killed all the game, or, by their presence, it was made unsafe to hunt. They took the fields one by one. They drove the people to the cliffs and caves; and then captured these strongholds by storm or starved the people until they came out of their own accord and gave themselves over to be slaughtered or to be enslaved. Only a few places still held out and these were reduced to such straits that their capture, followed by the massacre of the prisoners, was daily expected. Certain was their annihilation.

" Again the mother god prayed to the sun to save their children, and a second time the great father came to the rescue. At this time he placed among them a ' knowing man,' whose name was Pest-ya-sode.

" Pest-ya-sode defeated the enemies, raised the siege of the caves and cliffs, and drove the savages out of the narrow cañons. He trained the people in the arts of war. He led them out into the open country. He at last expelled the hostile tribes from the region after a desperate

encounter. He instructed the Indians to build villages in horse-shoe shape with continuous outer walls, so that they served both as places of residence and as fortifications. He taught them their religious rites and ceremonies. He instituted the sacred hunts. He taught the people to paint their houses and edifices of worship in representative figures of the gods. He made the column-dancers the sprouters of grain; the 'funny men' the maturers of grain and of everything that lives and grows upon the earth. To the god-clown dancers he gave power to represent men before the deities. To the medicine men he gave the power over 'sick' and over death. To the sun priest and his aids he gave the power to intercede between those above and men.

"For a long, long time he lived with them, extending their territory, building pueblos, and erecting temples to the sun. Finally, after he had made them a powerful and prosperous people, he called them all together and told them that there were many peoples that he must teach as he had taught them, and that he must go and instruct them. 'Then,' said he, 'when I am gone you will neglect to do the things that I have taught you. Therefore will my father, the sun, come in his wrath, destroy your pueblos, and give your fields to another race. After that will you return to do the things I have commanded you. Then when you have returned from your evil ways will I come on the wings of the morning, in the chariot of the sun, expel the intruder from the land, restore your ancient possessions, and establish you in all your former glory.'

"After Pest-ya-sode had departed, the people did exactly what the great man said they would. They de-

parted from keeping his sayings and commandments, quarreled among themselves, and finally became divided. One division came to this valley, the remaining section is still at Pecos, the home of our tribe at the time Pest-ya-sode took his departure toward the boiling ocean. In this valley our people built village after village, only to have an earthquake throw them down or to have them razed to the ground by some of our many enemies. We have built villages on almost every foot of land in the valley from the Rio Grande River to this place, a distance of a good day's walk; and, besides the ruins in the valleys, thirteen of our deserted villages dot the mesa to the northward between here and the boiling springs. But yet we were still powerful. We still had seven villages in the valley of this river which bears our name. Here our people were admirably situated for agricultural purposes. In the broad valley of the river and the valleys of its upper tributaries were large and good farms; while the great river always had water and to spare to irrigate the crops.

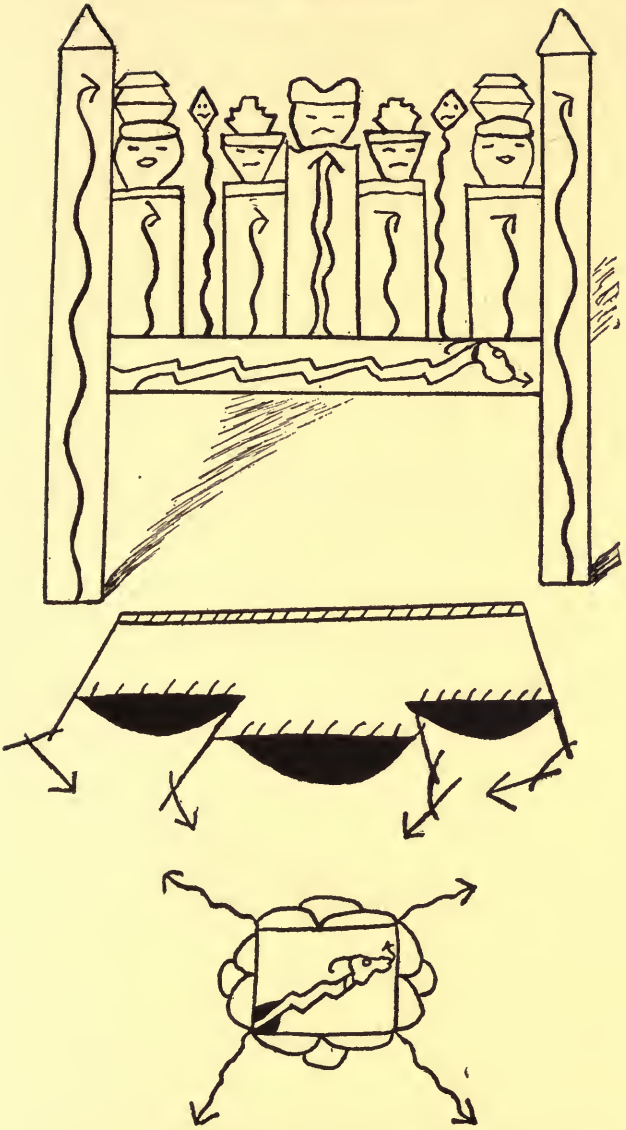
" The scenery around the villages then was the same as that of the villages now, and is as good as any I have had the privilege of seeing. To the north in Guadalupe cañon are the falls; and in the cañon of San Diego, the hot springs and soda dam. Still farther to the north is a forest-covered plateau and a great valley surrounded by obsidian cliffs and craters. To the northeast Mt. Balda kisses the blue sky. To the east the Cochiti range shuts out the morning sun. To the southeast, across lava-capped mesas, our river joins the great river that flows in the direction of the sun at noon. Still farther southeast the high escarpment of the Sandia moun-

tains rises abruptly from the plains. To the south are white-capped mesas; to the southwest, mesas and escarpments of stone so red that they reflect the rays of the sun in the morning, the reflected red light reaching even to this place. And to the west, the mountains, which have our name, give the sky a ragged horizon, while in the valleys are red and white domes and castled buttes.

"With respect to defense, the situation of the villages then as now, could scarcely have been bettered. The villages were walled. If defeated in the valley, our people could retreat to the isolated mesa at the forks of the river. There on its top they can make a decided stand against any enemy that might wish to attack them, for its precipitous walls rise perpendicularly from the valley-floor below to eighty times the height of a man, and is only accessible by two narrow trails. But the evil day came—"

The drum-beat and the monotonous chanting of the musicians drowned the war-captain's voice. The double column reformed and the dance was resumed. Around the plaza the dancers proceeded as before till the processional movement was completed.

The sowing-and-planting act was then given. The columns separated and faced each other, the dancers keeping time with both hands and feet for a minute. Then the columns joined at the ends and spread out in the middle so as to form an ellipse. Around this all danced in a side movement to the right till each individual faced his respective partner again. Then the partners passed each other in a vigorous forward movement, turned quickly to the right with a sweeping motion, and leaned forward nearly to the ground, the men swinging their



Altar and Sand Painting of the Snake Society of Jemez.

gourd rattles as if sowing grain, the women sticking the heavy end of the twigs in the ground in imitation of planting corn.

At this instant other women rushed out of their houses with baskets of eatables, ears of corn and various kinds of corn cakes. These they threw up into the air in all directions. When the baskets were emptied, they replenished them and tossed the contents toward the abode of those above. Of these eatables whoever could catch anything that fell proceeded to do so. The general scramble that followed was much like a sheep-salting scene, or more correctly, more like feeding swine in a trough in the center of the hog-yard. In this act of throwing heavenward the food which heaven has enabled it to raise, the whole tribe displayed its gratitude to those above.

Just as the excitement had reached a high pitch, a shout from the watch-tower filled everyone with consternation. Could an enemy be approaching? Someone was approaching; there could be no mistake about it, for the Jemez scout in the vicinity of Mt. Negro was sending up rings of smoke. Towards Jemez the rings of smoke moved. Whoever it was or whatever it was, it was coming to Jemez. Anxiously and breathlessly everyone waited, till the rings of smoke signaled that friends and not enemies were approaching. Then the dance was resumed.

Soon masked scouts were seen approaching the village with the strangers, who proved to be Pueblo Indians of rank. Don Diego and several unmasked Indians went out to meet them. As they drew near Don Diego recognized one of them as Ojeda of Santa Anna

Pueblo, but the others were unknown. Ojeda introduced the four Indians accompanying him to the Jemez war-captain:

"This is Popé, a San Juan Indian, but now living at Taos and an officer there. This is Jaca, also an officer of Taos. This is Catite of Santo Domingo and Tupatu of Picuri. This is Tactu of San Juan and Francisco of San Ildefonso. They have come on a mission of great importance to the Pueblo Indians, one that concerns us all. They have brought me with them to assure you that their mission is friendly. But you are having your special ceremony to-day. My friends do not wish to disturb you, so we will remain here till it is your pleasure for us to enter the village. Their mission is urgent, but they will wait."

"No," said Don Diego, "you need not wait outside the village. Come with me."

At Tongay's, the father of Geetlu, lodgings were found. There they staid till given special invitation to attend the closing ceremonies of the dance.

The sun was now commencing to hide his burning face beyond the jagged Jemez peaks. The participants in the dance and the lookers-on lined up in double column facing each other. Between these lines the cacique and his aides marched solemnly backward and forward; sprinkled their hearers and specially the visiting strangers with sacred meal, and prayed to their gods. The dance was over.

CHAPTER II

NIGHT came and the moon rose high. From house to house the guests were escorted and feasted, for no Jemez would allow a guest to leave his house without first having eaten something. Midnight came and the owls hooted in the piñon woods near by; yet sleep was not thought of.

The drum of the *estufa* sounded a low, calling sound; and to that house the leading men of the village repaired for consultation. The strangers were led into the rectangular building and sat in dignified silence on the floor by the north wall beneath the two rainbow sections. The symbolic drawings of the gods painted on the walls of the edifice were not more immovable than they, as the aged, gray-haired *cacique* prayed to his gods and sprinkled all with sacred meal. Having finished his official duty he likewise seated himself. For a few minutes all was still, till the stillness made itself felt. Then there was a grunt from several of the Indians. Many of the Jemez present uttered a low exclamation, "*Oh, oh, oh, hang!*" indicating that they were all ready for the business of the night.

Again silence. Little would a looker-on have believed or even imagined that the destiny of New Mexico was in the balance, that the actors in that hall would decide its fate for years to come, but the grave and stoical faces might cause one to pause and think. The silence was

broken by Don Diego's rising. He passed around partially pulverized tobacco leaves in an earthen jar, also a bundle of the inner, finer husks that surrounded the ear of corn when growing. Each individual helped himself to a small handful of tobacco and a cornhusk. Cutting the cornhusk crosswise so as to make it a suitable length, the tobacco was recrushed in the hand that held it and then poured into the husk. When the husk was rolled into a cigarette, the outer edge was moistened with the lips so that it would adhere to the rolled surface underneath it. When all the cigarettes had been rolled, a dish containing live-coals was passed around; and soon everyone was sending rings of smoke upward as prayers to the gods, whose symbols looked down upon them from the imposing walls.

When all had partaken of the ceremonial smoke, the *cacique* nodded to Don Diego, and he at once opened the conference.

" These," he said, " our brethern, are here from different tribes to see us on important business,— business which by their request must be kept secret, not even the women of the village are to be told it. Our Spanish authorities have been to Santa Fé for a feast for several days; and, in their absence, we had our forbidden special ceremony. This evening they returned. Knowing that the white men must sleep, I have waited till they have retired before calling the meeting. They do not know that these, our friends, are here, as they came late and have not been to our part of the village since returning. We must proceed with the business before us with dispatch and finish it before the red-fingered morning appears. Our friends and brothers wish to leave us

with the coming of the morning star. My brother Popé of San Juan, now of Taos, will address you."

Again there was silence, broken only by an occasional grunt. Popé half arose and said that he had wished Ojeda of Santa Anna to talk to them first, as the Jemez were acquainted with him. As the stately San Juan Indian seated himself again and put his face between his hands, several of the Indians called, "Ojeda! Ojeda!" After some hesitation, Ojeda arose. Having blown his breath gently through his hands toward the symbol of light on the east wall before him, then again blowing his breath straight before him and lifting his hands over his hearers as if in blessing, he began his speech:

"My brothers," he said, "it would have pleased me to have my friends here talk first, as I represent only one Pueblo and they represent practically all the Pueblos. I am a young man and do not have the experience of years that they have. Nevertheless it gives me pleasure to address you.

"My friends and brothers here have come to talk to you. They wish to talk to you about the pale-faces who came to this country from the southland and who have always cruelly treated us.

"The first pale-faces, according to the traditions of my people, came to this region by way of the buffalo country and passed through our lands toward the boiling ocean. There were three white men and a negro. They pretended to be medicine men; and everywhere they went they doctored the sick. They had some great mysterious power and helped the suffering with it. They also could do many mysterious things. They could take a single feather and perform over it under a blanket a little

while, and then remove the blanket and there would be an armful of feathers. They could blow a small pebble through a cowhide and not make a hole in the hide. They could make the native medicine men do anything they wished without their touching them or saying a word to them, even cause them to try to climb a wall and do all other sorts of absurd things. The man with the longest whiskers had the most power. He would pick up and carry about scorching hot stones, handle fire, and dance about on burning objects without the fire hurting him. He would take a snake out of his neck. He would drink two large jars of water at one time, as much water as two women could carry. He would talk with one's dead!"

A solemn hush fell at the recital of magic, but Ojeda went on. "But they soon went to the land toward the south, as their course was continually westward and southward. After they had been gone a short while, the black man came back to Cibola [Zuñi]. He came to the village farthest toward the sun at noon. He was unwelcomely received by the people there. It then developed that the first party that passed through the land were spies. To appear big and important and as evidence of position and authority, the negro sent a gourd as a present to the Zuñis while he was yet a considerable distance from the village. On this gourd-rattle were suspended a few strings and two large eagle feathers; the one white, the other red. This was a declaration of war. The chief who received the present told the messenger who brought it that they would be ready for the fight and that they would be prepared to kill the strangers. But the Black Mexican came on,

with his little army, sure that my people would surrender without fighting.

" He came. He had a beard. He dressed in the outfit of both a war chief and a medicine man, wearing things that sounded,— rattles, bells, and plumes on his feet and arms. He was a man to be feared. He came; but he nor his men were allowed to enter the main village. Instead they were put under guard. He talked big to the chief men. He told them of his God and of the great chief who ruled the whole earth. He showed his red lips and the whites of his eyes extra large and demanded my people to be subjects to his majesty and to give him, his lord's ambassador, all the treasures they had, turquoise, gold, silver, and other valuables, also all the young and beautiful women. But they gave him nothing. They took away from him the things which he had brought with him, much turquoise and many other things, and he was given nothing to eat and drink. The next morning his big talk had left him, and he tried to run away, saying that he would bring warriors and not guests against the place. But he was overtaken and killed. Most of those with him, however, were allowed to return peacefully to their own land, as they said the black man was at fault for their coming there.

" Before the second harvest after the Black Mexican was killed, a general with an army of men came from the southland by the same route which the other party had come. They came to the same Cibola village, Hawikuh, and at once demanded it to surrender. But they refused to surrender and drew lines on the ground with yellow corn pollen and told the strangers to stay outside of that line. The strangers, however, paid no attention.

They crossed the forbidden line on their horses, a new and monstrous beast to our people; and charged upon the villagers, who fled behind the walls. Then the pale-faces charged against the walled fortress. Our people fought desperately, but were defeated and the village taken after they had lost many warriors and had killed or disabled many of the soldiers. Twice they knocked the general [Coronado] from his horse. They defended themselves by shooting arrows from the top of the walls and by hurling stones down upon the invaders. Notwithstanding the heroic stand made, the place was taken and my people were at the mercy of the newcomers [July 7, 1540].

"The people who escaped capture," went on Ojeda, "then fled to Taaiyalone [Thunder Mountain], not only the people from the captured village but the people from all the other villages of the valley; and there they prepared to defend themselves. This mountain village was their stronghold and there they could defend themselves. But what of their fields and homes? The enemy had them. What was to be done?

"A council of the 'principals' was called, and it was decided that, as the strangers wanted gold and treasure and had inquired about nothing else since coming to the country, they could rid the region of them by telling them of vast treasure-lands to the westward and thus send them into the desert country to die of hunger and thirst. Another plan was to persuade them to go to the Moqui country and get the Moquis to fall upon them.

"Both plans worked and both failed. The Moquis backed out and would not fight the strangers and were even friendly to them. And the party going into the

desert in search of gold, reached the great red-walled river to the westward and returned. The Zuñis had not counted on how fast the horses could travel. The Zuñis were, therefore, in worse straits than before. It was then rumored that more and many more of these pale-faces were coming. What were my people to do?

"Another council was called, and it was decided to cause the strangers to be led far into the plains country toward the rising sun; so that the roving, more warlike tribes there would fall upon and kill them all. Or, if this failed, the guides were to lead them so far into that treeless region that they would never be able to find their way back.

"This plan met the approval of all the council. And that same night, a messenger was sent to Cicuye [Pecos] to arrange with the inhabitants of that pueblo to carry out the plan for them, as it was the last village toward the east and was situated on the very edge of the great plains where the dreaded savages lived.

"The messenger laid the plan before the 'principals' of that pueblo on his arrival. He explained the purpose of the new peoples' coming was to get gold and other treasures and that they had already declared their intention of visiting and subduing all the pueblos. He then also told them of the monstrous animals they rode; that these animals devoured people, and that when going at a full run fire was often emitted from their mouths followed by a cracking thunder-sound. That the men also carried a stick and holding it straight out in front of them and looking down it, it emitted lightning from the end out from the holder and also produced the thunder-noise like the thunder-bird produces when he flaps

his wings above the raging storm. Several of the 'principals' at first objected to the bringing of these dreaded people into their country. But when they learned that the strangers were going to come anyway, all agreed that it was best to prepare for them. At all events, they must get them through the country as soon as possible, if they would visit it anyway. They must get them into the savage country in the winter, where a storm would kill them, if the savages there did not before that time, or something else happen to them: anything to get rid of the terrible people, their horrid beasts, and their thunder-fire.

"According to the compact agreed upon, all the pueblos were to be friendly so as not to cause any excuse for destroying any of the villages or killing any of the inhabitants. Messengers were to be sent to Zuñi pretending they wished to see the godly people, their cross, and their robed priests, and to invite them to visit Pecos as their guests. In the meantime, all preparations were to be made to lead them into the far unknown from which no Pueblo had ever returned. A slave, a native of a country far toward the sunrise in summer" [from near Florida] "was promised his freedom if he would lead the strangers into the trackless, savage region and see that they perished there. This he at once agreed to do, and, with the aid of others, set about immediately to prepare untrue stories of the marvelous wealth of that far-off region of the East so that he would be ready to tell them to the pale-faces as soon as they arrived at Pecos; for it was wished to get the strange people on the plains before the winter set in.

"According to the plan, a party of our people led

by one Whiskers, called Bigotes by the Spaniards because he wore a long mustache, set out from Pecos to Zuñi. They carried with them presents of tanned hides, shells, and head-pieces to give to the strangers to show that they desired to be their friends.

"They arrived at Zuñi, as planned, presented their gifts to the white chief, and were warmly received by him and his people. For several days they visited with each other, the Pecos never offering information on any subject unless first asked about it. The white people inquired about gold, if they had any gold or turquoise in their village, to which they answered that they had no gold and only a small amount of turquoise. Then they asked about the hides that they had brought with them and the drawings on them. In answer, the Indians stated that there were countless numbers of these kind of 'cows' in their land on the side of the rising sun. The Indians also had some of the dried meat with them, and they showed it to the white people. Finally, Bigotes, who was a tall, well-built young fellow, with a fine figure, invited them to see their country and go and kill some of the 'cows.' But the messengers said nothing about gold. That was the business of the slaves.

"For several days there were council meetings of the white people. Finally they decided to go and see the 'cows'; but only a part of the pale-faces were ordered to go with Bigotes and not the whole army that was at Zuñi then, not counting the main body which was reported to be somewhere in the wilderness of the Apache country on their march thither. Great was the disappointment; but the best possible under the circumstances was done, with the hopes that good reports would cause

the whole army to follow. Bigotes did not appear to be over anxious for them to go to his country; but, as a friend, he consented to lead them through the Pueblo country to his home.

"When ready, the expedition, under one of the subordinate white chiefs [Captain Hernando Alvarado], started on its journey [Aug. 29th]. In five days they came to Acoma, the high-rock village. Here the people came down on the plain to fight. They drew lines on the ground with sacred meal and told the strange people not to cross it; but seeing that the pale-faces would fight and being afraid of the horses, they made peace with them, though the strongly fortified village could not have been taken. They also made presents to the white people of turkeys, corn, cornmeal, bread, and dried skins, believing it was best to let them go to the plains as planned.

"From Acoma, the army traveled northeastward and came to Tiguex [Bernalillo, New Mexico], the home of my people. Here the party with Whiskers were well treated, feasted, and caused to speed on their journey, while white messengers went back to the big white chief with the glittering armor. In five more days they reached Pecos, where they were welcomed with signs of joy by the populace: they went out to meet them and then escorted them into the village with drums and flute-like pipes.

"Here they rested, and, as planned, they met the slave from the country towards the rising sun [Florida]. He told them of the rich country, of such great things, and of great quantities of gold and silver there. For several days they questioned this slave. They then had

him act as their guide to the country of the 'cows'; but they could not be induced to go far into the unknown region. They seemed to have lost their desire to look for the 'cows,' and wished to return to report the prospect of getting rich to their big chief. So they returned soon to Tiguex by a detour route so as to visit several of the other pueblos en route farther up the Rio Grande, taking Turk, as they called the slave, along with them so that he could talk to the chief white man himself.

"Arriving at Tiguex, they found another subordinate officer with a part of the white army there. That officer's name was Don Garcia Lopez de Cardenas. Coronado came later by a detour by the way of Tutahaco and Ysleta with about thirty men. And several moons afterwards, the main army also followed under Don Tristan de Arellano.

"Here at Tiguex, Cardenas and Alvarado began to prepare for winter quarters, to the great disappointment of the natives, as they had still hoped that Turk would be able to lead the strangers into the land of savages and blizzards without their staying any length of time in the Pueblo country. These two lieutenants forced the Indians to abandon one of their villages to them and to leave to them all they had, except the clothing they had on.

"Soon after the taking of the village, the big white chief came. There at the village he met Turk. And upon request, Turk again told the story of the marvelous rich country toward the place where the sun rises. He said that in this country there was a river in the level country which was two leagues wide, in which

there were fishes as big as horses, and large numbers of very big canoes, with more than twenty rowers on a side, and that they carried sails, and that their lords sat on the poop under awnings, and on the prow they had a great golden eagle. He said also that the lord of that country took his afternoon nap under a great tree on which were hung a great number of gold bells, which put him to sleep as they swung in the air. He also said that everyone had their ordinary dishes made of wrought plate, and the jugs and bowls were of gold.

"After hearing the story, Coronado brought several kinds of metals for him to look at to see if he knew gold and silver from other metals. And he did; for the envoys from Zuñi had shown him gold and silver pieces, so that he would know them when tested. Of course the Spaniards did not know this. Consequently they gave credit to his story. And such good news caused no slight joy among the soldiers; but Turk could not induce them to go in search of the precious metals till spring. This was very unfortunate.

"Not only was that unfortunate; but Turk, when questioned if he had anything of gold on his person when taken prisoner by the Pecos, stated that he had some little bells and some gold bracelets; this he said to verify his statements that gold was so plentiful in that land he had described, known as Quivira. Coronado, thereupon, asked him what had become of the bracelets. To the question he replied that the Pecos had taken them from him at the time of his capture. He had been lying all the while and had to cover his tracks by another untruth. At once Alvarado was ordered back to Pecos to get the bracelets, as these would be proof of

the gold in the country the slave had told them about. But arriving at the place, Alvarado could find no trace of the bracelets, everyone saying that Turk was deceiving the white people. Not being able to get the treasures, Alvarado arrested Whiskers and the governor and took them in chains to Tiguex. This move made our people plan all the harder to rid the country of the strangers. But winter was at hand; and such a terrible winter!

"Not only were the strangers occupying the best quarters, the best village of our people, and had taken possession of all the corn and other things that the people had; but soon they began to levy on the neighboring villages for corn for themselves and horses. Then the big white chief gave orders for the pueblos to furnish cloth for the soldiers to make into wearing material. He ordered one of us, whom they called Dutch Jack, to go and get the cloth, three hundred or more pieces. But Jack said he was not able to do it; but that it pertained to the governors of the different villages, and that the amounts should be divided among the villages and that the demand should be made on each village separately. This the general did and sent men to the villages on each side of the river to collect the amounts demanded. But the collectors became impatient, since with us everything must be decided on in council before any open action is taken on it. They not only became impatient, but also some of the blankets and cloth given them were not good enough to suit them. So when they saw a good suit they stripped it off the wearer and appropriated it without more ado. This of course caused more intense hard feelings. In addition, they

mistreated the women of the villages; and, when complaint was made to Coronado, they got no redress for their grievances, got no satisfaction whatever.

" The next day following the day on which the Indians complained to the general, we began retaliatory measures. We captured the band of horses that was feeding in the valley of the lower Jemez River in about where old Santa Anna is situated, and began to drive them off, At this juncture, a party of Spaniards came to the rescue of the herdsmen and recaptured the greater part of the animals. We, however, succeeded in driving many of them and seven of the general's mules into the central plaza of our respective villages. There the beasts were forced to run the gauntlet, were chased around and around the inclosure and shot at with arrows and stoned while the people danced the war dance on their roofs. While this performance was going on, several of the Spaniards came and tried to get our people to make peace. But the time of peace was passed. We were ready to fight.

" Coronado then sent Cardenas with the army to punish my people. He attacked the village of my fathers. They [the Spaniards] attacked it suddenly; and, getting inside the plaza, fought a fierce hand-to-hand fight for an hour, but were defeated and escape through the entrance to the village cut off. But by seizing some of the ladders, they gained the roof of the upper story of the houses, and there they made a final stand. A terrible conflict followed. Sometimes our people were victorious; sometimes the pale-faces. Our people, however, were afraid of the thunder-sound of the stick the white man used to send bolts of lightning into their crowded ranks.

But they were able to wound many of the enemy, notwithstanding that they wore such strong clothes [armor]. For nearly two days the battle raged, and the contest was much in favor of the Indians, when the horsemen and native allies from Mexico cut holes into the lower stories of the houses and into the *estufas* and smoked the people out into the open plaza, where they were at the mercy of the accurate marksmen on the village roofs. But even then we were the victors, had we but known it. The *cacique,* however, being wounded, advised the village people to surrender or flee from the place. But the war-captain said he would not surrender and went about encouraging the men in a vigorous harangue, calling upon the gods to help them. A bullet struck him down. My people having lost their leader, there was a momentary lull in the attack, which was made use of by the Spaniards who were now driven to the last extremity, their position then being an exceedingly perilous one. What they could not do by arms they now did by artifice. They induced our warriors to surrender by promising them ample protection and safety, sealing the same by making the sign of the cross.

"Having surrendered and laid down their arms, the Indians were taken to the tent of Cardenas, who had been with the horsemen on the plains in front of the village. He at once violated the pledge given the Indians. He ordered the captives burned at the stake, as a warning to the neighboring tribes. Two hundred were burned and many more were run down and killed while attempting to escape. Not a warrior of the village escaped; nearly all the women and children had perished

previously. From that on it was a by-word among the different pueblos: 'The white men are liars, they will not keep their word, even when they call upon their gods to witness it.'

"But the fate of the pueblos was sealed. The keeping of the Pecos chiefs in chains and the burning of the warriors at the stake, after they had surrendered, caused the Indians of the other pueblos to remain hostile. Several attempts were made to get them to make peace; they were told that they would be pardoned and would be safe from any punishment for past offenses. They, however, would not accept any terms. Each time such an offer was made they told the Spaniards that they did not know how to keep good faith after they had once given it, that they could not be trusted.

"Two moons of severe winter weather passed and the strangers were in sore straits, for their provisions were most gone. So they set out to get food by any means whatever: by making peace with the Indians, if possible; if that could not be accomplished, then a resort to arms would be used. And they preferred the latter.

"They decided to get possession of the town called Tiguex, from which the country and river were named. In this village lived the man they called Dutch Jack. They thought they would hire him to persuade the other members of the tribe to make peace; or surrender the fortress to them. They came within hallooing distance of the village and called for 'Jack'; and succeeded in getting a conference with him. He, however, would not agree to their terms. They then sought to kill him; but he was rescued, a Spaniard of rank being nearly

killed in the mêlée. The village was then besieged for fifty-one days. The fighting was of the fiercest from the beginning to the tragic end. Water became scarce. A large well was dug; but it caved in and killed thirty people. Two hundred more were killed in battle. Part of the women and children were surrendered to the enemy to keep them from perishing of thirst and hunger. The warriors still held out for fifteen days longer. Finally when all the water and provisions were gone, they attempted to leave the village by stealth in the night; but they were discovered and many of them run down and killed by the cavalry; or driven into the icy waters of the river, where they drowned or perished of cold, after gaining the opposite bank. A few were captured and made slaves.

"Another large village near this one was captured about this time, most of the inhabitants being killed in its capture.

"All the rest of the inhabitants of the region, seeing how their neighbors had been treated, fled to the mountains and left the country and their belongings in the enemy's possession.

"Coronado then visited many of the villages of the other tribes, sending men here and to Zia to get things to eat and to procure clothing for his men. While making the tour, he left six worthless cannon at Zia as a gift to them, so that they would not join in war against them. He also went to Pecos at this time to pacify the people there, taking Whiskers and the Pecos governor with him. He was trying to leave the country in peace so as to go in search of Quivira. After being in Pecos a few days he returned, bringing the two

prisoners, Whiskers and the governor, with him, but leaving the people there in a peaceful mood; he had promised them that he would free the prisoners from their village as soon as he started on his eastern journey.

"Returning to Tiguex, the general hastened preparations and was soon on the march eastward [starting from Tiguex, April 23, 1541]. Arriving at Pecos, he left Whiskers and the Pecos governor. He then proceeded onward with Turk, as a guide; everything was going well, except that, unfortunately, the Pecos not knowing much about where Quivira, the country of the great wealth was, the governor and Whiskers had given the general another slave, an actual native of Quivira, to act as guide, also another of that same village by the name of Ysopete, all of whom had been promised their freedom if they would see that the palefaces never returned.

"Day after day they journeyed with their course a little south of east, Turk acting as guide; and day after day they got farther and farther from their base of supplies. Finally it was made evident that Turk had been lying, as villages and camps that he mentioned were not to be found where he said they were. Yet on they marched. At last the guides quarreled about the direction. It then developed that Turk was not a native of Quivira, but of a tribe of Indians farther to the southward. He, however, was still allowed to act as guide. On they went. Unfortunately the natives of the prairies were afraid of the horses and did not attack them, though all three of the guides tried time and again to induce them to do so. The corn and other

supplies they had brought from Tiguex were nearly exhausted and the horses were tired and weak from the constant traveling. Then a halt was called [on the north bank of the Canadian river in Oklahoma]. From there Coronado and thirty of his men on horseback started in a north direction for Quivira, with Turk and Ysopete as guides. The rest of the army returned by a direct route to Tiguex, having some trouble with the Pecos on the way. The general went with his men in a north-northeast direction, crossed a river with a big bend [Arkansas river near Ft. Dodge, Kansas], thence on till he reached Quivira [near Kansas City, Kansas]. But finding no gold and only some people who raised a little corn and hunted 'cows,' he garroted the untruthful Turk and returned also to Tiguex.

"The Indian knew nothing about the white man's compass and that was why all the plans failed and the hated people were back on the Rio Grande the next winter.

"After the army returned to Tiguex and the general had also returned from Quivira, they all went into winter quarters. There they remained till the following spring, sending out parties to beg, or confiscate supplies from the neighboring villages, as dire necessity demanded; for the Tiguex, though they had returned to their respective villages when the army started for Quivira, abandoned the region and took all their belongings with them when the army returned. Nothing else of importance happened during that seemingly never-ending winter.

"As spring approached, it was rumored that the general was making preparations for another extended trip

northward and eastward in search of gold the next summer and that a division of the army would remain at Tiguex and prepare for keeping the whole army there or at some other village farther up the river the next winter. At the same time we learned that the army, for the most part, were wishing to return to Mexico and that Coronado alone was in the way of their returning. My people, therefore, called a big meeting. By any means whatever, they were willing to rid the country of these people. They had tried losing them on the plains and it seemed useless to attempt it again. It was, therefore, decided to kill the white war chief; his people could then return to the southland from whence they had come. This had to be done at once, as reenforcements were said to be en route to the valley of our river. The servants [slaves] were entrusted with the task; and they found it easy to accomplish, though it did not prove fatal to him as was planned, but the result desired was obtained.

"One feast day the general proposed to have a tilt on horseback with one of his captains [Don Rodrigo Maldonado]. The Indian servants went to the band of horses and procured the animals as usual. They got the largest and most powerful horse for the general. The saddle blanket they filled with cactus spines. Then they took off the saddle girth and put in its place a rotten one. Then when all was ready, they saddled the horse and helped that distinguished officer mount. The tournament was on. The general charged his opponent. At the same time the horse, being pricked with the cactus needles, began to rear and buck. The girth broke and the rider was hurled under the heels of the other

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rider's horse. The horse struck him on the head with his hoof and nearly killed him. After that for a long time he was sick almost unto death. Finally he got some better and consented to withdraw from the region.

"Accordingly, in a few days they started back over the route over which they had come. They passed Zuñi and then went on southward into the Apache wilderness and were seen no more. A few missionaries were left behind, that was all. It was learned in recent years that, after reaching his home, the white chief died of a broken heart.

"When the people saw that the pale-faces were indeed gone, they had a great jollification and for days and days they danced the Devil's Dance around the villages that the white people had lived in. Then peace settled down upon the whole land."

Ojeda seated himself, and was sprinkled with sacred meal by the *cacique* and given a lighted cornhusk cigarette by the war-captain, Don Diego.

Then Francisco of San Ildefonso arose at a nod from Popé.

"My brothers," he began, after blowing his breath in blessing over his hearers and extending his hands outward toward the symbolic designs on the painted walls and toward the abode of those above, "what our brother of Santa Anna has told you is all true, and more. From the first coming of the pale-faces from the land toward the boiling ocean, it has been flogging, peonage, imprisonment, and death to our people. It is true that after Coronado returned to Mexico we had peace for a considerable time; for his people all returned with him.

Then about one hundred summers ago a small party of Spaniards [the Espejo expedition, 1582] came through our country again. They were treated very kindly by our people; and were led from one place to another, till, fearing that we would lead them into some trap or so far away from home that they would never get back [and that is exactly what our people were planning to do to get rid of them], they returned to their own land, but not by the way they had come.

"After these people had gone, we had peace, but for a short time only. Then it was rumored that the pale-faces were again coming with their families and some sort of wagons to our land by the way of the great river which flows toward the sun at noon. They, however, never reached our part of the country. Another party of pale-faces came. The two parties quarreled over the property and the pretty women that the first party had stolen. The first party was overcome by the last comers and they were all taken back to Mexico. We never heard of them again, except something about the great chief across the big waters being angry with the first party because they had not obtained permission from him to rob, enslave, and murder our people.

"They were gone; but soon our people were disturbed again. Other pale-faces came with soldiers. They came by the plains country east of the mountains east of the great river. They had their families with them, also several lazy men. They took the country where Santa Fé now is from our people and at once proceeded to build a town there of their own. They also immediately began to levy on us for corn and other necessities. Being lazy, too lazy to work, they enslaved

the natives and made them build their forts and churches, wall their City of the Holy Faith, and even erect their houses for them. Not only that, but they stole our young women and mistreated the married women of our race.

"When the new city was finished, even before it was completed, they began to take possession of the rest of the village-country. Our people have all been treated as slaves and worse than slaves ever since. As I said before, it has been flogging, slavery, imprisonment, and death to the red-earth people. But I have done."

Thus saying he returned to his seat beneath the rainbow sections, and was sprinkled with sacred meal and given the ceremonial cigarette of the gods.

As soon as the *cacique* had finished his sprinkling, Tactu of San Juan arose; and without further ceremony, began his address to those present. "My brothers," he began, "you have heard what my brothers here have told you. It is all so; and more. Yes, my brothers, it is all so. The white man's rule has been nothing but oppression, flogging, imprisonment, and death to our people. Not only have they compelled us to do all their labor for them, but they have taken our young women to be their wives, against their will. They have made servants and worse than servants of our wives. And their priests are the worst of their kind. The priests live among us, they work not, and our women are their servants. Not only that; but they report what we do to their big chief at Santa Fé and under every pretext our young men are taken from us. They are compelled to work for them till they drop dead. Worse still, these white intruders forbid us to worship our gods.

They call our priests sorcerers. They kill them. They shoot them. They hang them. They burn them at the stake. They will not let us have our Indian dances. Consequently, our column dancers cannot have the ceremony that causes the crops to grow; and the 'funny men' cannot cause the crops to mature. So we have famine now, instead of plenty as in the old times. Worse still, we are forbidden to have our medicine dances over the sick, and our other medicine ceremonies. Consequently, our people are dying off. And worst of all, we are not permitted to perform our ceremonies over our dead. Our departed are, therefore, compelled to wander throughout all time in the land of fogs and storms, never to be permitted to enter the happy hunting ground. O brothers, it is terrible! It is terrible! Why have our people endured these outrages so long? Why do we endure them? We will not endure them longer."

Hardly had the venerable *cacique* finished blessing Tactu, when the next speaker, said to be the Tupatu of Picuri, arose, threw off his blanket, and began impetuously:

"I have come with my brothers here to talk to you on this great and important,— all-important question to us all. Forty times have the piñon nuts ripened since these hated pale-faces first despoiled our land. Our fathers' fathers thought they were beings from the abode of the good dead; but they have always acted as if they were demons from the land of fogs and storms. They have almost made our land desolate like our medicine men say *that* land is. Their rule has been unbearable from the first. They have enslaved us. They have

taken our women from us. They have forbidden us to worship our gods. By preventing the ceremonies over our dead, they have caused our departed to be wanderers in the land beyond for all time. The dead have no sun-god drawing to aid them on their long journey. They have no thunder-darts to protect them on that dreary road. There is no road-runner to lead them along that rough, dark road to the land of bliss. Consequently, being unable to reach that land of continual dancing and feasting, they are compelled to spend all their days and all their nights where storm clouds are continually overheard, the bolt lightning is the trees of the land, and the thunder is the only music they have.

"Time and again have our people tried to rid the country of this hated race. Your fathers, my Jemez brothers, were in arms [about 1644] and killed many of the pale-faces living in the vicinity of your village. One of the Spaniards killed was Naranjo. But your fathers being unaided by other tribes, the Spaniards came in force and defeated them, captured many prisoners, hanged twenty-nine of the chief men, and many more were sold because they were idolaters, because they wished to worship their own gods and worship them in their own way.

"A few years afterwards [1650] the chief men of Zia tried to overthrow the Catholic worship and reëstablish their own faith. But they were overcome and fifty of their number hanged.

"The same year [1650] all the Tehuas, aided by the Apaches, planned a revolt on Thursday night of Passion week when the friars and soldiers would all be at church; but a Spanish Captain by the name of Vaca dis-

covered the plot; nine of the leading intriguers were hanged and many more were sold for a period of ten years.

"The Piros revolted against the hated, red-eyed race and church and priesthood [1660]. But attempting the undertaking single-handed, they met with the same fate as their neighbors had before them, and many of their number were put to death for the alleged crime of sorcery.

"After all these uprisings had failed, it became evident to us that no one tribe was able to throw off the Spanish yoke and drive the intruders from our villages and our homes. The people of the red-earth tribes began to talk about uniting all the people of our blood to expel the ever-cruel white-earth man from their once pleasant land, but now land of sorrow and sorrows. Finally [1662], the Taos people drew upon two deer skins a plan for this general movement. The Moquis, however, refused to aid their brothers, and the plan was abandoned and our people were compelled to endure the torture on, as before.

"Later, another plan was resorted to. Knowing the white man's greed for gold [for it is all gold, gold with him, anything and everything to get gold, the means are all right if the end brings gold], our people began to plan, as in the days of Coronado, how they might be able to lead them all from the country to a far-off region in search of that yellow metal, so precious to them, in hope that they would die on the way or be annihilated by some of the more savage tribes. The guide was to see that the pale-faces never returned, even if it cost him his life to bring about their destruction. My Jemez

brothers, one of your own tribe volunteered to attempt this hazardous undertaking. He went to the Spanish governor [about 1664] and told him that he had once been a slave in the great kingdom of Tiguey, also Quivira and Tejas, and the Cerro Azul, rich in gold and silver ores: and that they surpassed any country in richness yet seen by the pale-faces. So abundant was the gold that the people had their dwelling houses and the houses dedicated to the sun veneered with it both within and without, instead of being whitewashed with gypsum as the pueblo houses of this country are. The Spanish governor believed our brother and planned to go. Jubilant were we. In secret did we dance to the sun-father and the moon-mother and to Pest-ya-sode, their son. The women gave gifts to one another; and the men sprinkled the sacred meal seven times oftener to the four gods that hold up the four corners of the earth and cause the four winds to blow, and to the god of the straight-up-above and the straight-down-below. But the Spanish governor did not go. But the hated race staid and is still with us. Outrage upon outrage!"

Thus saying, he extended his hands outward toward the abode of the gods of war and sent a hissing breath toward their place of habitation. He then seated himself and received the blessings of the gods at the hands of the war-captain and the *cacique*.

Jaca of Taos then arose. "Brothers," he emphatically cried before he had hardly gained an upright position. "Brothers," he repeated, "what you have heard here is all true and there is more. Outrage and outrage and continual outrage. At the pueblo of San Juan an Indian was hanged some ten years ago because the priest

said he had caught him conversing with the devil in a pitcher of water. Only five years ago [1675], four Pueblos were hanged, forty-three whipped, and many more imprisoned for having hypnotized [bewitched] a Catholic priest, another place that same year, many of our people were killed for having killed some missionaries, when an investigation would have shown that they were killed by Apaches and not by our people. No chance for defense was given. The Pueblo suspects were rounded up like a lot of swine for the slaughter and were either executed on the spot or sent to the mines.

"Not only have these Spaniards cruelly treated us, but by their treatment and misgovernment, they have so weakened our people that we are less able to defend ourselves against the savage Apaches and Apache-Navajos as in the old times. Worse and still worse. These pale-faces, when they believe that there is a possibility of an uprising of any one of our tribes in force against their authority, they intrigue with the Apaches and Navajos and get them to make war on that respective tribe. Thus are their battles fought for them and we are the victims of the butchery. Through the Spanish intrigues, the Apaches fell upon Zuñi and six neighboring towns further east [1672] and totally destroyed them, murdering the men, women and children.* Again they destroyed several of our Indian villages three years ago. And so on. And what are the pale-faces planning to do now? Brothers, what are they planning to do now? It is time that these intruders should be driven from our land. Our very existence depends upon

*A very good specimen of an Indian exaggeration.

it. To let them stay is death to us in this world and everlasting misery for us in the world to come. We must unite. We must act together. We *must* act together. These white-earth people must be driven out of our land. The gods of our fathers bid us act. They must be expelled from our land or meet death in it. It is death to them or to us. The death is to them. Yes, the death is to them. We have visited all the other pueblo tribes. Your tribe, my Jemez brothers, is the last tribe. All the other tribes have agreed to join in freeing our land, in ridding the country of these usurpers. We ask your aid. We need your aid. We must have your help. You must join with us. We must all act together. This move must be a success. No tribe is to hold back. All must fight the common foe. It is a right and just cause. We must all fight. We must fight till the last pale-face has departed the region or joined his God and his beloved Mary. You must lend your aid to this movement. Your warriors must help us fight these people. Your vote alone will decide the fate of our race. Vote, my brothers, for the war which will come in time whether we wish it to come or not. Vote that we wage it now, while we have a chance to prepare for it. Vote for the freedom of your women. Vote for the freedom of your young men. Vote for the freedom of our land. Vote that we may worship our gods as we wish. Vote that the dead may have a safe journey to the abode of the good dead. My Jemez brothers, your vote enslaves us or frees us. In the name of all the gods of my fathers and of your fathers I ask you to vote to expel this hated race from our land."

Catite of Santo Domingo immediately followed Jaca

in another vigorous harangue. "Brothers," he began, "now is the time for us to act. We must rid the land of these pale-faces. They know our strength. They know that they are at our mercy. They know that they are weak. Under pretext to fight the apostate Apaches but in matter of fact more thoroughly to subdue us and crush out our existence as a race, an army is now marching to this region. Padre Francisco Ayeta went to Old Mexico three summers ago [1677]. What for? An army! My brothers, will we wait till they come and then be crushed more under their heel than now; or will the snake strike while his head is yet free and his fangs are not yet extracted? My brothers, we will not wait. We will strike the decisive blow. We will strike it now. It is now or never. It must be done. The morning star looks down upon us. All the gods of our fathers are looking down upon us. They are for us. God and Mary and Jesus Christ are made of wood. They are rotten wood. They have no power. They never had any. Our gods are all-powerful. They are for us. Here in the presence of the symbolic paintings of these, your gods and my gods, I beg you, my Jemez brothers, to lend us your strength of arms in this just cause. I entreat you to aid your brothers. The vital moment is at hand. The recruiting army must never reach this land. The last Spaniard of this region must be in the dust and be returning to dust before any other soldiers cross our river at the Pass [El Paso, Texas]. Come with us, my Jemez brothers. Come with us. Fight the foe with us and share the glory with us. We bid you join the war party. We beg and entreat you to do so. On your decision rests the destiny of our race.

Make your decision, my brothers. Make it now. Make it here in the presence of these, the painted symbols of your gods. Vote to exterminate, to annihilate, to send the last pale-face in our land to the abode of his dead and his Holy Mary. The moon-mother, the sun-father, the morning star, the evening star, all the gods of your fathers and of my fathers are awaiting your decision."

For a few minutes after Catite had been sprinkled by the *cacique* and had begun to puff wreaths of smoke from the ceremonial cigarette toward the symbolic drawings of the *estufa* and toward the abode of those above, no one stirred. All were waiting for Popé to address them. All eyes were turned toward that august person. Slowly he arose, threw down his blanket, and walked around the entire room, blowing a gentle breath on each of the wall paintings. Then he faced those present and advancing extended his hands, and blew a gentle breath in blessing over them and then heavenward toward the abode of his deities. Then, dropping his hands to his side, he paused a moment before beginning his address.

There before them he stood, dressed in a tunic and Indian pantaloons, with the end of the breech cloth suspended outside of the trousers both before and behind. He was tall, muscular and raw-boned. His cheek bones were rather high, his lips thick for a Pueblo Indian. His under jaw was large and his jaws closed and set firmly like a vise. His nose was large and of the ruling type. Wrinkles curved around the corners of his mouth and also marked his forehead. His eyes were small and deeply set. His hair was done up in two cues at the back of his head. He had a scanty beard and mustache, the

latter being very scanty in the middle-lip region and extra heavy over the corners of his mouth. His hands and feet were large. He wore moccasins tinged in red, from which tail feathers of the eagle were suspended behind. His face and hands were painted red. His head was sprinkled with eagle down. A feather was suspended behind each ear. Turquoise pendants were suspended from his ears. A bone, some three inches in length, was thrust through his perforated nose, and strings of deer hoofs, eagle claws and bright-colored, sparkling, glittering stones were suspended from his neck over his chest. There he stood, with determination exhibited in every outline of his body and with the fire of pent-up enthusiasm shining out of his snake-like, beady, black eyes.

"My brothers," he began, as he gave his shoulders a broadening shrug and made one step nearer to his hearers. "My brothers," he repeated, "I am Popé. I have traveled from village to village. I have seen the wrongs heaped upon our people by the pale-faces, who, under the disguise of Christianity, have made us slaves to their greed for gold. I have seen them whip the aged till they die under the lash. I have seen them torture our sunpriests to death, because they dared worship their own deities, because they dared be more civilized than the white usurpers of this land. I have seen them drag our young men from their peaceful homes and put them to work day and night till death put an end to their suffering and misery. I have seen the children taken from the mother because she had dared do what her heart said was right, she dared worship her gods, the gods of her fathers. And I have seen worse things

than these —. I have seen the aged Indian priest put to death, while in the very act of conducting the ceremonies over our dead. Brothers, I could endure these things no longer. I went to my home and to my *estufa* and there I fasted and prayed, did penance and mortified my body many days.

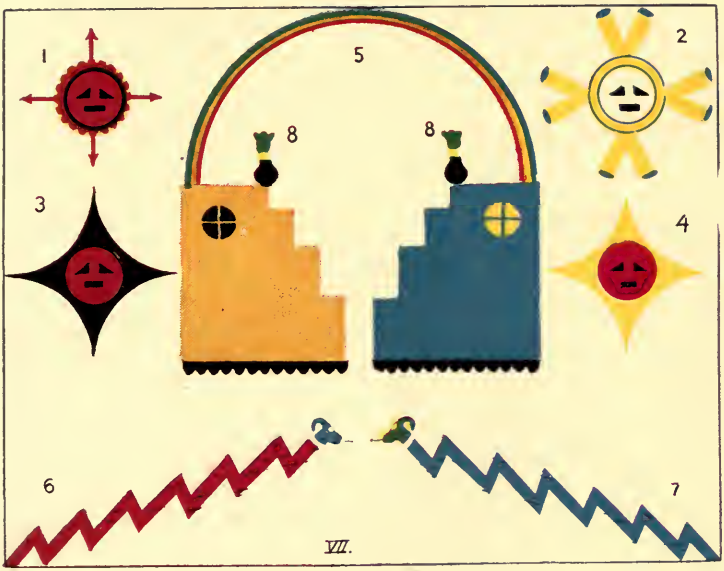
" One day while I was fasting and praying and feeling so very, very sorry for the deplorable condition of my race, the great father of all the Pueblos, he who had been our father since before the flood, appeared and stood before me. His face was bright red like the flaming pillar from the clouds. His hair was the flash or heat lightning. His eyes were a redder red than his face. His body was in zigzag and green, like that of the good snake, the genius of the water courses. His feet were like the many tails of a snake. He had two arms, as we, but they were powerful and strong arms. In his left hand, he held a shield that covered the whole sky and made the whole earth dark, completely dark, even when the sun was in his full strength at the noon-time. In his right hand he held a mighty war club, studded with massive flints, pointed and ground down to a fine edge. It was a war-club so large that it reached even to the Seven Stars. I wished to hide myself. But where? His eyes penetrated all places. He spoke to me. I turned my face toward him. I was no longer afraid. Said he: 'I am your father and the father of all the Pueblos. I am the sun with the mask removed. I have witnessed the oppression of my people, till I can endure it no longer. My son, I commission you, I command you to go to your countrymen and order them to rebel against the hated pale-faces, the cruel, gold-seeking Span-

iards. The time is at hand. Go, my son. I will be with you in every conflict and the victory in the end and all the time is yours. Your people will obey you. I have put it in their minds to do so. Go now, go to every pueblo. I am your supreme god, and I will fight your battles for you. I have defeated that hated race already. Rebel against them. Go now, my son, go to your countrymen at once and command them as I have said. Go, my son —' And lo! the god of my fathers had instantly vanished.

"I looked again and lo! in the place where the god of all the heavens and the earth had stood, there stood three departed spirits, Cadit, Tilim, and Tlesime. These communed with me also. They likewise bade me to command my race to rise as one man and dispel the despicable, gold-hunting Spaniards from our land. They also directed me to make a rope of palm leaf, a mystic cord, and tie it in knots to represent the number of days before we shall rise like the whirlwind of the sandy country and remove this vile, contemptible race, root and branch and stump from our country of habitation. Our revolt, they said, should begin in this growing of the leaves that each pueblo should show its willingness to act by untieing one of the knots on the cord presented to it. Thus saying, they likewise vanished to the world of the good dead, saying as they departed that the pueblos who would be killed in the overthrow of the Spanish power should live and feast forever after in the palace of the Morning Star, our first brother, our great and powerful brother who guards the front entrance to the palace of the sun.

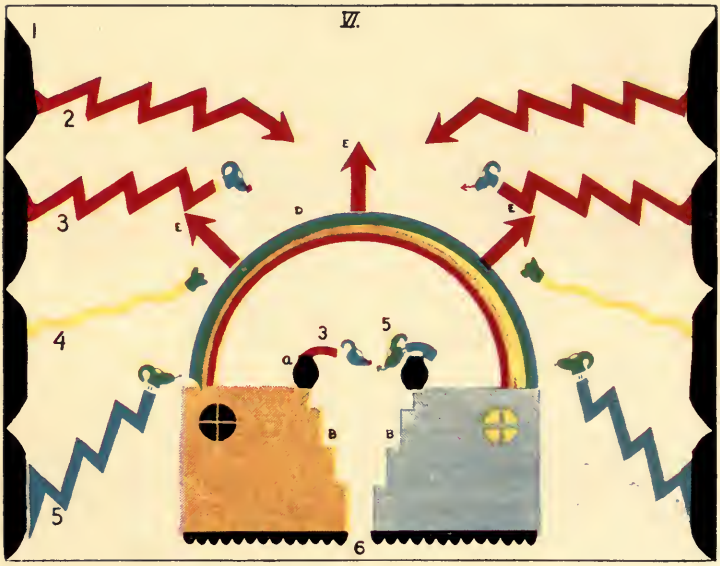
"Brothers, as ordered, I am here. Your gods have

sent me here. My mission is yours. In the name of the gods who appeared unto me in the *estufa* at Taos and in the name of all the gods of our fathers, I beg you, I command you to join in this uprising, in this revolt against the pale-faces. We must rid the land. It must be done now. Now is the time. We are prepared for action; they are not. A year from now our hands will be tied; now they are free. Your decision frees us or sends us further into slavery. Your decision means everything to our women. Your decision means the complete annihilation of our fathers' religion, or its re-establishment in all the meanings of that word. Your vote means that our dead shall be doomed to live for all days and for all nights in the sorrow land, or in the land of happy hunting and continual feasting. Brothers, vote to rebel. The gods of all your fathers bid you rise in arms. The fiery face of the sun bids you. The red and white rays of the sun bid you lift your war club against these people. The yellow-faced moon and its light-colored rays bid you rise in arms. The red-faced, black-pointed morning star commands you to vote for the overthrow of these peoples. The evening star and its yellow points command you. The four pillars of clouds, the steps on which the dead pass in their journey to the land of the good dead, command you. The bolt lightning, the flash lightning and the genius of the water courses have given their strength to this cause. The two rainbows await your decision. The people in the land of the dead are rising to help you. All the gods of our fathers command you to rebel. I, the representative of those above, ask you to make your decision this night, to make it now. Here is the mystic



VII. A Wall Painting in a Secret Dark Room in One of the Indian Houses at Jemez, N. M.

1. Sun. (In left-hand upper corner.)
2. Moon. (In right-hand upper corner.)
3. Morning Star.
4. Evening Star.
5. Rainbow in the West.
6. The Red Snake.
7. The Blue Snake, the God of Rain.
8. The Flash Lightning, the God of Flowers. It is projecting from the water receptacles of the universe. The step-like figures below the water-jars are clouds from which raindrops, represented by black points, are dropping.



VI. A Rainbow Section in One of the Estufas at Jemez, N. M.

1. Clouds.

2. The Bolt Lightning that does not strike the ground.

3. The Bolt Lightning that strikes the earth. It is the Red Snake or Indian Devil.

4. The Flash Lightning, believed by the Indians to be the producer of bloom, hence the God of Flowers.

5. The Blue Snake, the God of Rain.

6. The Rainbow in the East. (a) Water receptacles of the universe; (b) Clouds, the Steps to Heaven; (c) raindrops; (d) the rainbow arch; (e) dart-heads thrust out by the rainbow as a means of protection.

NOTE.—This is the rainbow in the east. Beneath the arch the representatives of good and evil, the rain snake and the red snake, are in combat. The rain snake, being defeated, is retreating eastward and is taking the clouds with him, hence the rain is over.*

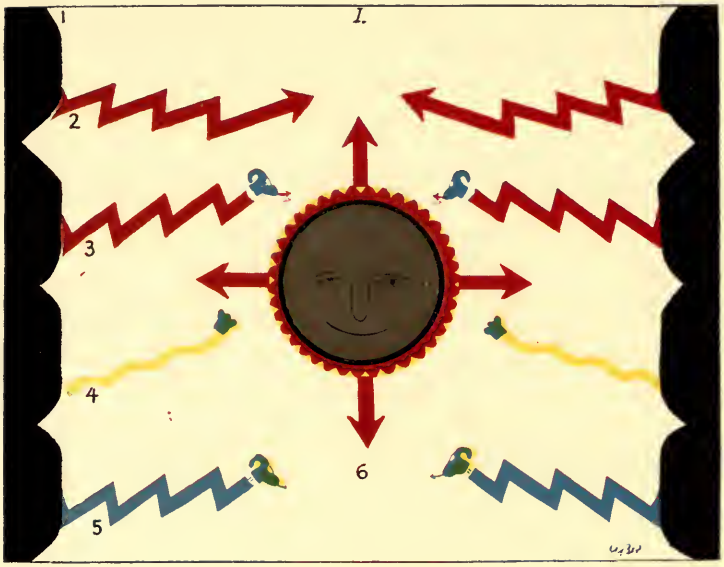
*The Rainbow Section just opposite this section represents the rainbow in the west. It differs from the rainbow section given here in that it has the God of Flowers projecting from the water jars beneath the arch.

cord. Untie one of its knots that we may know that you are willing to fight for your country, for your homes, for your wives and daughters, for our fathers' worship, for the safe passage of our departed to the good world. Untie the knot, my brother and war-captain, that we may know that you are on our side and on the side of the deities of our fathers. All the gods of our fathers bid you act. We await your decision. It must be to rise in arms against these pale-faces. It must be to drive out this hated, greedy, merciless, gold-seeking race. My brothers — we await your decision."

Popé at once seated himself and was sprinkled and blessed by the *cacique* and given the ceremonial cigarette; but he did not smoke it. He waited for the decision; but none was given. Not that the Jemez did not wish to rise in arms against the Spanish misrule, but was it wise to do so? Things as they were, were bad enough: what might the result of the proposed uprising be in the end? Many things were to be considered. What if the Spaniards should be able to crush the rebellion? Not a Jemez stirred. Not a word was uttered by one of them. Not a hand was moved. Minutes and minutes passed. Was the cause lost? United action alone could defeat the Spaniards; here was one of the leading pueblos that was undecided. Cold sweat collected in great drops over Popé's face. Had he lost the cause for which he had labored so faithfully and which he honestly believed was a just cause? The gods forbid. He had been commissioned by them and to win was the only possible outcome. But just what further to do or to say at the moment he did not know.

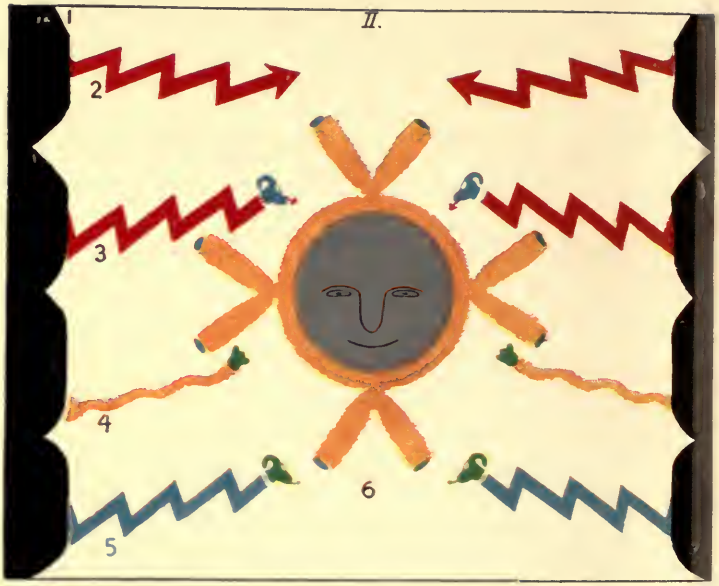
At this juncture when it seemed very evident if the

Jemez voted at all it would be a negative vote, Ojeda again arose. "Brothers," he at once emphatically and earnestly began, "brothers," he repeated, "will you be the enemies of your own race and the enemies of your own gods? The gods of my fathers forbid. You must act with us. You must be our friends. The gods, all the gods of our fathers command you to join with your sister tribes. Will you not do it? We have always been your friends. Will you now be our enemies? Will you make servants of your women? Will you condemn our priests to be tortured to death? Will you send your dead to the sorrow land? The gods forbid. All the gods of our fathers bid you rebel against this hated, cruel race. The sun-father, the moon-mother, the evening and the morning stars, the bolt and flash lightnings, the red snake, and the blue snake bid you rise in arms. The two rainbows bid you. The elder war hero of our race bids you. The cougar deity, the bear, the badger, the eagle, the shrew, the spider bid you. The younger war hero and our great and knowing brother, Pushaian-kia, command you. The goddess of the north, of the south, of the east, of the west, of the straight-up-above, and of the straight-down-below are looking upon you. The medicine water bowl, the cloud bowl, the ceremonial water vase, the ancient road await your decision. The white-shell-bead woman who lives where the sun descends bids you. The mighty whirling winds command you. The wooden images on your own hearthstone order you to aid us. The yellow woman of the north, the blue woman of the west, the red woman of the south, the white woman of the east are looking down through these walls upon you this moment. The yel-



I. Sun-God Section in One of the Estufas at Jemez, N. M.

1. Clouds, the Steps to Heaven. (Dark marginal figures.)
2. The Bolt Lightning that does not strike the earth. (Upper figures.)
3. The Bolt Lightning that strikes the earth. It is the Red Snake or Indian Devil, called Savah by them. (Second figure from the top on each side.)
4. The Flash Lightning, the God of Flowers. (Third figure from top.)
5. The Good Snake, the Blue Snake, the God of Rain. (Lower figures.)
6. The Sun, the father of the universe and the God of all things. By the Indians he is called Patahgatzah or Pay.



II. The Moon-God Section in One of the Estufas at Jemez, NM.

1. Clouds.
2. Bolt Lightning that does not strike the earth.
3. The Red Snake or Indian Devil.
4. The Flash Lightning, the God of Flowers.
5. The Blue Snake, the God of Rain.
6. The Moon, the Mother God of the Universe, called by the Indns Ahtahwahtzah, or Pah.

low-bluish woman of the zenith and the dark woman of the nadir command you to aid your brothers in driving the race from our land. Pusha-ian-kia and all the gods of our fathers command you to aid us. Will you be the enemies of all your brothers? Will you be the enemies of even your gods? We await your decision. We beg you in the name of all the gods of our fathers and in the name of those above to make your decision now. We must have your decision. The great snake that encircles the starry vault [the Milky Way] commands you to act. The departed of our race urge you. The gods of all our fathers command you. Will you be the enemies of our race? Will you be more despised than the hated pale-faces? Will you have the blood of all the other tribes upon your heads?"

Without waiting for the close of the speech, Don Diego, the Jemez war-captain, arose slowly, took his tomahawk from his belt and without saying a word to anyone, walked with a brisk step to the center of the room and hurled that Indian weapon, sticking it into the centerpost of that house. Then he returned and seated himself. Slowly and deliberately the rest of the Jemez present then arose one by one and likewise drove their tomahawks into the same centerpost. Then when all had reseated themselves. Don Diego took the mystic cord and untied one of its knots. Thus was the declaration of war ratified by the last tribe.

CHAPTER III

"PER *DIOS,* see that bunch of peons that came in this morning. They are prisoners. I suppose they are prisoners from the Great River of the North. Do you happen to know any of their history?"

"Yes, they are Pueblo Indians. Those four over there are from San Ildefonso, wherever that place may be. They sprinkled corn pollen over an altar made to their gods of petrified wood. Our good father at the pueblo saw them at their heathenish worship, and they are here. Those twenty over there are from Santa Fé. They refused to give up their own houses and all their property to the conquerers. But what matters it, anyway. In a few years they will all be dead and their masters will be rich. Those Indians over there by that rock are from Zia and Santa Anna pueblos. They did not go to mass one Sunday. Oh, well, it matters not, just so we get them as slaves. Those *alcaldes* are paid so much per head for all the Indians they can send to labor in the mines. It's all for the glory of the Father and Santa Marie [and our purses, you know]. This is an Indian from Jemez; so are these over here. They are fine looking fellows. This Indian would not allow his daughter to be a servant in the priest's house. Oh, well, we need them and we get them. That's all. The Indians were made to be slaves of the white race. The more of them we kill off the better it is for us, if they

bring us the gold. *Per Dios,* there seems to be trouble yonder."

It was in the mining region of Nueva Vizcaya where the above conversation occurred. It was early in the morning. The smoke-wreathed burning-red orb of day was rising above the jagged mountain points of the mother saw-tooth ranges to the eastward. Slowly its rays descended into the inner cañon-like valleys, which, for the most part, presented a desert-like appearance. Here and there on the walls and steep slopes were many varieties of the cactus family, vieing with each other in the length of their spines. Now and then a piñon or red cedar dotted the landscape. A narrow band of chaparral and "polly-verde," and an attempt at a growth of grass lined the central low area.

Here in these valleys were situated many of the mines which were enriching the Spanish people and their sovereigns in Spain. They were not conducted in the same manner as mines are to-day. Only free milling gold could be handled. There was no machinery of any sort. Everything was hoisted with a hand windlass. The men went down into the mines on rope ladders, or on poles. When the mines got very deep the slaves, for slaves [convicts, as the Spaniards called them] did the work, were kept in the underground recesses till they died. Then their bodies were either thrown into some abandoned tunnel or shaft; or hoisted up to the surface and cast into some out-of-the-way place, for the birds and beasts of the Sierras to feed upon. They fared as well dead as alive. In the dingy mine they never saw the light of day. Their bed was possibly a sheep skin on the hard rock floor; and more often not

even that. Their clothes consisted of a breech cloth, if even that much. Their food was a morsel of corncake. The water they had was scanty and impure. The air they had was foul. And work they were compelled to, not eight hours a day, but the greater part of each twenty-four. If the desired amount of the precious metals was not forthcoming each day, a beating with worse than the cat-o'-nine-tails was the inevitable result. Death was preferable to this treatment; but death is not usually preferred by the races of men.

It was at one of the mines of this region that the scene about to be described occurred. A man was climbing out of the mine. He was an Indian, a convict, if that word may be used to cover Spanish sins. His face was shriveled and wrinkled. He was short one ear. A finger was off of his left hand, a toe off of his right foot. His hair was white and very long. His teeth were partly gone, the rest as white as ivory. He was bent with age; but was still muscular and strong. His eyes were small and hazel in color. But were fiery at the moment.

As he climbed out of the mine, two guards rushed to seize him. But old and decrepit as he looked, the aged slave gained a footing at the entrance of the mine and, seizing a pick, prepared to defend himself.

"Oh, you dog," shouted one of the guards, "you'll fight, will you? You're not worth much, anyway. You wouldn't even make good crow feed. Go back down that ladder. Go, I say. You haven't seen the light of day for twenty years and you'll never see it again. It won't be good for you to stay here. Your Jemez friends yonder will carry your carcass to that precipice in the

distance for the wolves and vultures to devour. Go back down in that mine or I will shoot you in your tracks. Go! Go, or I light the powder in the pan of this gun. Get down there at once."

But the aged man climbed not down the pole in the mine shaft, but made several quick steps from its entrance toward the advancing guard, brandishing his pick. "Kill me," he shouted. "I might as well die here as in the mine. Aye, I have not seen the sun for more than twenty years." Nearing them he again exclaimed: "Kill me if you wish. Blessed god of my race. I am an old man now and will work no longer in your mines, O gold-seeking pale-faces. Yonder god of light and his son, and the moon-mother are my principal gods. To them I command my being and they will take it safely to *she-pa-pa* [the Indian heaven], where you pale-faces cannot enter; where only the good people go, and you are not good.

"Five times, and more, have I served out my sentence in this mine. By your own words I have served it out five times. My fine was four years only. I counted the time when I would be back with my family, my wife and my little son, Don Diego, at Jemez; for, as you intimate, I am a Jemez. I counted the days by tying knots on a string. I also kept the number of times the green corn [roasting ears] were in the fields by their bringing me green corn for my food. Four years came and went and four more. Yet you kept not your word: you kept not the order of the court. I saw the *alcalde* write my sentence in the record book and also give a copy of it to the bailiff. No! you have not respected the orders of your own courts. You respect

nothing but gold. Eight years and eight years more have passed; yet you have not freed me. Now I am out of that mine, not by your will but by my own strength and the power of my gods. The guard at the bottom of the mine has gone to the pearly gates and his beloved Mary; and I will go to my deities.

"I never did any wrong to cause me to be arrested and sent to this place. Of course, you do not believe what I say. You don't want to. But I never did. I call on all the gods of my fathers to witness that I did no wrong. Your chief man visited our village. We were all friendly to him. Our young men went out to meet the visitors. They escorted them to the village. A procession lined up on each side of the main entrance to receive them. Piñon twigs and branches were laid in their path for them to walk upon, and our women took off their bright colored pañas [the aprons they wear suspended from their shoulders at the back] and placed them on the ground for the high men to walk upon. They did not touch the ground with their feet from the time they dismounted till they entered the church of San José in our village to attend mass. The whole village attended mass that day. There was general good feeling everywhere.

"After the services were over in the church, the strangers were given the best quarters in the pueblo. I gave quarters to two of them in my house, and the best things to eat that we had. Everything possible was done to make the visiting people welcome. The Catholic father, who accompanied them, was also asked to visit each house and bless it and its occupants and to baptize the children into your church. He visited my own house

and baptized my little son, naming him Don Diego. I was a happy man that day, but, oh, the biting sting!

"After the midday meal was served, four of our men entertained the guests in the giving of a vigorous, knee-springing, foot-scraping, turkey-gobbling dance; while a clown, dressed like a Spanish lord accompanied by an imitation Navajo chief, made grimaces and did funny things to amuse the populace.

"After this dance was completed, a procession was formed at the church. The sacred image was then carried at the head of the procession to the plaza and there placed in a booth. In front of this then the 'column dancers' danced till darkness began to take possession of the land; while those who were not engaged in the dance went into the booth and said their prayers and 'counted their beads' in the presence of the image. Also, all who could went to confession to the priest in a near-by house. As night came on, we all lined up in two columns, facing each other. Then our principal men prayed to God for us and asked him to bless the pale-faces and help us obey them and make us always to be friends. When the prayers were finished, we all started home happy. I had never felt so happy before in my life.

"When nearing my house, my wife ran out to meet me. She was crying as though her heart would break. She cried and cried and cried. I took her in my arms and carried her to my house. I asked her what the matter was; and she still cried and sobbed and could not tell me anything. Finally she became quiet so she could talk. Then she said she had been mistreated by the two Spaniards whom I had been so good as to give shelter

in my house. At once I was enraged, as any husband should have been. I started to report the affair to the chief Spanish officer; but before I could hardly leave my door, I was arrested by one of the Spanish governor's officials. Those Spaniards, to cover their own shameful act, had brought charges against me, that I had stolen a spur belonging to one of them and that my wife had aided me in concealing it.

"The next day I was taken before the *alcalde* and sentenced to four years in the mines. I protested my innocence but was given no chance to make my defense. I was not allowed to open my mouth. I could easily have proven the charge false, as I had danced in the column dance throughout the afternoon and had not been home. So, of course, I could not have stolen the spur. I tried to explain but it was no use. I tried to tell of the wrong my accusers had done; but, instead of being given a fair trial, I was gagged and taken from the region. I never saw my wife again. I never saw my child again. I have never heard what became of them.

"After I was sentenced and gagged, a rope was tied around my neck, like I was a dog. The free end of the rope was then tied to the saddle of one of the armored men. He then started with me for the mines, leading me, jerking me along over rocks, brush, bunches of cactus, anything just the same, swimming rivers with me; and on we went. After a while we were joined by other groups of convicts, and on we went. At nights, my hands were tied behind me and I was tied by the neck to a tree or rock just like a horse. If there was nothing else to tie to, I was tied to a hobbled horse to be pulled around as the horse grazed. Water and food

were scarce, I had to do without. Doing without water was the worst. Often the man and horse would drink; but I was given not so much as would dampen the point of my parched, swollen tongue.

"At last, we arrived here at this mine. Oh, horrible nightmare! I was put at the windlass. Big chains were put on my feet to keep me from running away. Day after day I worked with these chains on and slept with them on. Day after day I almost starved. Day after day, I almost famished for want of water which I could see running yonder but which I could not get on account of the guards and the heavy chains that weighted me down.

"At last I planned to escape, as you may know, but you were not there. I managed to get a stone mallet hid away in the little hovel I was allowed to live in. Then I got a chisel and a stone hammer secreted in the dirt under the sheep skin I used for a pallet. Then in the dead hour of the night, one night when you were having a big feast to your Lady of Guadalupe and were all enjoying yourselves in a building which, it seems to me, stood in that ravine yonder, I carefully cut the links of the chain and freed my legs. Then I cut the clasps that encircled my legs. I was free.

"It was nearly morning. No one heard my pounding. So I decided to make the quickest possible escape from this mining section. I rose up quickly; but found that my legs were stiffened by having worn the chains so long. After a great deal of effort, however, I succeeded in being able to walk quite well and briskly. I took a direction through a region that I knew was traveled over but little. I climbed over yonder peak.

I was on its top at sun up. There I paused and looked and gazed upon the red-fingered morn. I hoped and prayed that my god would come, as he has promised he would come, on the flaming aurora in the chariot of his father, the sun, and drive out your hated, cruel, unjust race from our land. Soon I heard bloodhounds baying on my track. I then hastened on. I broke into a brisk run and run as in the races of the old times, when I used to win the snake race year after year. But I was in a broken country and the hounds gained upon me. I could hear them coming near. There were two of them. Seeing that I could not outrun them, I sat down and caught my breath. Then I climbed up over a rather steep cliff to its top. Then I quickly gathered some rocks and a few clubs and prepared to make a stand for my life. The hounds started to climb up the steep-walled slope. When in good throwing range, I hurled a boulder at the foremost one; but the stone went wide of its mark; for I had not done any throwing for many years, though when a young man I had been an expert thrower. The hounds gained materially by my missing. They were now within five lengths of a man from me. [I can see their red tongues, glittering savage eyes, and sharp teeth yet.] I threw another stone. I took deliberate aim and hurled it with all my strength. I missed the first dog entirely; but, fortunately, the dogs being practically in line, I struck the second one square between the eyes and killed him instantly. The other dog was upon me before I could hurl another rock. I seized a club and struck at him furiously, but, excited, I missed my aim and the great brute jumped for my throat. I could see death staring me in the face. I

could feel the hound's teeth on my throat. At the same instant I seized him by the throat-collar and with one supreme effort and terrible struggle, I hurled him from me and down over the steepest part of the cliff, a place that had a perpendicular face, nearly losing my balance in doing so. Long afterwards I could hear the animal howling in pain where he had fallen.

"From there I ran on and on. At last I came to a trail that led in the direction of the Seven Stars. Night had come on, and, being tired, hungry, and thirsty, I gathered some cactus apples for my evening meal. Then I went in search of water, which I found after considerable searching. Being tired, I then lay down under a juniper tree to have a few moments' sleep.

"How long I slept, I do not know. I must have slept very soundly. For suddenly awakening, I found myself being bound hand and foot with maguey-fiber cords. I had been discovered by scouts who had been on the trail to watch for me. Knowing the country, they had come by the trail, a much shorter route than I had come, and had laid in wait for me at the little stream of water that crossed the trail. And though I went far from the stream and trail to find a sleeping place, they were not tired and were able to follow my every move. I was at their mercy; that was all.

"The next day I was again at the mine. The cruel guard, to punish me, tied me to a block. Then whipped me till he gave out. The rest of the day I, bleeding from head to foot, was let lie face up in the burning heat, while my torturer went off to a *torrel* combat. Returning at night-time, he lowered me into the mine: there to labor till I died of bad usage or of old age. He was

angry and wished to kill me. He said that the dogs I had killed were worth more than I was.

" For years and years, for eight more long years, I labored in the mine. By a poor grease lamp that nearly blinded me and whose smoke and fumes I could hardly endure, I drove the chisel into the rocky wall, hurled the pick, and carried the rocks in a box to the mine entrance to be hoisted, that you people might become rich.

" After laboring all these years, more than twice the time of my sentence, I became sick. I was hot. My skin was parched. My tongue, throat, and mouth was dry and burning. My step was not steady. My head swung. But no pity was shown me. At this time, you, the guard nearest to me, was detailed as overseer in the mine. You cruel wretch. If the Father, the Holy Mary, and Jesus, their son, whom you profess to worship, are indeed the beings you hold dear, most dear in your hearts and whom you are following in word and in actions, I want none of them in mine. Because I could not bring you in the value of as many *pesos* per day as I had done when well, you whipped me, and whipped me every day till the blood ran down my body and onto the ground. Here are the places where you mangled my flesh with your merciless whip. See them. Yet you prayed to your gods, three of them, daily. When I sickened so that I could no longer work and lay helpless and in horrible, agonizing pain of the terrible fever, you, you cruel gold-seeker, would come each day; and, continuing to be angry because I was not adding gold to your fortune, would kick me around to give me all the agonizing pain you could. Finally, I became unconscious, and you had me carried to an abandoned recess

and thrown into the garbage pile to die, and had another slave put in my place.

"How long I remained unconscious, I do not know. One day I felt a dull sensation as of something gnawing on my face. It proved to be some rats. They had eaten this ear off and were then eating on my face here where you see this big scar. I waved the rats away with my hand. Then by my moaning, I caused the man who had taken my place at the mining process to hear me. He came and carried me out of that horrid place; gave me some water, all the water he had been allowed to quench his thirst for the day; and also shared his meager allowance of corn cake with me. I ate it. I tried then to sit up, but found that I was too weak to do so. I could only raise my head with the greatest effort.

"Later in the day after I had become conscious again, I heard my friend being beaten by you because he had lost time while waiting upon me; and as a final result of his being good to me, he was put in another division of the mine and I never saw him again. But the gods were good. You were transferred to, I suppose, your present position; for to this day I had never had the privilege of seeing you again. Had I, you would not be here this day.

"Your successor was not so cruel a man at first as you; so I was given a little to eat. I suppose he looked forward to the time when I would be bringing him in money, as I had done so many years for you. I got stronger and stronger and in a little while I was given a location to work in the mine. Soon I was as strong as before my sickness. Day after day and moon after

moon since then, have I labored and brought gold to you and to your people to enrich them. But my work is over. I will not work more.

"Last night I dreamed that I was at my own home at Jemez, that it was to-day. My people were having their special occasion. The god-clowns, the 'funny men,' and the column-dancers were all performing. The women rushed from their houses and threw bread and other things to eat skyward as a thank offering to those above. I heard my own son making a big speech to the Indians. Then I heard that big drum on the *estufa,* the drum I used to beat in the long ago. I heard that drum beat. Then I saw strangers enter the village. Night came on and I saw them all in solemn council in the presence of the symbolic paintings of my gods in our practice house. The business was secret. I heard my own name called. Instantly, Pest-ya-sode, my great brother and father, stood before me and said: 'Go, my son, go. Your son, Don Diego, needs you. Go.'

"At once I awoke and am here. O glorious god of day and god of my fathers! I am going, O cruel Spaniard. I will work in your mines no longer. I go to my people. I will go in this red-clay body, or I go in spirit; but I go, nevertheless. Many times have I served out my sentence, the unjust sentence."

"Go back down that pole, you dog of an Indian. Go. I light this powder. I have heard enough from you. No Indian has ever been given such a privilege to talk here before and no other one ever will be. You dog, you'll come towards me, will you. Here, hand me that firebrand.— We'll —"

But quick almost as a flash of lightning, the aged sav-

age had hurled his pick, like he had hurled war clubs when a young man. There was a thud, a choking sound, a heavy fall, and the cruel guard had left his gold and gone to his God. Then with a shriek and a whoop that reverberated through the ragged hills and cañons, the gray haired slave bounded swift as a deer for the wild country. A flash from the other guard's gun doubled him up; and instantly, his spirit went to aid his son and his Jemez brothers.

CHAPTER IV

IT was San Juan [St. John's] day, 1680. The bells on the Spanish church at Santa Fé proclaimed the day. The robed priests proceeded to the church. The people gathered. Mass was said. Then the populace arose from their kneeling positions on the adobe floor and silently left the church, reverently making the cross with the holy water as they left the thick-walled adobe structure.

Just as they were leaving that edifice, there was a yelling and hallooing in the rear of the building; and soon some men, dressed like Indian herders, came driving a mock bull, a cow-hide including horns and head-skin suspended over a plank and carried by two men beneath it in imitation of a bull in life. The mock *torrel* combat was at hand. Bellowing, the animal charged upon the multitude of curious spectators. It trampled them under foot. The men hustled out of its way. The women and children, laughing, screaming, some with delight, some with fear, scampered up the ladders to the housetops. The infuriated brute then charged upon its keepers. They pretended to try to control it. They hallooed and cracked whips and did many sorts of things to make the biggest noise possible. But the shaggy animal charged them, chased them from place to place till they finally came to a mud hole. It had rained the night before. Here the keepers made a final stand; but were

overcome, hooked down into the muddy water and slimy mud and were trampled under foot: this was a part of the play. Then the released animal charged down the street at a mad pace, followed by the be-muddied keepers, who looked more like some animal of the jungle than human beings. Overtaking the bellowing beast, they drove it into an adobe-walled enclosure. There the matador was prepared for the combat. The people gathered on the walls and housetops to see the fun. The matador, carrying a red cloth, allowed the "*torrel*" to chase him around the enclosure several times, managing clumsily to fall and be run over by the bull. Then he threw off his cloak, seized a dirk, and after making several false passes at the charging beast and again being run down, he was hooked and tossed completely over the animal's back, as a horrible bellowing issued from beneath the dry hide. But the matador had not been injured and he was up and ready for the fray. Quickly, then, he finished the work. A well aimed thrust in the animal's flank disabled it, and it fell to the ground in a heap.

At that instant as the "dying bull" was panting out his life, there was a squawk, squawk from a rooster in a near-by shed. It was the beginning of the preparation for the "gallo" [rooster] race. The day was to be a gala day, as San Juan day always is among the Spaniards and Mexicans. "Squawk, squawk," screamed another rooster, and another. It was San Juan day, and every man whose name was Juan was to furnish a rooster. Squawking, squawking, the fluttering fowls were taken to the plaza; and one by one, as needed, were buried in the sand all but the head and the sand pressed

tightly around them. Then the men and boys, stripped of all clothing except short pantaloons, rode at a gallop on saddleless horses past the imprisoned chicken. As they did so, each rider reached over and grabbed for its head. Faster and faster they rode around and around the plaza and tried their luck again. At last one of the number luckily leaned far enough over and succeeded in getting the rooster by the neck, but his hold slipped and he was crowded on by the next rider. The third rider following this one succeeded in pulling the fluttering fowl from its imprisonment. Then the race began in earnest. The holder of the chicken, spurring his horse to the greatest possible speed, rode through the town, closely pursued by the other riders, whom he beat and pounded with the squawking, fluttering chicken when they approached near to him. Over hills and valleys, over rocks and gulches alike, he was chased. At last a pursuer got hold of the chicken also; he seized it by the leg. Then the two rode side by side and pulled on the screaming, struggling bird for a considerable distance. Then they turned their horses in opposite directions and, spurring them forward, pulled and pulled until they had torn the quivering body to pieces. Then over the hill they chased each other and pounded each other with the pieces till the bits were too small to race for. Then another rooster was buried in the plaza, and the same performance was acted out over again. And so on, till the roosters in the city had been mutilated in the sport, and all the men were bloodier than a butcher in a slaughter house. But it was fun for them.

The race being completed, the midday meal, a feast, was served to all. The people gathered in their houses

and seated themselves around baskets of "tortea," "wyava" [corn-cake, paper-like bread], sour-dough loaf bread, dishes of venison, fresh pork, and beef, and bowls of wine. And a feast it was for the people of that race and time. Of course, the governor and priests had better things; tables set in the shade of the trees in the plaza, loaded down with choice eatables and wines; the latter had been imported from far-away Spain. They had knives and forks to eat with, also spoons. The common people, on the other hand, had no such luxuries. They dipped the pieces of meat out of the dishes with their fingers and sopped their bread in the soup dishes; and each group drank out of the same wine bowl. But it was all the same to them. All ate and talked and enjoyed themselves.

After the meal, the men and women talked about the unusual amount of rain and the much better crops that would be raised that year, about the fun of the day, and the extra good behavior of the Indians of late. As they were thus conversing, a priest came from one of the adobe structures adjoining the plaza and entered a room in the convent where a group of priests were sipping wine at one of the tables. "Oh," said the senior priest, looking up, "what was it? That was the most unearthly yell I ever heard. What was the matter and what were you called for?"

"Oh, nothing. It was an almost blind Indian woman. She was going to the governor's cellar to get a jug of wine for his table, and not seeing the men racing, got run over. They have buried her already. That's all."

"Oh, well," spoke up another priest, "it was only an Indian dog, anyway, a convict, you say. I suppose you

got her through all right; or did she live long enough to make a confession? I hope she did; she would not be worth any more labor on our part."

"Well, I have done my part," replied the one addressed. "But she being an Indian, declared she had no sins to confess, that she had not sent for me, her mistress had, and she kindly thanked her for it, saying that it was the only kind act ever shown her by the white people. She, however, had no confession to make, she said."

"Oh," broke in all at the table at once; "done no wrong. She a convict."

"I explained to her the meaning of confession and even went so far as to ask her about the wrong she had done that brought her here. And I was surprised at what she told me. Whether a lie or the truth, I could not tell. It is a confession I shall long remember, if you could call such a death statement a confession. She declared her innocence to the last breath. She said she had committed no sin against any god, either Indian or white, and that she had wronged no one in her life."

"That's queer," rejoined the senior priest. "What reason did she give for being a convict. She certainly must have done some wrong to be here as she was, and that, too, as the slave of the governor himself."

"I asked her about that, and she again declared her innocence. She said that long, long ago, the governor, one of our former governors, visited Jemez, her home village, and that her husband gave quarters to two of his men in their house. She said that all had an enjoyable time. It was a gala day to all. The priest came

to their house and they had him christen their only child Don Diego—"

"Don Diego," spoke up one of the brothers present; "that's the Jemez war-captain now. And this his mother. But go on, brother. Excuse me for interrupting you."

"Well, the woman continued: 'After the priest had gone, the two Spaniards whom we had kindly given quarters came to the house and mistreated me. Then they left. Soon after they had gone, my husband came and found me broken-hearted. I told him all. At once, he left the house, saying he was going to see the governor. I never saw or heard of him again. A little while after he left, the governor's guards entered my house; tied and gagged me, and started that same night for this place with me. I have been a slave ever since. I have been cruelly treated always. See these marks on my body where I have been whipped nearly to death time and again. Why I was arrested, I do not know. I was never given any chance to make any defense. I was not allowed so much as to open my mouth. And I have never been allowed to mention the subject to this day. Then you will come and ask me to confess to your God when I am dying. No, I do not wish to have anything to do with your unjust race and your gods. I wish to thank my mistress again for her kindness to me in sending for you; but her act covers a multitude of sins. She sent me into the street to get me run over, because I am old and am no longer profitable to keep. I am worth more dead than alive. So, I die. No, I do not need your help. I do not need your prayers. My father and brother, Pest-ya-sode, has a place for me in

" she-pa-pa." I am going to it and there I'll be a slave no longer.

" 'Last night I dreamed I was there; I was in the abode of the good Indian dead. My husband was there also. He told me of the horrible torture he had been compelled to endure for many, many years in the mines of the land toward the sun at noon. But he is free now, as I will be soon. And our son. I saw him in my dream.—'

" She ceased talking. I looked and she was dead. Well, she's buried now and gone to her beloved Pest-ya-sode."

" Well!" said the senior priest. Then after remaining in a meditative mood for a time, he turned to his brother priests and said: " It is time for us to prepare for the next scene of the day."

Soon a procession was forming at the church. The priests came out first, followed by men carrying candles. These were followed by men carrying a huge wooden cross, and following these were half-kneeling men and women. The procession passed out of the church yard and up a gentle slope to the top of a low hill, supposed to represent Calvary. Here a hole was quickly dug and the cross raised to an upright position. Then about it all knelt devoutly and chanted the *" Miserere "* in a melancholy wail. This weird performance was kept up for a considerable time till the attention of all was attracted by hollooing, screaming, crying in the distance.

Thither then everyone proceeded; that had been the program. The performers in the distance were the " penitenties."

For several days a group of men had been secluding

themselves in a little stone chapel, erected for the purpose in the neighboring foothills to the city. Here they had been mortifying their bodies and doing penance. They were known as the "Los Hermanos Penitenties," and were in charge of an officer known as the Hermano Mayor. There was a procession of them. This was headed by several pipers playing an unearthly wail. Following these were several members of the fraternity, each walking backwards and carrying a huge, hewn-out, wooden cross that weighed more than two hundred pounds, in representation of Christ's carrying the cross to the crucifixion. Following these cross-bearers was a long line of brother *penitenties,* who were naked, except for short trousers. In addition, the faces of all were concealed in black cloths and their heads crowned with thorns, the crowns of the officers and cross-bearers were more massive than those of their fellows. Flanking the procession on either side, men, armed with whips of thorny-bush and cacti, were whipping and pounding the cross-bearers and processional brothers till the skin had often been removed and the flesh was raw and bleeding. In addition too, the processional group were pricking themselves with cacti or any other horrible thing that their imagination could devise to make the torture the more terrible. Even their trousers were lined with cacti and bound tightly to the skin. Moreover, other members of the torturing flank-runners were placing cacti in front of the procession that all might walk over the spiny mass to make the suffering the more intense [even yet this performance is had in certain parts of New Mexico: many men volunteer their flesh for the elevation [?] of their people each year]. A cross-bearer fell under the heavy

cross on account of the pain and the loss of blood; but was beaten with cacti till he resumed his task. On they came, leaving blood on the cacti they were walking over and on the ground. They entered one of the little narrow streets between rows of low adobe houses, as the populace on their knees lined the side of the street or followed in a long column on either side of the penitential procession. They passed into the street surrounding the plaza and proceeded around the dwellings and shops on its three sides and the low adobe building on the other side, known as the governor's palace. Here two of the cross-bearers became exhausted and fell beneath the weighty crosses; but again the cacti was applied unmercifully till they resumed their labors. Across the plaza the procession then proceeded and up another narrow street to the church entrance; thence to "Calvary."

Arriving at "the place of the skull," three of the cross-bearers were sacrificed. They thought it an honor. They were to impersonate Jesus and the two thieves. They were placed upon the crosses they had respectfully carried, backs to the standard, arms outstretched on the cross-bar. Then with hammer and spikes each and every one were nailed to the cross in the same manner as the trio they were impersonating were nailed to their respective crosses 1,680 years before. Not a sound was heard from the martyrs. Long ropes were then fastened to the head of each cross to steady it. Other brothers then raised them to an elevated position, with the one impersonating Christ in the center, the others partly facing him. The base of each standard was then caused to slip into a deep hole prepared for its support, it slipping down with a thud which caused excruciating pain; but

it was silently endured. Then all the brotherhood gathered around in prayer, some lying on prickly cacti, some pressing the crowns of thorns down on their heads till the blood ran in streams. Others were beating themselves and pricking themselves with the sword, dagger-pointed, Spanish bayonet plant. For an hour or more this horrible blood-curdling scene was allowed to continue. The whole population witnessed it; and all knelt and prayed with uplifted hands toward the sufferers. But the inhuman performance went on till those on the crosses lost consciousness and they were apparently actually dead.

As they were thus about to expire, a few women gathered around the central cross, wailing dismally and impersonating Mary and Martha. This they continued to do for a considerable time. Then the crosses were lowered; the bodies removed, and the "two thieves" buried in the church graveyard without ceremony. The body of the honored one was then wrapped in cloth and borne to a cave in the foothills and there interred with all the honors the church and Hermano order could bestow upon him. The crowd then returned to the city to prepare for the next and last scene of the day, feeling that they had done their duty and that they had been forgiven their transgressions. A chosen few, however, remained to apply restoratives and resurrect the victim. After great effort on the part of the resuscitators, consciousness returned, and the man was taken to the village on a crude stretcher, as the resurrected Christ. The next scene was then at hand.

As the Hermano Mayor and the members of his fraternity entered the city carrying the "resurrected" one

[had it been beyond their power to resuscitate him, as was sometimes the case, a substitute would have been used], the *Mata China* dance was ushered in, beginning in the open court at the church entrance, whither the populace had assembled for the performance. Coming out of the church, the dancers lined up in two rows, with the chief of ceremonies at the front and between the rows. All were masked. The chief of ceremonies wore a mask resembling the head of a donkey. Each of the dancers wore a cloth mask, and a circular, pointed cap, from which there floated variously colored strips of cloth.

When all the dancers were in their proper places, the processional group, bearing the resurrected one, passed between the rows of dancers and into the church edifice, where elaborate ceremonies were performed over him. After the resurrection procession had passed into the church building, the chief of ceremonies of the dancing group began to writhe and wriggle his body in a laborious manner. This performance was to indicate that with the resurrection of Christ a furious battle had been waged against sin. As soon as the chief began to perform, the gaudily attired dancers commenced to move their limbs in a lively manner to the time of the music played by the special musicians of the day. They pranced about much in the same way that a baboon trips about in a cage, except that each column of dancers kept in some sort of a line; the space between the lines was kept open for the master of ceremonies to perform in. This spectacular and, at times, grotesque acting was kept up till sunset. Then the simple-hearted people all set out for their respective homes, feeling that they would begin a new year with unsullied records.

CHAPTER V

JUST as the dance was breaking up, a strange Indian carrier handed the governor a letter. He tore it open, glanced at it a moment, then thrust it into his pocket. His wife asked him what was in the letter that had caused him to turn pale, to cause such a change to come over his visage. To her question he merely answered, "Oh, nothing, nothing at all. Too much feasting, possibly."

That night the moon rose over the city and the stars shone brightly. The populace feasted till a late hour, then retired; most of them on sheepskin mats in whatever house they happened to be. But there was no sleep for Governor Otermin and his official family. His place was lighted and his office was filled with councilmen. The contents of that letter were the subject of discussion. It said but little and gave no definite knowledge, but enough to cause the gravest suspicions. It was dated, Jemez Pueblo, just after midnight, morning of June 24, 1680, and signed by Juan de Jesus, *Padre* de Jemez. After giving the customary salutation of the times and ranks of the parties concerned, it read:

"I have the honor to report to your majesty that this quietness of the Indians is forboding trouble. What, of course, I do not know; but trouble is brewing. I can see it in the actions of many of the Indians, especially

the ' principals.' Not only that, but last evening I had a squaw at confession. She said that while I was away about a month ago the Indians had one of their forbidden heathenish dances and that six strangers attended it, also that that night there was a solemn council held in the south *estufa*. She further stated that at this council the visitors made many and strong speeches, the purpose of which she did not know: it was forbidden the women being told what they did in the secret chamber. She knew nothing further, except there was something about a ' mystic cord,' and that when its last knot was untied something dreadful was going to happen. One of these cords has been left at the village here and similar cords had been left at each of the other Indian villages. She knew nothing further, not even who the strangers were.

" I believe that trouble is at hand and beg your majesty to use every possible means at your command to protect your subjects in the outlying districts. We are wholly unprotected in these parts.

" I will advise you, if possible, of any suspicious movements that may occur. There is trouble coming, I know.

" Your majesty's humble servant, etc.,

" Juan de Jesus,
" *Padre* de Jemez."

" Gentlemen, you have heard the letter read," commented the governor. " More than three years ago it was made evident to this office through various channels that trouble with these Indians was imminent. It was for that purpose and not to fight the apostate Apaches, as was given out to the public at the time, that *Padre*

Francisco Ayeta, the custodian, went to Mexico in 1677 to obtain the help of fifty armed, trained soldiers and a thousand horses and supplies to aid the people here and prevent a general uprising of the pueblos. But the expedition being estimated to cost 14,700 *pesos,* the King of Spain delayed his approval of it till June, 1678, and not until September last was the expedition ready to start here from Mexico. Furthermore, the officers in charge are in no hurry to get here. They will not be here before December or January. And the delay may be costly. Moreover, many of these Indians are shrewd enough to realize that the armed force now on the way are to suppress their heathenish customs and more firmly tighten our hold upon them than to subdue the roving Apaches. They, no doubt, are hurrying matters up. I believe the *Padre* Juan de Jesus' suspicions are well-founded. Similar reports have been sent by the priests of other villages lately. Exactly what is best to do is quite a question. Should we attempt to call in the priests from the neighboring Indian villages and the small farmers throughout the entire region, a massacre would follow at once. It is not likely they would ever be able to reach this place. Furthermore, it is a question whether this place could be defended against the savage hordes. In addition, if we were quite certain that it could be, we have not soldiers enough to send any aid to the outlying settlers. Any move may cause an uprising, and we are not at all prepared for it. On the other hand, if by any possible means whatever we can prevent a clash till the recruits arrive, we must do it. We will then be able to hold the whole pueblo country under subjection. We must keep it under subjection by craft:

then we can hold it by force. We can then keep what we have already obtained possession of that way, and we can extend our boundaries later. When once under our control completely, the Pueblos can be compelled to fight the Apaches for us. The Indians know not their strength; they must not know it. We must remain firm, give as little chance for offense as possible, and make no move that will cause suspicion. At the same time we must prepare for the inevitable should it come.

"By letters as fast as they can be sent by carriers and not cause any distrust, I will advise the different *padres* of possible trouble, and ask them to get as many of the Indian women to confession as they can and find out from them any information they may have about what is being planned and about the six Indians who are said to be going from village to village making strong speeches to the 'principals,' also about that 'mystic cord,' if it has any significance.

"In the letters to the different *padres,* I will advise them and their immediate white neighbors where to flee for refuge. Those from Cochiti south I will advise to flee to Ysleta: those north of that village I will order to flee behind the wall of this palace.

"I will tell the *padres* not to tell anyone of the supposed danger and these plans, unless absolutely necessary. And I hereby forbid any of you to mention the subject outside of this room. In the meantime, we will repair the walls of the city and put everything in as good condition as can be done with the means at hand. Keep your horses in trim and where you can get them at a moment's notice. Also watch the Indians in your own households and the Indians quartered here in the vicinity

of the city. I will also send several messengers by different routes to the recruiting army to hurry to our support with the greatest possible speed. I hope that the catastrophe can be averted; but feel that it is at hand."

Several days passed, then the letters from the *padres* began to be brought in. To Governor Otermin's surprise, all the first ones stated that the Indians were on their best behavior and that there was no ground for the current belief that they were preparing for an uprising. Moreover, three of the *padres* went so far as to upbraid the government for always suspicioning the natives. After reading the letters, the governor began to feel that possibly he had been mislead. A letter from the Pecos' *padre,* however, indicated that there might possibly be trouble in the near future. More Indians had been noticed going out to see the sun rise than usual; to see if their saviour was coming on the wings of the morning to claim his own. Four fires had also been seen burning without the village at night. Two feathered, small trees had been found set in the ground on opposite sides of the village. One morning at dawn, the whole population, gaudily dressed, marched in single file to the northeast corner of the wall of the village. Reaching it, each one tossed a single feather to float heavenward on the gentle breeze as a prayer to the gods. At several times, also, Indians were seen to slink into a dark corner at night, if the priest should be out walking in his yard or go into the street. Then an owl was heard to hoot and to be answered. That was all. Something extraordinary was going on in secret. That was all the *padre* knew about it.

Several days again passed without any news from any of the outlying districts. Then a letter came to the governor's hand from the Jemez priest. The carrier seemed exhausted, and when asked when he left Jemez with the letter, replied: "At the going-to-bed-time, your honor."

"And you here before I have had my breakfast; and Jemez sixty miles away?" asked the governor.

"Your honor, the *padre* is very anxious that you read that letter," replied the carrier.

The governor tore open the envelope and spread the letter before him. His eyes unconsciously blurred. He cleared them. Then glancing over the heading, which was dated, "August 8th, bed time, Pueblo de Jemez, Mission church of San José de los Jemez," he began to read:

"I will never see you again. It is all over with us all. I bid you all adieu. It is as I had suspicioned. The uprising is planned. The 13th of this month we are to be all massacred. I am sending you this note by a friendly Indian, one that I have trusted these many years. Being with me in my house, the Indians have not confided to him. At least, I do not think so. At any rate, this is my only possible chance to advise you of the calamity at hand, hoping that it may yet be in your power to warn the Spanish families on the small farms in some of the out-districts before the clash comes.

"The carrier of this communication I am sending over the mountains by the Mt. Pelado route, that he may not pass any other Indian villages and this letter fall into the Indians' hands, and the messenger likely be killed. To cover his departure, I will send him to the river for

a water jar of water. From there he will take the trail. May God and our Holy Mary guard his footsteps.

"Two days ago I realized that I was a prisoner. In the daytime men worked at various things in sight of my house, not all working at one time, but first one and then another. Some were hoeing corn; some picking fruit from the near-by orchards; and so on. I thought nothing of this, except that the Indians were seemingly more industrious than usual. At night time, I also found someone lurking in every dark corner, only to slip away to some darker, shadier, more obscure place at my approach, then to whistle like a night bird or hoot like an owl, to be answered by some other bird or cat in some other obscure place. I knew the meaning of all this at once. I was being watched and was, in fact, a prisoner. Yesterday I sent for the horses; but they could not be found. I knew the meaning of this also: I was not to leave this place.

"Yesterday I went to the village. There in one part of the plaza I saw an old man, evidently a sun-priest, throwing seven small sticks into a fire which he had kindled. He did not see me. I approached close to him unnoticed. He was talking to his gods. I understand the language here. He was saying over and over again: 'May the hated Spaniards be utterly consumed as these sticks are.' Some one whistled, and the aged man uttered not another word. I walked on as though I had not heard him.

"I came to the second plaza. There I saw an aged woman pounding a cub bear to death. The Indians believe the bear is the evil one. She was pounding it and talking to her deities. She was saying in all earnestness:

'May our warriors beat the life out of the last pale-face as I pound this cub bear to death.' A cat meowed somewhere. The woman dropped the lifeless animal and leisurely walked into her house.

"I beg your pardon for writing this in detail; but I cannot send it till evening, till everyone has retired for the night. So am taking my time to tell you all that has happened. But before I proceed further, I restate that August 13th we all perish. We will all be butchered. I beg you after reading this long letter to send messengers to all our people, if possible, and get them in a safe place, also make all possible preparations for the defense of your city.

"I tried to leave here to-day to carry this news to you and was prevented from doing so by masked men without the village; I was going on foot. So will write you everything as I know it, for this is the last communication I will ever be permitted to send, if this one; the last time the world will ever hear from me. But before going further I beg you to send the messengers.

"As I was saying, I was walking about the village in my official capacity. As I passed Tongay's house, I heard two men quarreling. I saw the men. The one was the war-captain of Jemez, Don Diego. The other man was a stranger to me and not a native of Jemez; for he could not talk the Jemez dialect. The men were using the Spanish as a medium of communication. They did not see me; no one in that part of the village knew that I was there. I learned from the conversation that the stranger's name was Ojeda and that he was a Santa Anna Indian, the war-captain of that village, I believe. The

men were quarreling over Geetlu, Tongay's oldest daughter. Don Diego was saying:

"'Ojeda, you Santa Anna dog, you bring men here, big chief men. You make big speeches to have us kill all the white men. Then you come back here under first one pretext and then another to try to get my fiance, my Geetlu, to go to your village to be your wife. No, you cannot do that thing. Go to your home at once or you will die before the pale-faces you caused us to plan to kill. Go—'

"A rooster crowed. The men stepped into an adjoining room and I heard nothing more, nothing only a woman crying and saying: 'Don't kill him.' I saw her. It was Geetlu. Almost instantly I heard a woman in some other part of the house utter a hissing 'Sh'h'; and the maiden likewise disappeared.

"Heavy of heart, I walked on to my house. I knew then that our fate was sealed; but when was the dreadful day to come. It was not far distant, I was sure. Good fortune, in a sense, followed.

"I had been in my residence only a little while, when Geetlu's younger sister, a young woman about seventeen years of age, opened my door and came into my room without waiting to knock. She was perfectly composed when she entered. No one would have thought her message by her appearance. Coming in she looked all about to see if anyone else was in my apartments. Satisfying herself that we were alone, she walked up to me and placed her hand on my head. Then she began crying. I said to her, as I stroked her long, jet-black hair: 'What is it? Tell your white friend, your white brother,

what the trouble is.' She stepped a few paces from me to the other side of the room. Then stood and looked at me for a few minutes before saying a word. Then in faltering tones:

"'My good *padre,* five suns more and you are to be whipped and goaded to death in the plaza and all the white people in this whole country from the white-topped mountains to the north to the boiling ocean toward the noon-day sun are to be killed. O father, you have been so good to us all. To-day Ojeda, the big war chief of the Santa Anna Indians, came here to take my sister with him to his own village to be his wife, though he knew that it was understood long ago that she was to be the wife of our war chief, Don Diego. This Ojeda is the one who made the big speeches here once when you were away. He was one of the men who got the people to agree to kill all the white men. He persuaded Don Diego to agree to do it against his will. Don Diego is a good man at heart and I wanted him to marry my sister and my sister wished to marry him. To-day, this Ojeda, a cruel-faced man to my eyes, came here and persuaded my parents through presents to let him have their daughter. Then he proceeded to take her with him. She objected to leaving our village and the one she thought the most of. She refused to go and, through me, sent for Don Diego. He came and compelled that Santa Anna chief to leave the place without my sister. They quarreled and started several times to use the ax on each other; but the women and my father prevented their fighting. At last, as my sister cried a great deal and begged the men not to kill each other, at the same time declaring that she would never be the wife of Ojeda,

that Santa Anna war-captain left the village for his home.

"'Since that chief's departure, my sister has become the wife of our war-captain. He placed the dress-blanket over her nude form, as is our custom in marriage. Then she baked him the ceremonial cakes and he ate them, and she has combed and done up his hair. Now they are husband and wife, and he has taken her to his own house.

"'While he was eating the cakes, they talked a great deal. I was in the little dark room. I had crawled in there when I thought the men were going to fight and I was still in there. My sister asked what he and Ojeda meant when they spoke about killing all the white people. For a few minutes Don Diego looked puzzled. Then he got up and looked all about the room, then into the next room, then into the dark room where I was, then out into the adjacent street to see if there was anybody about. He did not see me, as I hid under a blanket in a very dark corner. Supposing no one about, he commenced to talk to my sister about the many, many things which are about to happen. I heard your name mentioned. I heard him say that all the white people were to be killed in one day. I could not hear all that they said distinctly in the corner where I was. So I crawled very carefully to the open door of the room I was in and slid myself along the wall till my ear was in front and just beneath the opening. There I laid and listened. I could then hear distinctly everything that was said. It was something like this, as I remember it:

"'"Yes, Geetlu, we are to kill all the white people. Four days more and we will kill them all."

"'"And will you kill our good *padre,* Juan de Jesus," broke in my sister.

"'"Yes, Popé of Taos, Catite of Santo Domingo, the one of Picuri, this Ojeda of Santa Anna, and the other strangers who were here when we had that special dance, say that we must kill all the white people. These men are the leaders. We must obey them. All the white people are bad, they say, and the priests are the worst of all. Yes, we will kill him. He will never live to leave this place. The gods have ordered it."

"'At this juncture my sister sighed and remarked: "Poor, poor *padre* Juan de Jesus. He has always been good to everyone."

"'Don Diego here said rather sharply to my sister: "You are to keep secret what I tell you. You are not to tell anyone; not anybody. If you do both you and I will be put to death, and the cause for which we are all going to fight will be lost.

"'"As I was going to say," he continued, "they came here and made big speeches that night in the *estufa.* I was opposed to war to the last minute. When suddenly my father and mother appeared before me in a vision. You know they were both sold into captivity when I was very small. My father appeared to me. His hands were swollen from climbing ropes. Great cuts showed over his body where he had been whipped nearly to death time and again. Blood was besmearing his body from a gun-shot wound in the back. I could see him distinctly, and my poor bent-over mother. My father, with uplifted, trembling hands, begged, commanded me to fight the pale-faces. So I got up and struck my hatchet into the big post in the center of the *estufa.* In-

Governor's Two Daughters, San Ildefonso, New Mexico

stantly I heard my father exclaim: 'Ye gods, it is done!' I looked and the vision had vanished, and around me were the Jemez principals voting for war as I had done. By that vote, five days from to-day we will fall upon all the white people as one man and kill; not one is to be left alive. Here is the cord they left for us to count the days on till the uprising. It is a twisted, maguey-fiber rope. It had knots on it for each day from the day of the meeting in the *estufa* to the time of the killing of the white people. Each day a knot is to be untied till all are untied. The day the last knot is untied is to be the day of the outbreak."

"'I lifted my head so that I could peer out through the latch hole in the wall of the door casing. There I saw Don Diego holding up a small rope for my sister to count the knots yet remaining on it. Fearing they would see or hear me, I again lay down close to the wall, as quietly as possible.

"'They talked only a little while longer; then left the room to go to his father's house, as man and wife. After they had gone, I came from my seclusion; and there in the room where they had been sitting was that mystic cord. They had forgotten to take it. Here it is. See the many places where the knots have been untied. And see there is just as many more knots on it as the fingers and thumb on my one hand. The day this knot is left to be untied is the day they are to kill you and all the white people. Poor, poor, good white man, they will kill you, too.'

"She walked over to me, crying again, and, putting her hands on my head in a stroking manner, then on my shoulders, she blew a gentle breath in blessing on me.

Then she instantly departed before I had time to bless her in the name of God and Santa Marie.

"I have nothing more to write, except that at some time when our people again subdue this region, I beg that my bones, if found, be interred in the Holy cemetery at Santa Fé with appropriate Christian burial ceremonies.

"There is nothing more. I will now prepare to meet my God. May God and Holy Mary aid and bless you all.

"I bid you all adieu for the last time.

"Your humble servant,

"Juan de Jesus,

"*Padre* de Jemez."

Hurried were the footsteps in the capital building. Messengers were running to and fro. Others were writing orders. Soon horsemen were thundering over the hills to the distant villages and ranches. Before the sun had left the western sky, there was great excitement in all the settlements that could be reached. As darkness closed over the land, all that could possibly do so were fleeing to a place of safety, those south of San Felipe to Ysleta, those north of that village to Santa Cruz or to Santa Fé. The gates of the capital city were also closed; and sentries and bristling cannon, brought out for action, told that the days of peace were over.

CHAPTER VI

IT was the 9th of August, 1680. The sun was still pouring his burning rays down into the upper Rio Grande valley. A sand storm was raging on the barren region beyond. A "thunder-gust" was winding its way among the distant mountain tops. In the valley a lone footman was wending his way toward Taos at a coyote gallop. He had been running all day, as no one but a Pueblo Indian can run. He neared the village. He entered it and ran directly to the house of Popé, the leader of the proposed uprising. He rushed into the house and into its secret room, where he found that distinguished Indian chipping flints for arrow points. Breathlessly the runner paused a moment, as the other Indian faced about and saw — what?

"My brother," exclaimed the new-comer, getting his breath, "they know all. It's all over with us. They know all," he repeated. "The pale-faces know all we have planned to do; they know that we have planned an uprising. Some woman found it out and has told them. Pale-face messengers are running their horses everywhere. The white people are fleeing behind the walls of Santa Fé and Santa Cruz. The —"

But the chief waited to hear no more. Instantly he was in the plaza and in another instant he was on the *estufa*. The big drum sounded; and the plaza and streets were alive with people. Before another hour,

messengers were racing to the many pueblos. Time was precious: they must strike the fatal blow while the snake was yet uncoiled.

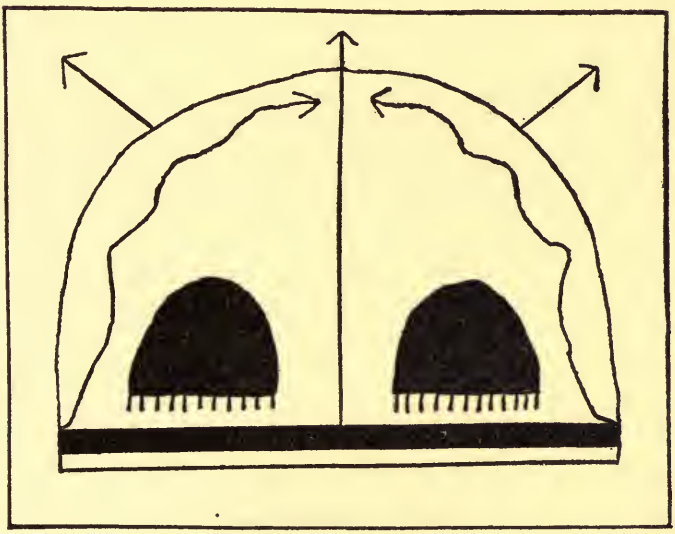
After the messengers had departed, Popé returned from the plaza, entered the *estufa,* and quiet again settled down over the village.

The chief medicine man, the *cacique* of the place, had preceded Popé in entering that house of the gods for war preparations. As the latter climbed down the ladder to the floor of the edifice, the medicine man addressed him:

"War-captain, the great crisis is at hand. The annihilators of the children of the sun, the desecrators of altars and religious houses, the destroyers of the worship of nature must be exterminated or expelled from this land. I present you to the gods to lead the pueblo nations to battle against these vile men."

Then as he prayed and sprinkled Popé with the sacred corn pollen, the dust of the gods, he presented him before each of the symbolic paintings on the walls of the edifice in the order of their occurrence beginning with the sun-god group and ending with that of the moon-god group, paintings very similar to those on the god-clown masks eight times enlarged. When the circle of the wall was completed, he lead him to the black mats and sand drawings near the center of the room, presenting him before the step-like altars, stone gods and images of Pest-ya-sode and his wife, at the head of each respective mat as he continued his praying and sprinkling. The medicine man next presented him before the altar of the grove behind the fireplace in the center of the room.

Time and again had the war chief seen this altar, but never had he been formerly introduced to it, never before had it meant so much to him. He inspected each thing carefully. A miniature grove of pine extended out in horn-shape from the corner of the chimney on each side of the altar, the two horns almost forming a half



A sand drawing used in the Masked Ghost Dance of March 17, 1900.

circle. The painting on the chimney wall, like those on the masks, had central figures surrounded at the sides by marginal black lines representing clouds. From these projected inward, one above another, the Rain Snake, the God of Bloom, the Red Snake, the Bolt Lightning. The central figure in this case was the Rainbow in the West.

It rested at each end upon four pillars of clouds. Above each group of these sat a water jar from which the God of Bloom extended skyward. From beneath each group, drops of rain were represented as falling toward the earth. From the rainbow-arch, three darts of protection lifted their barbed points on high. Beneath the arch on the center line were drawings of the sun, moon, and great stars. The sun occupied the upper central position, the moon the lower. The morning star occupied a position to the right of the major symbols within the arch, the evening star a position to the left. The altar was of stone and without ornamentation. On it, in the center, sat an earthen bowl filled with corn pollen. In front of it was a sand-drawing on the floor of the room. On this were placed bunches of downy eagle feathers, which represented the prayers of the village before those above. Among these, set bowls of corn pollen and meal, the representatives of medicine and prayer. Among these at the right of the altar stood an image of Pest-ya-sode beside that of a crouching mountain lion. At the left stood an image of Pest-ya-sode's wife, at the side of which was that of a bear. The god had a rod of authority in each hand; his wife a bunch of pine twigs. All these Popé took in at a glance. Then kneeling before the altar in the midst of the bunches of feathers and bowls of sacred meal and corn pollen, he received the further religious preparation for the great work before him. The medicine man leaning over him sprinkled him with the sacred dust, rubbed him with feathers, and put sacred corn pollen in water and had him drink it. Then as he lifted his hands in supplication, he prayed:

"O sun, O moon, O morning star, O evening star, O rainbow in the East, O rainbow in the West, O bolt lightning, O red snake, O flash lightning, O rain snake, O all the gods of our fathers, take this man, our war-captain, the war-captain of all the Pueblos, and give him and his braves the strength and cunning of the lion! Give them the courage and valor of the great Pest-ya-sode! Direct them in battle! Reduce our enemies to annihilation! Perpetuate the religion established by Pest-ya-sode, your son!" He then blew in blessing on Popé and said: "Call your braves! Overcome the enemy in the name of those above!"

The big drum again sounded. "Waw, waw, waw," shrieked an old woman, as she batted her mouth to make the noise the more terrible. "Waw, waw," she continued as she entered the plaza, carrying a cub bear in one arm and a club under the other. "Waw, waw," she howled till the savages filled the plaza about her. Then taking the innocent animal by the neck and shaking it she ceased her "wawing" and said:

"This is the representative of one of the enemies of our race. Long, long ago our mother, the moon, went down to the river in the early morning to get water to use in cooking breakfast for our father, the sun. She dipped the water jar into the flowing water and filled it nearly full. Then to complete the filling, she took the gourd cup, as we all do, and commenced dipping up cups of water to put into the jar. Once as she leaned over to fill the cup, a bear, which had approached her unnoticed, seized her from behind and carried her to his great cave in the mountains. In the entrance way he rolled a big rock and there he kept her, bringing her food each day.

"After she had been there a great while, she gave birth to a male child, the son of the god of day. This child grew to his full maturity in this cave. He could not get out, because, on leaving each morning to search for food, the bear always rolled the rock into the entrance, and, on his returning, he closed it behind him at all times with the same rock. But after obtaining his full powers, this offspring of the parents of all things was able to roll the stone away and go where and whenever he pleased. He always continued, however, to go after the bear had departed in pursuit of game and to return before that animal came back at the close of day.

"At first, this son of the moon-mother thought that he was the offspring of the bear, but, at length, his mother told him who his true father was and related to him how it happened that she was in that miserable condition. From that time on the mother and son talked over plans of escape. At last they made up their minds what to do, and at the first opportunity they failed not to put their plans into execution.

"As soon as the bear was out of sight and hearing one morning, the son of our great mother rolled the stone from the cave entrance, put his mother on his back, and ran and ran all day toward the place where the sun sets; because he knew that at this place the sun touches the earth on all sides of the great hole at his going down. Towards night they could hear the growling bear coming in the distance. Harder and harder our first brother ran with our mother. Nearer and nearer the bear came. With open mouth he got so close to them that his breath blew in our mother's face. With a horrifying growl the

animal sprang to seize her. At the same moment our brother, with one great leap, reached the palace of the sun. The great gate closed and shut the bear out.

"But the terrible beast charged upon the gate and would have broken it in pieces had not our brother left his mother and drove him from the palace front with his mighty war-club. Bent upon having his wife, as the bear styled our mother, he then attacked the palace in the rear. On this side another of our brothers, a son of those above, defended the edifice and drove the infuriated animal away.

"To reward these defenders of the sun's wife and of his home, the Great Spirit made our first brother the morning star, and the other brother the evening star. They are in the sky. We have all seen them. The morning star still guards the entrance to the sun in front, the evening star the entrance in the rear. These two brothers our father has made the emblems of truth, bravery, and filial love.

"Ever since the rescue, the bear and his descendants have been enemies of the moon, or mother-god and her children, and ever since then it has been the woman's privilege, the woman's duty to destroy the bear every chance she can to avenge the wrong done the moon-mother in the long ago. Our sons capture or kill them, and we take revenge on the living animal or upon its lifeless hide.

"The bear is the enemy of our race. In vengeance for the loss of his wife in the long, long ages ago, he has come upon us in the form of these pale-faces. O sun, O moon, O morning star, O evening star, O flash

lightning, O bolt lightning, O water snake, O all the gods of our fathers, may all our enemies perish as this bear, the representative of evil!"

"Waw, waw," shrieked the aged squaw again. The lookers-on struck up the bear chant. The drummers beat the drum. The aged squaw danced the bear dance, shaking first the club toward the god of day, then the struggling little bear. The medicine men and sun-priests sprinkled the dancer with sacred meal and prayed to those above. The old woman dropped the bear to the ground, and, as the helpless little thing howled and cried most pitiably, she beat it to death.

Picking up the lifeless body, the old woman shook it, saying: "So be it to all the pale-faces in our land." Then dancing about the plaza as she shrieked and batted her mouth, she entered her own house and laid the bear with head to the fire a moment, then laid it in the rear of the room with head still toward the fire. Here to this house the populace followed. Hither the women then rushed with baskets of eatables. Hither into this house entered the populace. As each entered, he blew on his right hand, patted the bear a moment with that hand, passed on, squatted himself on the floor and partook of the feast till he had satisfied his hunger. Then he arose, lit the ceremonial cigarette and passed out again into the public dancing area. Here seated in the center of the area, the hero, the Indian who had touched the bear first when it was captured, was telling everyone his hunting adventures and the difficulties he had in capturing and caging the cub bear which his mother had just killed, closing with: "May the gods do unto the white people as we have done unto this bear."

Hardly had the ceremony over the bear been completed at the residence when a continuation of the bear ceremonies were begun in the plaza. Hither men, dressed in breech cloths, their bodies painted in symbolic colors, their heads decked with feathers, came and began to dance in single file back and forth across the public dancing area, as the chief penitents beat drums, sang the bear song, gesticulated to bring out the meaning of the song. Soon almost all of the male population of the village joined the musicians, and, as all sang or shouted at the top of their voices, the whole procession, dancers and all, moved toward the general feast hall of the pueblo. As they neared it, women rushed out of their houses with baskets of eatables. These they threw skyward to shower down upon the dancers and chanters, as a thank offering to those above.

On entering the feast hall, the aged woman, with the hide of the cub bear she had killed, headed the procession, dancing, "wawing," and batting her mouth with her hand. Thus performing, she encircled the middle space of the room twice. She then proceeded to her son, the hero, blew on him in blessing, gave him the hide and immediately left the room.

As soon as the mother had departed, the chief medicine men sprinkled the bearskin and its possessor with sacred corn pollen as they prayed to the gods. One of their number cut the left front leg from the hide and placed it among his medicine curios. While the populace danced from left to right around him, he laid the hide on the ground and stamped on it as he prayed and sprinkled on it the sacred dust, saying in the concluding words of the prayer:

"O gods, give us strength to destroy our enemies as we have destroyed this bear."

"Finishing his earnest appeal, he gave the hide to Popé and left the ring.

The scene at once changed. With one blow, Popé severed the scalp from the hide and hoisted it on a pole. Then around it the men danced the scalp dance, as they chanted over and over again the words: "May the scalps of our enemies hang as trophies in the houses of our gods as this scalp of the hereditary enemy of our race hangs in our feast house."

Boom sounded the *estufa* drum. At once the scene again changed. Shrieks and war whoops sounded from every part of the village and gave back their echoes from the surrounding hills and mesas. The warriors stripped themselves, smeared their bodies with grease, daubed themselves with paint, bedecked themselves with feathers, took their shields, bows, quivers, and tomahawks, marched to the sun house [*kiva*], passed before the representatives of the gods on the walls, before the black mat and sand paintings in the center of the room and before the altar and the grove behind the fireplace chimney. From there they made the circuit of the village, passed into the secret chambers and dark rooms before the drawings of the great serpent and the altars and sand drawings of the Snake Society, of the Giant Society, and of the Knife Society. Thence they returned to the plaza, danced the war dance, shrieked, whooped till the morning star looked over the eastern horizon. Then they set out on their mission of destruction and butchery, as had the other Indian villages as soon as Popé's messengers arrived.

CHAPTER VII

PEACEFULLY the northern missions and neighboring ranches were wrapped in sleep. Otermin's messengers in that direction had all been killed and no one had been warned.

Just as the first streak of faint light began to rise above the mountains to the eastward of the Rio Grande in that section, a little baby cried in one of the "ranch" houses. The mother sang a sweet lullaby and soothed the child to sleep, and was soon asleep herself, again, never to awaken. A man heard one of his horses neighing and whinnying and went out to see what was disturbing it: he never came back. A shepherd was awakened by his sheep being disturbed. Thinking that a wolf or bear was attempting to secure a lamb for his breakfast, he went to the corral and met the same fate as his sheep. A Mexican woman arose early and started to the river to get a water jar of water: her dismembered body turned to dust under a juniper tree near the river's brink. A devoted *padre* walked a short distance from one of the missions to engage in secret communication with his God: the Indian ax did its work. Yet, though all these things had occurred, everything was still, save the whistling of the customary, cool, morning breeze from the mountain tops.

Suddenly, throughout the whole section, the blood-curdling Indian warwhoop resounded on every side, even

from the housetops. Instantly the Taos, aided by the Picuries and Tehuas, began the horrible massacre. They dragged the people from their beds. They struck down the father with their flint-studded war-club, while he was trying to defend his family. The infant was pounded into a shapeless mass in sight of the begging, helpless mother; or was cut to pieces in her arms. The mother was tortured to death. There was no mercy in the heart of the Indian. With him it was bottled up revenge suddenly released.

Throughout that day and for days and days the atrocities went on. As the uprising gained they became the more diabolical.

The three priests and five Spanish attendants at Santo Domingo were dragged by the hair of the head completely around the church several times before they were put to death. The priests at Perea [Jemez Hot Springs, Church of San Juan de los Jemez] were paraded around the entire village dressed in the attire which is worn at mass. The circle of the village and plaza being made, women came out of their houses and tormented them while they were compelled to say the Rosary. Their tongues were then cut out. Later they were stoned to death.

At Jemez proper, Popé's messenger did not arrive till the middle of the forenoon on the 10th of August. The village was perfectly quiet. Young women were grinding meal and singing happily the moments away. The matrons were baking bread, paperleaf corn bread in their baking rooms, and sour-dough bread in the ovens in the plaza and on the house-roofs. The virgins were in the cornfields gathering corn pollen in little flat bas-

kets, made for the purpose, the pollen to be used by the *caciques* in prayer. Old men were irrigating in their fields. The boys were playing "kwits" in the plaza. The medicine men and priests were in their secret apartments casting corn, sprinkling pollen and sacred meal and praying to their deities for their aid in the impending conflict. The braves were placing arrow points and flints and mixing paints. The sky was clear over head. The sun was scorching hot. The usual mid-forenoon calm had set in. Not a leaf moved. Storm clouds, however, stood up in irregular columns above Mt. Pelado and adjacent peaks; while distant, reverberating thunder and an occasional red streak down the black bank against the violet blue, indicated that the afternoon would be breezy in the valley.

Suddenly the scene changed as if in an earthquake. A runner, nude with the exception of a breech cloth and with body daubed in war paint, came from the northeast by the way of Vallecito creek. He entered the opening in the piñon shrubbery. Around the bend north of the village. The watchman on the north *estufa* saw him as he emerged from the bushy woods — saw the war paint. The drum proclaimed the news. In one minute, knives, war-clubs, and Indian hatchets were being brandished in the plaza: the war dance was on. The braves had already bedaubed themselves with war paint. They shrieked, hallooed, danced till they were frenzied. Then all rushed to the church, where the devouted *padre* was in prayer, preparing for the inevitable, horrible death which he knew was soon to come to him. With a shriek, a howl, and the terrifying, horrifying war whoop, they rushed into the sacred edifice, knocked down the lighted

candles, and broke the sacred image in pieces. They then seized the praying father by the hair and dragged him without the building, paraded him around that edifice on the back of a hog, and finally beat him with sticks. Tiring of this sort of amusement, they made him get down on all fours. His cruel persecutors then got on his back and lashed and spurred him till he fell dead. Then having destroyed all in their village, they set out to aid their Indian neighbors in further destruction and murder. Only two people took no part in the inhumane acts at Jemez, Geetlu and her sister. They sat in their mother's house and cried.

Two days later Popé's messenger arrived at Acoma. At once the merciless slaughter began. The priests of the place were stripped, tied together by a hair rope, driven through the streets at a run on all fours, then killed with clubs and stones, and their bodies thrown into a cave.

At Zuñi and Moqui, daylight of the morning of the 13th of August dawned, the original day set for the uprising. Popé's messengers had not reached the Indians; neither had Governor Otermin's brought orders to the white people. All was as originally planned. The settlements and missions were attacked at sunrise. The priests at Zuñi were dragged from their sleeping rooms, stoned, and then shot. At Moqui, after suffering many indignities, the men of God and Mary were stoned to death. Then their bodies were hurled from the walls of the mesa to the plain below.

While these things were going on in the outlying settlements, Santa Fé, itself, was in the throes of a death struggle. It was known the 10th in that city that the

uprising had begun. Towards evening it was also known that Indians, warriors, were lurking about the place in the bush woods and in the neighboring ravines and behind rocks in the region immediately adjacent to the walls of the city; but no attempt at an attack was made. Every precaution possible was made for the protection of the place. Should the savages capture the place it was torture and death to all. Horses were kept in readiness to take their riders to any part of the city that might be attacked. The antiquated cannon and the muskets were loaded, the powder placed in the pan, a small fire was kindled for each group of defenders, though obscured from view, and a fuse was at hand for the deadly work when the moment arrived. But daylight of the morning of the 11th came. Yet no Indian had attempted to scale the walls or shoot an arrow over it.

As the sun began his westward journey across the sky visible to the Rio Grande country, the Pecos, five hundred strong, were seen approaching the city. They were out in the open, dancing and brandishing war implements, and the medicine men were continually sprinkling them with sacred meal and corn pollen. At the front they carried two large crosses, one red, the other white. Reaching a safe distance from the city, they halted; several of the leading Indians, carrying the two crosses, proceeded to the city walls, while the remaining portion continued their war dancing. Reaching the city gate, the "envoys" told the Spaniards that the red cross was war, the white one, peace. That they could have which they chose, but if they chose the white one, they must leave the country; the Indians assuring them that if they departed from the region they would not be molested. In

a three minute conference, Governor Otermin chose the red cross, and the battle was begun. Three hours later the governor would have accepted the white cross, if he had had the opportunity.

With the terrifying war whoop the Indians rushed upon the walls. They scaled them. They killed the cannoneers at their posts. They struck the gunsmen down with their war-clubs. The Spaniards rallied. Back and forth over the wall the battle raged. All day they fought. "*Per Dios, venga paca,*" and "*Hang*" resounded, as the participants clashed with each other. As night began to approach, it became evident that the pale-faces were the victors. The armor, the horses, the walls, and the cannon were too much for the naked savages. Before darkness closed over the land they were utterly routed: the cross had triumphed over the symbol of the sun. But worse days were to follow.

The Pecos in full retreat were met by the Taos, Picuries, and Tehuas, victorious and besmeared with the blood of their many butcheries. A conference was called. The Pecos insisted that it was useless to renew the assault, as the terrible guns would kill them all. Many speeches were made. A vote was called for, but not a sound was uttered. Two-thirds of the attacking party had been killed and many of the remaining braves were more or less wounded. Was the cause for which they were fighting lost? With fire flashing from his eyes Popé arose, threw down his blanket, and at once began to address the wavering throng:

"Vile men are these strangers. To-morrow they will raze our villages to the ground, burn or torture our medicine men to death, and kill us, our women and our

children, or make worse than slaves of us all. Will you not in the name of our villages and of our race, will you not in the name of the river which waters our land, will you not in the name of the mountains and hills which close in our horizon, will you not in the name of the gods and the evil snakes, will you not in the name of the rainbow in the east and the one in the west, will you not in the name of the bolt and the flash lightnings, will you not in the name of the sun-father and the moon-mother, will you not in the names of all the gods of our fathers, will you not strike the death blow while the snake is yet uncoiled? Will you not kill the mountain lion while he is off his guard? Will you not —? The ashes of your fathers speak to you from the ground: will you not march against these hated, cruel men? The spirits of the dead exhort you! Will you not march with me to victory while time and opportunity is given you? The Great Pest-ya-sode and those above command you: will you not do their bidding? Your brother shall obey their orders. Shall he go alone? Shall he alone of all this host receive the blessings of the gods? Shall he alone of all this host have the privilege of enjoying the pleasures of the happy hunting ground, the beautiful and pleasant land, where there are no fogs and storms, where the game is so plentiful that it is killed even in the streets of the villages, where the people are always happy and dancing, where the player is always the winner of the game, where the women are always young and pretty, and where there is plenty of whiskey [tiswin] to drink? Shall your brother be the only one of all these warriors present to enter the palace of the sun and sit in the presence of the great Pest-ya-sode?"

"The gods forbid," shouted hundreds of voices.

Under cover of the darkness the Indians resumed the assault. With renewed determination, they scaled the walls. Again the naked savages fought hand to hand with men clad in "stone clothes." Again the rude instruments of the savage clashed with the two-edged sword. Again the white man's powder drove the natives from the works. But reënforced, the Indians charged again and again. Backward and forward the tide of battle wavered, as one or the other side was victorious. For four days more they fought on, till so many of the assailants were killed that those who continued the attack walked over the walls of the city in many places on the dead bodies of their fallen brothers. Though defeated, the aborigines were unwilling to give up. More and more recruits were coming in from the remote villages to take the place of those who had met death in battle.

Night of the fourth day came, and with it, a gloom settled down both over the city and the Indian camps. The white people were yet victorious; but how long could they hold out? The Indians were certain of victory: the gods had declared it. The pale-faces who could, went to mass; the Indians went through various ceremonies to cause the gods to aid them. Thus the night passed.

Daylight came, and the battle was renewed with greater vigor and more determination on each side. The Spaniards brought the reserve powder and balls into action. The Indians fought under a new leader, the Jemez war-captain, Don Diego. He massed the entire Indian army for one final charge on the place, with orders for the braves to capture the cannon and to keep possession

of the respective pieces till the city was entirely in their hands or they were called to the home of the good dead. Over the walls they charged. They silenced every cannon. They captured the suburbs of the city. They stormed the church and convent, captured them, and burned them to the ground, killing every inmate of each. But their hand was stayed. While they were capturing the church, the Spaniards had, also, been in vigorous action. They had recaptured several of the cannon and now turned them upon the exposed savages in the street. These were mowed down by hundreds. Yet those who survived flinched not. Notwithstanding every effort of the Spaniards, they could not be driven beyond the walls. Night only put an end to the horrible carnage.

For three days then each party rested, each holding the ground it had possession of at the end of the six days' continual assault. In this interval, Don Diego went to Jemez for more braves. Also Governor Otermin made an enumeration of the white people still left to defend the banner of the cross. He found the population still living to be about one thousand souls, those able to bear arms numbering one hundred and fifty.

Daylight [August 20th] brought a complete change in operations. After enumerating the people, it became evident that the Indians must be driven from the city at all hazards: it was also known in the city that Jemez reenforcements were likely enroute. If the place was captured they would all meet death; and, if die they must, they would sell their lives dearly. Bidding their wives and children adieu and being blessed by the priests, they moved into action at dawn. It was a hand to hand struggle for hours. The suburbs were cleared. The

captured cannons freed — the last Indian put to the sword within the walls. Then the big gate swung open; and mounted men sallied forth and dealt death on every hand among the fleeing Indians. Three hundred braves were run down and killed and forty-seven captured in this sortie. Those captured were brought back to the city and made to testify as to who had caused the trouble: then they were all shot.

Again the people behind the walls were the victors. But it had been costly. Not only that, but it was learned from the captives whom they shot that more and more Indians were coming to fight against the place: that the Jemez war-captain had two thousand braves and that they would be there in two suns. Fifteen hundred were coming from Zia, and hundreds from the other villages. When one attacking party of the Indians was annihilated, there would be another ready to take its place. But Otermin had no reserves. A man killed on the fighting line could not be replaced. Reënforcements likely would not reach them before January or February. They could not hold out that long; for to that time they had been contending with only a fraction of the whole Pueblo country. While the Indians were still unrecovered from the defeat, the governor thought, though hazardous as such an undertaking would be with the country in possession of the savage hordes, best to flee. He called a council of war; and it was the unanimous opinion of all to accept the governor's proposals. This was midnight after the sortie.

The next morning [August 21st] the Spaniards commenced abandoning the place, all going, leaving everything to fall into the hands of the Indians. The mounted

men passed out of the gates first, then the foot soldiers, then the women and children. South they marched. Several times they saw Indians in war paint; and once they thought that an attack was imminent: they learned afterwards that such had been planned; but was prevented by Don Diego, who withdrew his braves saying that it was useless to shed blood when nothing would be gained by it. The strangers were leaving the country: what more should the Indians want.

Unmolested, the refugees journeyed. On the way they saw the mutilated bodies of the three *padres* at Santo Domingo, also five dead Spaniards, also all the ranchers on the small farms throughout the whole district. Reaching San Felipe and San Dia they found that the settlers had timely abandoned them, and later the places had been sacked and burned. On the 27th, they reached Ysleta; and soon afterwards, they passed on southward to El Paso, leaving the whole region absolutely in possession of the savages. But the worst to the Indians was yet to come.

CHAPTER VIII

INDEED, the Indians were now again the *de facto* rulers of the country, and, with great ceremonies they celebrated their return to power.

As the last pale-faces passed out of sight on their southern journey from Sante Fé, the Indians rushed out of their hiding places among the piñon and red cedar shrubbery and behind rocks and in ravines and entered the opening in front of the city. There they crow-hopped, danced, tossed their war implements heavenward and caught them again and again, sang songs, re-besmeared themselves with paint, were sprinkled with the sacred dusts and prayed over by the sun-priests and medicine men. Then with a howl and a continuous, hideous whoop, they broke into a run, facing the goal of their labors. Rolling, tumbling, leaping, hallooing with wild delight, they entered the open city gate, or scrambled over the city walls. Once within the city, they danced, crow-hopped around within the walls, up and down every street, and from house to house, within the houses and on the roofs, though they molested nothing. Then around the burning convent and church they danced the frenzied war dance till darkness closed over the land.

As the evening star began to leave his watch in the western heavens, the medicine men and *caciques* lined the braves up in two columns in the plaza in front of the governor's abandoned residence and began to sprinkle

them with the sacred dusts and to pray over them. This was the first act of the scene of purification. For, after having engaged in battle, a Pueblo must pass through a period of purification from the time a certain star or the sun is at a given point in the heavens till it reaches the same position again, or, in civilized terms, for a period of twenty-four hours, before he can have communication with those who have not been thus engaged, before he can visit his family or converse with them.

After being sprinkled and prayed over for a considerable time, the warriors lined up in a long line and danced in tip-toe around the plaza and then out to the nearest stream with water sufficient for bathing purposes. Into this they plunged one after another, crossed to the opposite bank, breathed a minute, then dove into it and recrossed it again. Emerging from the water on the bank where they had first plunged into it, they were again sprinkled with the sacred dust and prayed over by the "men of the gods." They then returned to the plaza, ate a meal of what they could find to prepare for food in the city, then stretched themselves on the ground under the trees in the plaza, and were soon dreaming the night away. The medicine men and a chosen few of the braves, however, did not retire, but continued the exercises of purification.

As midnight approached, the chief medicine men entered the plaza and kindled small fires at several places. Around each of these they set seven sticks in a line in each of the cardinal directions. Over these they sprinkled sacred meal and prayed for a considerable time. Then they took up the sticks, and, as they blew on them, they put them in the fire one by one, saying: "We thank

you, our gods, that our enemies have been destroyed, as these sticks are about to be consumed by these flames."

When the stick-burning was completed, seven medicine men went from the plaza toward each of the four points of the compass. Each of these medicine men carried a young pine tree in his left hand and a bowl of sacred meal in his right. Each pine tree, thus carried, had seven feathers suspended from it to the breeze, each tree and its feathers symbolizing the Pueblo tribes. These trees their bearers planted at points quite distant from the city. Then over them they scattered the sacred dust, dedicating them to the moon-mother, who the Indian believes especially protects his home, his village, and aids him in his every undertaking. Completing the consecration, the sprinklers of the sacred meal turned so as to face the moon and said: "As the little pine becomes a stately tree, O mother, may our race be a powerful race from now on throughout all days and all nights."

Throughout the following hours of the night, men, dressed in deer skin, embroidered in symbolic designs, raced the plaza and streets at a coyote-gallop, shaking shell bells and gourd rattles, and sprinkling the dust of the gods toward the goddess of night.

At daylight every brave bathed, rinsed out his stomach with warm water, and partook of the ceremonial smoke.

As the sun again rose over the land, poles were cut and placed in the ground in the plaza, with tops tied together so as to make the skeletons of sweat-houses. Then over these were placed a blanket and straw covering so as to make them practically air-tight. Then as fast as the

braves could be accommodated, all, three or four at a time, went into the respective houses, had red hot rocks placed in the center of each house, and then on these they poured water to make them steam. They then sat in the "boiling" room with every opening closed till they could stand the strangling steam no longer. Then they pushed aside the blanket door and plunged themselves into a prepared tank of cold water, which had been made "holy" to the Indian deities by being sprinkled with the sacred meal and pollen and by having been prayed over by the *caciques*. As each brave emerged from this bath, he also was sprinkled with the sacred dust and prayed over by the religious order.

The sweat bath purification being completed, a soap-suds bath was prepared for the same end, that of purification. A great quantity of the roots of the soap-weed plant, a relative of the "Century Plant," were gathered and pounded up with stone mallets on the doorstep of the governor's abandoned quarters. These, thus mashed, were placed in warm water and the whole made into a suds. Each and every brave and medicine man bathed himself in this "water of the gods." Then he dried himself by a fire, spread out his long hair over his arm to dry in the afternoon sun, and, when dry, he combed it and did it up in a cue according to the Indian custom. Then were all sprinkled with the sacred dusts and prayed over again.

This last act completed the ceremonies of purification; and the women, old men, and children of the near-by tribes who had gathered without the city were allowed to enter it and feast their heroes; for they had brought with them great quantities of every eatable known to the

Pueblo race. And from that on, all took part in the feasting and ceremonies.

Hardly had the sun hid his face below the horizon an hour when another set of scenes were ushered in. Two men, carrying parallelopiped-shaped drums made of cornhusks, entered the plaza. Seating themselves on the opposite sides on the public social ground of the late Spaniards, now the public dancing area of the aborigines, so as to face each other, they began to beat their curious looking musical instruments with drum sticks that resembled potato mashers, except that they were much larger. Scarcely had they seated themselves, when the medicine men and sun-priests gathered around them and began to chant and gesticulate to the earth and the four semi-cardinal points, the animals and the other sacred things of earth, and, also, to those above. This chanting was only just beginning, when men, dressed in the skins of animals or of birds, all wearing masks as near as possible in the natural shape of the head of the animal or bird they represented, in imitation, came cantering, galloping, crawling, or flying from an improvised dressing room and commenced performing according to their kind.

The buffalo pawed and bellowed. The rabbit and deer leaped from place to place. The turtle proceeded slowly to move about. The turkey gobbled and strutted. The coyote howled, the bear growled. Followed by the musicians, these odd performers gradually moved across the plaza till the whole public space was danced over. The chief sun-priest sprinkled the participants with sacred meal. The actors disappeared in the surrounding darkness. A new set then formed and the

extravagant actions and strange ejaculations were gone over again. This performing was continued till the morning star began to look down into the Rio Grande valley on his western journey. The medicine men then sprinkled all with sacred meal, while the chief sun-priest prayed:

"O bear, O wolf, O coyote, O buffalo, O deer, O mountain lion, O wild cat, O rabbit, O turkey, O eagle, we thank you for having been on our side in this conflict with the white men! We invoke you to continue to aid us in any time of need, to fight for us! We in deed and in truth thank you for your having aided us!"

Daylight found the preparations for another series of ceremonies in progress. At sun up, the "Ahoo, ahoo, ahoo," of the sun-clowns proclaimed the masked ghost-dance. For four days and four nights the masked plaza dancers tripped or stamped and the clowns cut capers, made grimaces, jested, and mimicked. For four days and four nights, the medicine men prayed, drummed, chanted, and sprinkled the dust of the sacred corn toward the abode of those above. At sunrise the fifth morning the praying of all the medicine men closed the dance.

From early morning till darkness closed over the land again, all feasted, rested, and had a much needed sleep. Then the preparations for another dance was begun, preparations for a dance modeled after the corn dance of the Pueblo tribes. It, too, was a thank offering to the gods for their having aided the Indians in expelling the pale-faces from the country and restoring the former to their rightful possessions.

At dusk, every man, woman, and child that could walk

prepared prayer sticks, feathered them and then set out in a long drawn-out procession in Indian file to the west wall of the city, on which they climbed. Here they tossed the prayer sticks out from the wall without the city toward the silvery moon. After the sticks they cast the dusts of the gods, as a thank offering to those above. Then they marched back to the plaza in the same manner as they had come.

Arriving at the plaza, some of the men commenced digging holes near the fountain with sharpened sticks, pieces of pottery, and obsidian knives; some cut down pine trees in the region adjacent to the city and dragged the same to the plaza; others, under the direct guidance of the medicine men, began to peel a long pole and painted it like a barber pole, except that it was many times higher. When painted they put a cross on it, not a Christian cross but a cross somewhat resembling our printed capital Z. Beneath this they also placed a carved-wood "swastica," the symbol of the four winds and the good that these winds bring. Over both the "swastica" and the cross they then suspended large wreaths of corn leaves interwoven with piñon twigs. Meanwhile, the men in the plaza set the trees in the ground so as to make a crescent-shaped grove, with open space to the north. On the trees thus placed, were profusely hung strips of cloth of various colors, eagle feathers, snake skins, stuffed birds, claws of the bear and mountain lion, coyote hides, buffalo horns, deer antlers, packages of eagle down, and medicine bags filled with pollen and sacred meal — all thank offerings to those above. This completed the night scenes.

At sunrise the populace gathered around the painted

pole, and with a great shout raised it to a vertical position. Then before it, that is, between it and the plaza, the dancers, two men alternating with three women, lined up abreast facing the prepared grove. The women were dressed in black "manta," richly embroidered in shining stones and shells. The men wore coats of buckskin and leggings and moccasins of the same material, beautifully fringed and embroidered in porcupine quills and snail shells. They also wore an outer mantle of buffalo hide. The women were bare-headed; the headdresses of the men were deer skins and the feathers of the war eagle. To finish off the singularly rich and elaborate head-dresses, there was added a pair of buffalo horns of full size and weight and arranged as they grew upon the animal. And to give the whole dancing suit a more striking appearance, each dancer had suspended at his back from the crown of his head to his ankles a line of war eagle feathers so arranged on a buckskin cord that they were kept in a horizontal position.

The drum sounded. The dancers danced slowly abreast to the public square. Behind them the pole was laboriously carried to the now general dancing plot. There it was set in the ground just west of the artificial grove. The dancers then retired to the improvised dressing-room, as the medicine men prayed and sprinkled the sacred pollen to the breeze.

Soon the five dancers re-appeared and formed a column abreast inside the crescent arch with their faces turned toward the north. The musicians came next: two chanters, two drummers, and two flute players, the flutes being rude pipe instruments made from the elder tree. Following these came the assembled squaws.

They were gaudily painted and dressed. Sparkling ear pendants dangled from their ears, and ring upon ring of shell beads encircled their necks and reached almost to their waists in front. These squaws formed in line to dance in a great circle, having the striped pole, the grove, and the musicians as its center. In dancing they tripped sidewise to the right, moving about four inches at a step; while, as a counter movement, they moved their hands, first to the left and then to the right, to the time of the music. In these waving hands they gripped ears of corn, piñon, and red cedar twigs. The moving around the entire circle by each participant completed a dancing set.

The women of the five-special-dancing-set danced lightly five steps in succession as they alternately waved the ears of corn and twigs in their hands. The men of this group vigorously stamped and shook the gourd rattles in their left hands and waved the bunches of piñon twigs in their right hands. Then all wheeled about so as to face the West. Five more steps were stepped briskly. A whirl to the South was then made. This time the dancers raised their hands alternately above their heads in a vigorous thrust as they danced. Wheeling so as to face the East, both hands were elevated above the head, and five steps were emphatically stamped by both men and women. Turning on their heels so as to face the North, they began to dance as at first. Thus they continued to perform throughout the whole set and from set to set till the ceremonies were brought to their consummation.

While the dance was thus progressing, the medicine fraternity ceased not to sprinkle all those who were tak-

ing part in it with the corn pollen medicine and to pray to the gods.

At the close of the set the actors retired to the dressing-room, and another set of performers, after they had been sprinkled by the sacred dusts in the presence of the sun in the vault above, came from the dressing-room, similarly costumed, to take their places.

Just as the first set was breaking up, the " funny men " came tumbling, rolling, jumping, leaping, hallooing, shrieking, whooping into the plaza. One of them was attired in a Mexican woman's dress. Another had on a silk hat which the Spanish governor, in his haste, had neglected to take with him. Another had on a pair of Spanish silk pantaloons. Several more were lapping plates and bowls from the abandoned executive mansion, as though they were the pet cats of the mansion. Another clown came running with the governor's official writing desk, another with the official chair. Reaching the grove, the desk was placed near and to the eastward of it; the chair in front of it. Then both the desk-carrier and the bearer of the chair seated themselves on the same chair and began to make crow-tracks in red ink on a sheet of paper which they had found in the residence, both giving orders to supposed servants and pages in a pompous manner at the same time:

" Get me a glass of wine. This quill is broken; go and chase the old gander and get me another feather. Go to the spring and get another water-jar of water, so I can have a drink: this jar of water has been here three minutes. Report your troubles to the king: I am busy. Build me a fire, you dog. Go to the hills and get some wood, you coyote. Here [tearing off a frag-

ment of paper], here, take this to the Jemez *padre,* you lazy-bones, and don't let the sand rest under your feet. Here's a drink to good old Spain."

Just then a woman was heard screaming. It was a whipping scene. About the same instant, a long drawn-out procession of the same "funny men" entered the plaza. At the head of the procession were men carrying the bodies of the few Spaniards whom they had found unburied in the city. Back of these came men flourishing the scalps of the dead foes, as they wavered, staggered, stumbled, hiccoughed like drunken men. Behind these came other clown-actors on horses and mules. Behind these were men driving a few hogs. And still behind these were others carrying every sort of household furniture that could be found in the city: Here was one "funny man" with a costly vase for a hat. Another was brandishing pewter spoons, knives, and forks, and pretending to be eating with them at the same time. Another was doing the juggler act — pretending to swallow the knives and forks he had taken from the governor's residence. Another had the governor's boots on and was stepping high. Another was branishing the governor's cane and waving that august person's official seal. Another came running, holding a ham in both hands before him as he bit great chunks off of it with his shining white teeth. At the same time, another group of the fraternity was acting out a farce to represent the immorality of the Spanish-Americans.

Suddenly the attention of all was attracted to another group of clown-actors, a procession, headed by an Indian dressed in the full regalia of a priest serving mass. Immediately following the priestly attired In-

dian, were four Indians carrying the church image that had been saved from being destroyed when the church was burned and was later found by the aborigines in one of the abandoned houses. Following these were quite a procession of the "funny fraternity," all chanting in mimicry of the church music used at mass and on processional feast days. As they advanced, some of the fraternity rushed about among the lookers-on, seized their robes and buffalo skins and laid them down for the "people of God" to walk over. Another group reverently got down on their knees and went to counting the shell beads and pebbles that were suspended from their necks. Two men rang sheep bells around the mock priest; and close behind him, several Indians also carried small vases filled with burning tobacco. Two "funny men," dressed in Mexican women's clothes went to a mimic confession to the "priest." Another mock Spanish woman of rank seized a prayer book out of the governor's mansion and, running to the plaza, squatted herself on the ground in front of the procession and began to read in mimicry, with book inverted. The mock priest seized a small child by the heels and, holding it clear of the ground, went through the act of christening it. At this instant two men came running from opposite directions. The one had a chunk of rotten wood in his hands; the other had a piece of wood that was completely honey-combed with worm holes. "See here," they both shouted at once, "these are more powerful than God and Jesus and Santa Maria. God and Jesus and Santa Maria are dead and the Spaniards —"

The drum sounded. The Spanish accouterments were

piled within the circle without the grove. The bodies of the fallen foes were placed under the artificial trees, and the scalps of the many victims were hung on the limbs of the trees with the other offerings to those above. The church image was then crushed to powder and sprinkled over all and the residue scattered to the four winds. The clowns then retired and the next dancing set was formed.

Thus throughout the whole day dancing scenes alternated with clown performances till evening claimed the land. Then all lined in double column with columns facing each other. Between the lines four medicine men marched backward and forward and sprinkled all with the sacred meal and pollen medicine. At the same time Popé walked backward and forward between the lines and addressed them, telling them what had been accomplished, eulogizing their gods, decrying the Christian God, and explaining his plans for the future government of the Pueblos:

"Jesus the Son, God the Father, and Mary the Mother, of the Spaniards are dead and only the gods of the Indians live. The Spanish gods were made of rotten wood and of wormwood and were powerless. The Indian gods, the evil one, so the Spaniards declare, had power and is still powerful. The followers of the hated God are driven from our land and we are the rulers. Through our deities we are supreme. Our gods are the rulers of heaven and earth. No one ever saw the God of the pale-faces: we see our gods every day. The sun-father and the moon-mother visit our country every period of one day and night and every twenty-seven days the moon-mother goes to the end of the earth to com-

mune with her husband [at new moon] about what is best for us, their children. Our gods rule all things. We their offspring, through them, are rulers of this land. As we fought the armored foe and sprinkled meal and pollen and prayed, our elder and warrior and "knowing" brother, Pest-ya-sode, came on the dawning light, on the red-tipped wings of the morning in the flaming car of his father, the sun. He came to aid us. From yonder mountain tops, he looked down into this valley. Our medicine men saw him coming to help us. He spoke to me in a strong voice that filled the great abyss and echoed and reëchoed against its outermost walls. The enemy saw his piercing eye. They could not stand before it. They were discomforted. They fled from his presence in haste. The land is now ours, the owners and rightful heirs. Henceforth the will of the gods be done.

"Now we are rid of this detestable race, and if necessary, we will build walls up to the skies to keep them out of this country. Now we must rid our fatherland of their loathsome things and the last vestige of their abominable religion. From now on only native crops are to be raised. The Spanish language is hereby ordered to be abolished. All accouterments of the white people whatsoever that may be found in your houses or villages or in any of the captured places must be destroyed at once. The gods do not look well upon such things. The *estufas* [*kivas*] must be reopened immediately. The old régime must be reëstablished in its entirety. All baptismal names are to be dropped. Everyone is to leave his life partner given him in marriage through a Christian priest, and marry whom he chooses

and as many as he chooses. To propitiate the deities, offerings of meal, flour, feathers, the seed of the maguey plant, corn, corn pollen, and tobacco are to be placed on the summit of every hill and at all places where there is petrified wood enough to make an altar. Our visible church is the four semi-cardinal points, the mother-earth, and the eyes and faces in the vault above. To cleanse yourselves of the curse of Christian baptism, you are to bathe yourselves in a neighboring stream, either here or at the place where you live. Then you must be rebaptized into the old Indian customs in a soap-weed suds. These things must be done at once.

"I also propose that the Pueblos form a centralized government, for the purpose of being prepared to make a stand against our savage and Christian enemies. This uprising has demonstrated that in union there is strength, and we should profit by it. I place the question before you now: Shall we have a centralized government? Shall we have one general head to govern us all, and who shall be the first governor?"

He had hardly stated the question, when all present, in a clamorous tone, proclaimed him [Popé] the ruler of all the Pueblo tribes.

Popé then thanked them all for their having chosen him, and requested that all things that he had mentioned be done as he had instructed. He then lifted his hands in blessing over his visible hearers, then toward the declining sun, as he was sprinkled with the sacred dusts and prayed over by all the members of the medicine and religious fraternities present. He was then presented a golden-headed cane, as a rod of authority. Thus were the ceremonies of the day brought to their

consummation; and the iron-bands of a new kingdom welded that in years to come brought misery, sorrow, civil wars, and death to the very ones it was formed to protect.

Darkness closed over the land again. The drum sounded. The instructions of the new ruler were at once begun to be carried out. Painted, shrieking, shouting, whooping, the braves lined up in two columns, facing each other. Then between the lines two white captives were compelled to run the gauntlet, goaded on by being prodded with knives, spears, and by being whipped and clubbed. As they thus ran, arrows were shot through and through the fleshy parts of their bodies. Their ears were shot off. Their noses were shot away. Their flesh was chipped off of them with knives and tomahawks as they ran. Both tried time and again to escape but could not get through the solid lines. On they were goaded, till, on account of the loss of blood, they fell. Then they were taken to the grove and tied, each to a substantial artificial tree. Then added to this group, a woman with a babe in her arms was tied to an intermediate tree so that the woman had a man on the right of her and one on the left. All were firmly tied. Then around them were piled all of the things that the "funny men" of the daytime ceremonies had carried to the plaza. Also the hogs and the horses that had been paraded with were killed and piled on the funereal pyre. The heads and upper parts of the white victims were left exposed, that is, the rubbish was piled only to their waists.

When all was in readiness, "the things of the people of God and Mary" were ignited. Then as the fire

slowly burned to the martyrs, "the mother, the son, and the two thieves," the archers used them as practice targets. An arrow grazed one of the men's chin. Another cut the hair off of the other man's scalp at his crown. The woman's right arm was pinned to the tree with a barbed point. The babe had a foot shot away, then a hand. The mother was heard crying. The strangling smoke caused one of the much suffering men to expire. An arrow cut the jugular vein of the other, and he soon scorched and bled to death. An arrow cut off the woman's thumb. Another cut through both of the child's legs and the woman's side and stuck into the tree. The fire was now burning the woman's feet and singing her hair and eyebrows. An arrow cut through her left wrist; another passed through her left side. She was heard to scream. She was enveloped in smoke and obscured from view for a moment. She became visible again. An arrow passed through both her heart and the child's heart, and both went to the land of the blessed dead. [Don Diego had sent the arrow to put them out of their misery and to save them from further torture!]

The victims being dead, the circular ghost dance was inaugurated. Forming a great circle with the burning heap as the center the dance began with the movement around the circle to the right, all facing the direction of movement. Thus all danced the frenzied ghost dance, self-hypnotized themselves, trembled, body-quivered, briskly stepped high and hard, shrieked, whooped, till the surrounding hills gave back the fearful sounds. Thus they continued to dance till daylight claimed the land again. All plunged into the nearest stream and

bathed themselves. All then washed in the soap-weed suds preparation. Thus again were they " full fledged " children of the moon-mother and the sun-father and brothers of the great Pest-ya-sode.

CHAPTER IX

THE Pueblo kingdom being established, Popé, the ruler, went from village to village, scattering corn meal and corn pollen upon the people, as emblems of happiness and tokens of his blessing. He proceeded, at each place he visited, to destroy the Christian relics. This was attended by noisy demonstrations, processions, dances, offerings to Indian deities, and every conceivable profanation of all that the missionaries had considered sacred. But even from an Indian point of view, his rule, from the start, had gall mixed with the sweets. Often those who refused to obey him in the least things were put to death. Moreover, wherever he went, the most beautiful women were taken for himself and captains; forced to be their wives whether they were married to other men or not. At later times worse things happened.

While on this tour, Popé visited the pueblo of Zia. The Zias at that time were a populous tribe. They had what might be termed a continuous village, with the Jemez river running through the middle of it. The part on the southwest bank of the stream was bounded on the North by Salt River, a confluence of the former river, entering it from the west. The ruins of the village on the left or north bank have been entirely removed by erosion. The part of the right bank is covered with shifting sand: only the part of a fireplace and the founda-

tion of the wall of a house now and then jotting above the sand is left of that once one of the largest of the Pueblo villages. The Zias also had other villages here and there, at the "big bend" and in the vicinity of the confluence of the two streams both below and above the main village; but this central village was the largest of them all and was the seat of government for the tribe. On the whole, it occupied a very picturesque location. To the westward for many miles stretched the alkali-salt-frosted flood plain of Salt river, with its numerous magnesium, iron, and soda springs gushing and sparkling, to the west of which were valleys suitable for agricultural purposes, alternating with hills of green marl and white gypsum. To the northwest were red mesas back of which loomed up the Jemez-Nacimiento mountains. To the northward, the Jemez river came through the broad, farmland-orchard region of the Jemez tribe from the highland tufa-lava country of Mt. Pelado, and brought the water to irrigate their lands. To the east were low mesas capped with lava, through which the master stream of the section cut through to join the Rio Grande. To the south were "bad land" mesas and castled buttes, banded with black and yellow. While to the southwest, was the gypsum-capped Mesa Blanca. In the valley, orchards and crops were growing; and all was in a flourishing condition.

It was to this central village where the Zia governor lived that Popé came on his tour up the Jemez River from the Bernalillo-Ysleta-Rio Grande section. As he approached, great processions lined the streets, and the house-tops thronged with people, all gaily dressed in bright-colored blankets and shawls, all wearing bead-

like flashy trinkets suspended on multiple buckskin cords from the neck over the chest. While the virgins and children were attired as were Adam and Eve on the afternoon of their creation.

As the visitors neared the place, a procession went out to meet them. Meeting, a sham battle was fought, in which the Zias surrounded the pretended enemy and captured them. Then all turned about and proceeded to enter the city of the Two Rivers, as this village of Zia was called.

Popé, followed by his select escort, numbering about five hundred men, headed the procession. He was dressed in the full costume of a warrior-priest, and rode a mule. His face was painted vermilion. He wore a bull's horn, fastened on his head at the front just above the eyes, with point of horn turning skyward. Thus attired, he rode around about the entire place, speech-making to the populace, ordering them to obey him, promising health and good crops to all who would do his bidding, and sprinkling all with corn meal and corn pollen, as emblems of happiness. In great furore, the populace then destroyed the church and convent. Then all sat down to a sumptuous repast, drinking wine from the sacred vessels.

After the feast came the dance, as nothing with an Indian is complete without it; with it, he prays and gives thanks to his gods as well as amuses himself. The dance given was the Tomahawk-Bow-and-Arrow Dance.

A group of chanters and several drummers entered the plaza of the *estufas* and began to sing and lift their hands toward the heaven as in supplication. Soon the dancers, two in number, a man and a woman, descended

the ladder of the sun-house backwards. Both had their faces, arms, and all exposed parts of their bodies painted or daubed in white and red. The woman, a virgin, let her hair hang loosely over her shoulders. Her dress was of heavy, black cloth, ornamented in shells and sparkling stones, precious to the Indian. Her feet were bare. From her neck at the front were suspended many strings of shell and turquoise beads. From the top of her head to the bottom of her dress at the back she wore a feathered cord. In her right hand, she carried a bow and some arrows; in her left, a tomahawk. The man also had his hair hanging loosely over his shoulders. In addition, he had it bedecked with feathers. He wore a coat, leggings, and moccasins, each made of buckskin beautifully fringed and painted in symbolic designs. At his back he carried a quiver filled with arrows. In his right hand he gripped a bow; in his left he held a heavy rawhide shield, on the front of which were pasted the scalps of four white men and a babe, so that the hair waved to the breeze.

Entering the plaza, the dancers crow-hopped, leaped, tripped, or danced as the meaning of the chant demanded. On separate lines in front of the slowly forward-moving musicians and the populace who had joined them, they danced back and forth the full width of the dancing arena, the squaw facing and dancing in one direction, the Indian in the opposite. As they thus danced, the half of the time that they faced each other, the squaw, in mimicry, shot at her adversary and drew her tomahawk to scalp him. At the same time her approaching foe defended himself with his shield and went through motions as though shooting at her with his bow.

Passing each other, they each leaped and crow-hopped at a rapid pace to the turning point of their respective courses. As they thus danced, the squaw lifted the tomahawk and the bow and arrows alternately above her head: the Indian elevated first his shield, then his bow and arrows with a quick, vigorous thrust. Reaching the turning points in their respective courses, the inner dancer swung around the outer dancer to a line in front. The latter then wheeled about and performed in the reverse direction over the line he had just performed over. When these dancers had moved in a sidewise movement across the entire plaza from one end of it to the other, they retired, and a new set took their places and danced the very same dance over again [nothing every gets monotonous to an Indian]. In this manner, when one set broke up another took its place till night. Then the medicine men lined the people up, scattered sacred meal over them and prayed:

"O sun, O moon, O evening star, O morning star, O all the stars of the roof above us, O lightnings, O snakes of the clouds, O fields and water courses, O fruits of the fields, O animals of the forest, O god of war, O all the gods of our fathers, we thank you all for making our bows and tomahawks strong against our enemies; for making the medicine on our shields proof against the missiles of the pale-faces. Continue to make us strong! Always give us courage! Always give us the victory over the destroyers of our homes and desecrators of our houses of worship! Indeed and in truth we thank you for all things!" This closed the ceremonies.

The next morning following the dance at Zia, the whole visiting host set out for Jemez, taking with them

practically all the pretty women and girls, mostly as temporary wives, though some they kept permanently, no difference whether they were other men's wives or not, objections and remonstrances notwithstanding. It was Popé and Popé's men and they were all powerful. Two men were put to death, because they had had the audacity to speak to that supreme earthly ruler about such trivial things.

Don Diego had not attended the ceremonies at San Felipe, Santo Domingo, and Santa Anna, but had returned to his wife and his village. He advised the Indians of the coming of the visitors; and they at once began to prepare for the great event. The evening of his arrival, thirteen Indians entered the south *estufa* to fast and pray and give thanks to the gods. For four days they prayed in that house, ate not, drank not, prayed to the deities only. The fifth day, as the visitors were arriving, they left the *estufa,* and bathed themselves in the river, their work having been completed. As soon as they returned to the village, there followed an entertainment-dance in the plaza till the mid-day hour for the welcoming of the honored guests.

In this dance the old men danced around the drummer as they waved their hands to bring out the meaning of the song the musicians were chanting. The dancers, a man and a woman, were gaudily garbed. Both had their hair bedecked with the long feathers of the eagle's tail. The man carried a gourd rattle in one hand a tomahawk in the other; the woman, a tomahawk in her right hand and a bow and some arrows in the left. In the dancing, they commingled with the musicians, winding backward and forward, not unlike a snake in his

crawlings, as they advanced, the woman in the lead. When the woman reached the front, the bystanders threw bread and various other things into the air, to shower down upon the performers. The scrambling for these things was wonderful to see. When the residue had been trampled in the ground as a thank-offering to those above, the musicians and bystanders formed in double column and the dancers danced in the open space between the files. The principal performance was acted by the female dancer. She danced and leaped about like a jack-rabbit, lifting first the bow to heaven as she leaped to the left, and the tomahawk as she leaped to the right. A heavy beat of the drum on the *estufa* roof brought this dance to a close.

During the mid-day hour while the people feasted, there was given a *burro* dance to amuse the populace. A man pretending to be riding a mock *burro* [a Spanish donkey] entered the plaza. The man was dressed in bright-colored clothes. He wore a sort of tapering dunce cap, from which floated to the breeze many bright strips of cloth. His face was painted black. His arms were bare and painted white, with red zig-zag lightning bolts running up them. He wore a black "manta" dress, as though he were a woman. His body was placed through a wooden frame, the frame of the mock *burro*. This animal, in imitation, was a fair model of the living beast, only a shade smaller; the animal itself is small. The *burro* was bridled and tasseled. Its body was blanketed. And from the lower edge of this covering, a fringe suspended nearly to the ground and obscured the movements of the bearer's lower extremities. A pair of stuffed moccasins and pantaloons extended down over

the frame, one on each side, the upper parts being obscured beneath the loose outer, flashy-colored robe that the rider wore, so that it truly looked like a real *burro* and its rider. From the bridle bit on either side a strap extended to the rider's hand. By this he guided the beast and caused its freak movements.

As the beast and the rider entered the plaza, several Indians came out of a dressing room and accompanied it from place to place, beating some old Mexican metallic pots and shouting to make all the noise possible. As they thus proceeded, the mock animal would canter, gallop, balk, rear, buck. Then to make it go, the "keepers" would have to catch it and lead it. These it would jerk down and run over, now and then. Then it would quiet down and trot along quietly. After they had encircled the entire plaza in the antique performing, they then caused the *burro* to prance back and forth in front of each house while its "keepers" received bread and other eatables as a thank-offering to the deities; these eatables to be given to the guests as a stranger's gift for food on their further journey. Having visited each and every house, the *burro* cantered off into obscurity, and it and its "keepers" were seen no more.

The noon-day feast being completed, the Buffalo Dance was ushered in to further entertain the visitors. This dance consisted of two dancers, a man and a woman, as in the Bow-and-Arrow Dance. The man was dressed in a buffalo hide. While dancing, he held a bow and some arrows in his right hand and a tomahawk in his left. The woman was dressed in gala attire, jeweled, beaded. For a head covering she wore the complete neck and head skin of a buffalo, including the horns.

The dance from start to finish was a peculiar knee-springing, foot-scraping forward and then backward movement. It lasted till the close of day.

As the dance was closing, it was noticed that Ojeda was not among the group of chief men in the plaza. Don Diego noticed his absence, and, instantly thought of his wife and of Ojeda's attempt to get her to be his life partner. He started toward his house. As he neared it, he heard a scuffling, muffled noise. Then he heard his wife scream. He rushed into the house and found Ojeda and several of his confederates tying his wife's hands and feet. "O Don Diego," she exclaimed as she saw him coming, "save me!" In furore he seized an Indian ax and struck at the would-be abductor of his wife, but the force of the blow was checked by himself being hit on the head from the rear by one of the strange Indians accompanying Ojeda. When he gained consciousness again, it was far into the next day, the guests had gone and his wife was nowhere to be found. Furthermore he could learn nothing about her whereabouts. In addition, he learned that to pacify the Jemez, they had been told that he had been kicked by a horse. He was furious, but powerless.

The visiting strangers wended their way westward through Salt River gap and by Mt. Cabezon and on westward past Mt. Taylor, with the rebellious Geetlu either tied on a horse or compelled to walk ahead of the procession. She was not cruelly treated, only that Ojeda had her in his power and kept her where he could watch her every move and prevent her escaping him. He had been promised her once and now no power on earth could prevent him from keeping her in his possession. Thus

journeying, they visited La Guna, Acoma, Zuñi, and, finally, Moqui, the last of the inhabited pueblo groups. Moqui has several villages even in our own time.

The Moquis had made elaborate preparations for their coming; and when they had entered the principal village, all was in readiness. It was in the early morning when they arrived. The first ceremonies were begun as soon as the morning meal was served and the captive woman was put in a safe place. The medicine men took all the medical accouterments to the plaza and laid them in a row in a line with the sun, with the most important ones, according to the Indian notion, heading the list, then the next important, and so on till the long row was completed. Beginning at the head of the list, they were arranged as follows: idols, bowls of corn pollen and corn meal, groups of eagle feathers, the medicine beads, the skins of snakes and of birds, the left front legs of the bear, bunches of rabbit wool, the head coverings of beasts, and the scalps of human beings. When the things of medicine were arranged, the men, followed by the women, passed down the long line in a stooping position, and each one, having blown on his left hand, stroked the curios one by one with it, as he sprinkled the sacred meal over them at the same time with his right hand. In this act the Indians believed that the strength, cunningness and health powers of the things of medicine they had thus stroked and sprinkled would be imparted to them and they would therefore be more fit to govern themselves.

Soon after the medicinal things were taken back to their places of safe keeping, the antelope priests, or snake medicine men, began the next and last ceremony of the day.

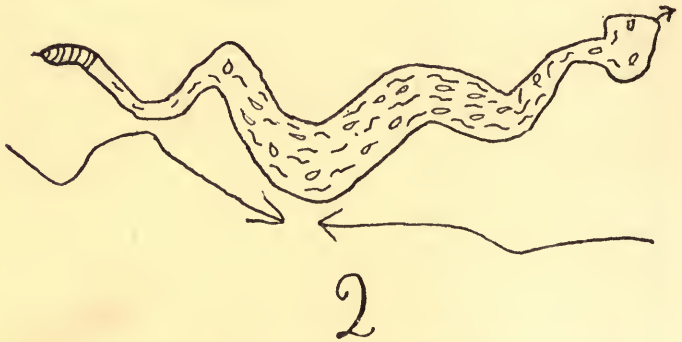
It was the Snake Dance, the Pueblo Indians' elaborate way of praying for rain, also used on this occasion to amuse and entertain the strangers and to carry to the deities the thanks of a people, grateful because the pale-faced enemies had been driven out of the country to the region of the big boiling waters under the noon-day sun. The priests went to a place where the Moqui kept snakes of every kind to be found in the region. They fed the hundreds of caged reptiles till they would eat no more. Then after they had sprinkled them with sacred meal, they took snake canes, having feathers suspended at one end, and with these they rolled the snakes around, waved the feathers over them till they became bewildered and uncoiled if they had been coiled. They then picked them up one by one with their bare hands, put them into large earthen jars, covered them and then carried them on their heads to the snake *estufa* [*kiva*]. Entering the *estufa* the priests placed the jars in a circle around the central post. Then around them in the presence of the idols, the grove, and the symbolic paintings of the house, they danced, sprinkled sacred dust, and prayed till the coming of the morning star.

Then men, dressed only in breech-cloth and bearing no weapons whatsoever, left the pueblo one after another in a long drawn-out procession, and marched with majestic tread to a leveled spot of earth at a considerable distance from the village, but still on top of the mesa on which the village was built. Reaching the desired spot, all lined up abreast, facing the village. All waited the coming of the sun. Just as the first level rays of light struck over the eastern horizon, "*Hahng,*" shouted the chief priest of the day, and the snake race was on. In-

stantly the competitors were running like deer over the parched ground. For a few minutes all kept pace with each other. Then four or five began to lead out. Then two of these made gains on their companions. For a considerable distance these ran side by side. Then one of them began to outstrip the other. Nearer and nearer they came. Across the public dancing area the leader dashed to the sun-house. With one bound he leaped upon the roof, a tall, muscular, powerful Indian, with gleaming eyes. Amid the great shouting of the breathless spectators, the chief snake priest placed a wreath of piñon twigs upon his head. Triumphant and panting, the victor left the roof of the *estufa.*

Immediately following the race, a horrible, blood-curdling ceremony began in the snake *estufa.* There some of the priests, dressed in fantastic garments, stood a moment over the jars containing the slimy, wriggling, crawling snakes, sprinkled the yellow powder to the four winds that control the semi-cardinal positions of the earth, and muttered half audible incantations. Then, uttering a low, rattling noise, they took the reptiles from the jars and passed them to six other snake priests, as we would hand a bunch of shoestrings to another person. The latter priests squatted about a large bowl containing a dark red, medically prepared liquid in which the snakes were to be washed. As soon as the passing of the snakes began, the musicians commenced a low, humming chant, the roughly handled snakes hissed or rattled, the big drum measured out the time, and the squatting priests beat it with their writhing snakes. This humming, rattling, hissing, and drum-beating grew gradually louder and wilder and more barbaric and ferocious, until it

burst into a fiendish shrieking and howling. Just as the excitement had reached its height, the squatting priests grasped the snakes by their necks, thrust them into the liquid, drew them out again, and dashed them furiously upon a sanded circular plot called the snake home. Around this " snake-area " stood three other priests with snake whips to prevent the hissing, rattling, infuriated reptiles from coiling as they fell. This they succeeded in doing by a process of rolling the snakes about in the sand. As the snake bathing progressed, the fanatical excitement grew more and more intense. The low murmuring song broke into wild, hideous, unearthly shrieks. The six priests grew more wild and fierce. With red stained hands, they vigorously dipped snake after snake and dashed them furiously down upon the sand till all the snakes were washed.



A drawing on one of the beams in the *estufa* at Santa Anna.

The snakes were then put back into the jars and carried to the plaza. Following them when they set out danced the antelope priests with measured and dignified steps and with tragic solemnity of manner. Their al-

most naked bodies were streaked with white paint; their faces were streaked with white paint from ear to ear across their mouths and chins. Rattles of antelope hoofs and tortoise shells were tied to their knees. Embroidered kilts of white cotton hung about their loins. Necklaces of shell beads, rabbit paws, antelope hoofs, rattles of the snake, and tortoise shell encircled their necks and extended nearly to the waist line in front; fox skins and those of the coyote were suspended from the waist-belt at the back. At the head of the line walked the chief antelope priest, bearing the *ti-po-ni,* or sacred snake symbol, across his left arm. Immediately following him came the bearer of the sacred medicine bowl. All the other representatives of the order carried rattles in their hands, with which they kept up a constant noise like that produced by the sacred snakes. With stately and measured steps, they danced and sprinkled the sacred dust four times around the plaza. Then they lined up to await the coming of the snake men, whom they had passed on the way. Silently, and with long, swift and majestic steps, the latter soon came, entered the inclosed space, facing the antelope priests.

Thus lined up, the snake men presented a grewsome, diabolical picture. Their bodies were nude, but painted in white splashes on both shoulders, down the back, down in front, and, in addition, were daubed here and there in red paint. Their chins were blackened, and outlined with a broad white stripe. Their breech-cloths and their moccasins were dyed in red with the blood of the martyred priests. From their ankles, knees, waists, and necks suspended shell beads, stone ornaments, pieces of sacred wood [wood of trees that had been struck by

lightning], bird skins, snake skins, rattles of various sorts, hideous-looking objects. Also from the waist behind was a coyote hide hung nearly to the ground. In their left hands they carried snake whips, each composed of two sticks to which large feathers were attached, on the ends of which smaller feathers were tied by means of a buckskin cord. In the jars on their heads they carried the snakes that were to play such a prominent part in the coming exercise.

After the lining up of the snake men, for a moment there was silence. Then this group, now formed into two lines, began a low chant in the minor key, as the chief of ceremonies sprinkled them with sacred meal and prayed to the six world points: the southwest, the northwest, the northeast, the southeast, " the straight-up-above and the straight-down-below." Then the water propitiation was likewise sprinkled on them. After this was finished, the *ti-po-ni* was placed on a low stool in front of the line between it and the line of antelope priests. All the members of both lines of priests made obeisance before it, as they prayed to the gods it represented. At a given signal the snake priests lifted the jars from their heads and poured the snakes on the ground. At the same time a deep humming of the artificial rattles began, followed immediately by a vigorous chant. The chant grew louder and louder. The two lines of priests swayed slowly backwards and forwards toward each other like two lines of writhing snakes. The snake whips were constantly waved over the wriggling, writhing, rattling reptiles. All who were concerned in the ceremony spit toward the pile of snakes, not as a sign of disgust, but in prayer. The bearer of the sacred bowl, the master of ceremonies,

strode back and forth and sprinkled the sacred meal toward the four semi-cardinal points. The snake-priest line suddenly broke up into groups of three. The chant at once grew louder and louder and of wilder refrain and more and more weirdly fantastic. The dance grew more frantic and the dancers more and more excited. One man in each of the groups of three dropped on one knee and arose with a squirming snake in his mouth, which writhed and twisted and turned and wriggled and coiled its shiny folds about the Indian's cheek and chest. Around the leveled area four times he then danced with his snake, as another priest of the set of three to which he belonged waved eagle feathers before the reptile to prevent it from sinking its fangs into its bearer. Reaching the starting-place the fourth time, the snake was dropped to the ground, and was dexterously picked up by the third member of the trio. Thus were the reptiles gathered up and danced with again till every one in the collection had been danced four times around the circle in the mouth of a "carrier" of each group.

As the snakes were being danced with the fourth time in this horribly revolting yet weirdly fascinating ceremony, the wailing chant rose higher and higher, accompanied by the sibilant rattles of the antelope priests; and the excitement of the dancers rose to the highest pitch of frenzy. At that moment the chief priest of the ceremonies scattered sacred corn pollen in a circle on the ground. Instantly a profound silence fell over all. The snake men advanced and threw down their snakes within the yellow ring. Then at a given signal, with a howl the whole medicine line made a mad rush for the circle, and each Indian seized as many snakes as he could carry

in as many ways as possible. Then they all made off with them in every direction as fast as they could go down the steep and precipitous trails from the mesa villages into the valley below, there to set them at liberty to carry the prayers of the people to the divinities.

Just as the snake ceremonies were nearing the most exciting stage, a Moqui squaw, with disheveled hair, rushed among the visiting guests and exclaimed: "Ojeda, your lady [Geetlu] gone, I can no find her."

The village was searched for her, but she could not be found anywhere. Once, without the village they thought they found her tracks leading southward, but these could be followed only a short distance. No other trace could be found. For three days after his colleagues had returned to their own homes, Ojeda searched the country for her. Then he likewise returned to his village.

CHAPTER X

MANY days elapsed before Don Diego was recovered from the blow he had received on his head so that he was able to walk about his premises. But he cared not so much for the bodily injury as for the loss of his wife. For an Indian, he grieved about her very much. Yet when the " principals " asked him about making war on all the Santa Annas, as is the custom of savages to make war on a whole tribe instead of punishing the guilty one alone as among civilized people, he opposed it, saying that only one Santa Anna was guilty and why make war on the whole tribe; besides war was a bad thing and no one knew where it would end: the Jemez and not the Santa Annas might be annihilated. Later he sent a deputation to Santa Anna to see Ojeda, offering to buy back the woman, as it was better to do that than to have war and kill innocent people, he thought.

The embassadors were gone several days. Then returned with the sad news that no one knew the whereabouts of Geetlu, that she had escaped from the triumphal party while at Moqui, and it was generally believed at Santa Anna that she had returned to Jemez and to her husband.

Don Diego believed that the Santa Annas had told an untruth, that his wife was there and was kept in hiding. So he hired some Zia and some Santo Domingo Indians to watch the village to see if they could see her

anywhere thereabouts: if he could not buy her back, he would get her by stealth. But after a surveillance of considerable time they brought back word that they believed the reported escaping of Geetlu to be true, that without doubt she was not at Ojeda's village home. They had pretended friendship and had even been guests of Ojeda himself at his own home for many days. Yet the abducted woman they had not seen. What would Don Diego do? He loved the woman, and to the limitless sea he would go in search of her.

One day in autumn that year, most of the Jemez men were "jerking" their corn and piling the husk-covered ears in piles on the ground to be sorted. A great many of the women were engaged in the sorting process. The ripe ears were husked and carried in baskets, supported on top of the carriers' heads, to the *estufa* roofs to be further cured in the sun. The green corn, unhusked, was also being carried in baskets to the village there to be baked in the ovens, after which process the husks were stripped up off of the ear, tied together, and the ear hung up on a pole by them so that the corn would dry: after the corn was dried it was to be shelled from the cob and put away in *ollas* to be kept for future use. While these things were being done, some men were cutting the fodder and storing it on the roofs of their corrals to feed to their sheep and horses during the winter. Other men were also busy carrying melons, squashes, and pumpkins to their store-rooms. [For with a Pueblo Indian, these are always gathered and put away for winter use, whether green or ripe: if not ripe they will ripen; and, furthermore, a Pueblo will eat a green melon as quick as a ripe one, with apparently as much relish. He takes

it up in both hands and eats it as we do an apple, rind and all; or, better, more like a monkey would eat it.] As the pumpkins were thus being stored away, some women were also busy stringing *wristas* of red pepper and hanging them on poles in front of the houses to dry. Jack Frost had visited the valley the night before, and now everyone was busy putting their winter supply of food and provender away before it spoiled in the field. Everybody was thus employed, but one.

A lone Indian went to the *estufa* of his clan; and there sprinkled sacred meal and pollen before his image-gods, the sacred altars, and the symbolic paintings on the walls of the edifice, as he invoked the aid of his gods in his behalf. Then he smoked the ceremonial cigarette and blew the smoke toward the symbol of first one and then another of the principal deities of his people till the cigarette was burned out. Then he blew a breath in prayer toward the mother god, after which he climbed up the ladder onto the *estufa* roof. He then again blew a gentle breath in prayer toward the noon-day sun. He paused a moment and waved his right hand toward each of the semi-cardinal directions. He then descended to the plaza, walked to his residence, and breathed a prayer to the *yaya,* household gods, as he sprinkled them with the sacred dust. He then left the village and passed down the trail that lead to the river and the farm lands on its opposite bank. As he walked briskly along, he came to a pile of petrified wood, a Jemez altar. He lifted a small block of the stone-wood and placed a feathered fetish under it, two small sticks clamped together with strong cord, from the ends of which feathers extended. He replaced the rock and lifted another. He

took the fetish sticks from beneath this rock and put them in the medicine bag he carried. Then he sprinkled the altar with meal and passed on down the trail. Reaching the river, he blew gently over it, sprinkled it with the dusts of the gods, then waded it to the opposite bank and passed on westward. He trudged through the valley lands of his tribe and climbed the red sandstone [Jura-Trias] mesas. Over these he descended into a little flat, covered with coal-measure rock. Here he picked up some petrified sea shells of that far-off age [Carboniferous shells: *Productus punctatus, Spirifer* species, etal.]. Several of the smaller of these he put in his medicine bag as charm-fetishes. He then journeyed on westward over an upthrust of granite, then over red sandstone, again up over a ridge, through Jack-Rabbit valley at the south terminus of the Jemez-Nacimiento Range. Another and the last of the Jemez ridges he had to cross was scaled. Reaching its summit, he faced about and there he stood as it were between earth and sky, a strong, well-built, muscular Indian, full six feet in height, with broad forehead, rather high cheek bones, a prominent nose of the controlling type, firmly set jaws, large, pleasing black eyes, and a clear countenance. He took one long look at the tiny village and the river of his country in the distance, made an altar of small stones, sprinkled it with sacred dust, sprinkled a pinch of the dust toward his home, breathed a prayer to his gods, faced about, and continued his journey.

It was Don Diego. He was going in search of his wife. The village of Moqui where she had been seen last was his destination. He was alone; but he was not afraid. On he journeyed. He descended the steep west-

ern talus slope of the foothill range and out over a white-capped gypsum mesa onto the Rio Puerco table-land. At the edge of this he passed over upturned strata of coal, fire clay and sandstone. Then over a slag rock where the coal had been burned out during a volcanic disturbance in some former age of the world. Passing over the slag he came to horizontal layers of the yellowish-green Puerco formation. As it had rained in the valley in the afternoon, he soon found it to be as slippery as the name signifies [Puerco means dirty, slippery]: but he trudged on. His course was now southwestward. The sun went down, but he continued the journey till toward midnight he reached Mt. Cabezon, a huge monolithic, volcanic core that stands more than a thousand feet above the plain and has an area of about thirteen acres of a summit. Near it Don Diego rested for the night.

As the sun began his westward journey again over the far away Sandia, he resumed his journey, now more to the westward. As the days went on, he passed Mt. San Mateo, flanked by the awl-like Alesna from near which heads the Rio Puerco and San Jose's creek which empty into the Rio Grande below where Albuquerque now stands. On westward he continued his course, now over "mal pais," bad country lava rock, of the lava flows of Zuñi canyon; and on westward by the vast crater of Aqua Fria. On he traveled. A little way from the crater, he came to an ice-cold stream of water which still flows from beneath the black lava cap. Being thirsty, he stooped down and began to scoop some water into his mouth with his right hand, using it as a cup-like shovel: by such a cup the Jemez throws the water

into his mouth somewhat like a cat laps milk out of a dish, except that the instrument used is wholly external and not attached to the mouth and is held more in the shape of a grocery scoop. As he thus leaned over the little clump of grass that margined the stream to get his drink, a rattle quickly told him that the place was already occupied and that no trespassing was allowed. As quick as the bound of a deer, he leaped backward and prevented himself from being struck by the reptile. But the serpent struck not; only remained coiled and kept up a constant rattle. Don Diego looked at it a moment. Then he took out his medicine bag and sprinkled it with sacred meal, prayed over it a minute, and passed up the small brooklet a little ways, took the needed drink, passing on in his travels. A day later he arrived in the vicinity of the majestic and historic El Morro, or Inscription Rock, and the Giant's wonderful pillar of erosion, "and the most stupendous flying buttress in the world."

As he was wending his way onward, he heard human voices in the distance. He knew no Pueblo village was near. So he thought it best to conceal himself and see from a secure place who the strangers might be. And it was well he did; for it proved to be a band of marauding Navajos that were approaching. He had hidden himself in a niche in the rock front of El Morro, and in a little amphitheater-arena area by and in front of this same buttress the Navajos camped. They piled up some brush and soon had a bright blaze. On this they roasted some yucca pods, broiled some venison, also baked some corn cakes on the upper side of a flat rock over the fire. Then all squatted down on the ground, some thirty or more, and partook of the repast set before them. The supper

looked inviting to Don Diego, who had not had a bite all day; but he dared not move lest he be seen and captured; for the Navajos, as a rule, were never friendly to the Pueblos. He only crawled farther back into the dark recess and prayed that his track might not be seen: a Pueblo moccasin being of a different cut from that of a Navajo, had they seen the track they would have known at once that there was a stranger in the land. He also prayed that no ray of light from the fire would penetrate the chink in the rock where he lay hid. He started to crawl farther back into the recess; but seeing two bright balls of fire, in appearance, in the distance ahead of him and hearing a low growl, he proceeded no further. He was evidently disturbing some beast in his den. Snakes were also heard to rattle in some distant crevice in the rock-wall. He moved back a few feet toward the entrance and there almost breathlessly waited. To leave the place was death or a horrible life; to stay there was, possibly, death also. For like that old serpent, the Navajos would give him a warm reception if he fell into their possession: the other alternative need not be commented upon. Fortunately, the snakes and animals quieted down, and the Navajos never suspected that a Pueblo Indian was in the vicinity.

As the hours passed, the medicine men of the roving band began to sing and beat small drums and sprinkle some sort of powder toward the Great Dipper. As they sang, other members of the party joined in a circular dance, advancing in a forward movement around it to the left. Thus they danced and enjoyed themselves till the wee hours of the morning were approaching. Then they lay around the fire among the ancient pueblo ruins

of the place to snatch a little sleep. This would have been a chance for the lone man to escape but for the fact that the sleepers had left a man on guard; so he patiently had to wait the slowly dragging time.

Little did the sleepers, the watchman, or the lone sleepless Indian in the niche know that where they were spending the night would be an historic landmark long after they had turned to dust and were forgotten. There were the pueblo ruins left for a Fewks of our own day to explore; but they were not much different than the ruins of many other villages of the region which superstition or savage hordes had caused to be abandoned. Ruins they were, and their history was prehistoric and would never be known further than a patch-work of imagination. Besides these ruins, however, there were things there that were and are of historic value. On the rock face which loomed up in the fire-light there were some peculiar markings, unnoticed and unintelligible to those immediately concerned in the story. These were chiselings in the rock-face, the writings of civilized man, the accounts of historic movements. They were in the Roman-Spanish character. Two of them, translated, read as follows:

[1] "Passed by here the adelantado Don Juan Onate to the discovery of the South Sea on the 16th of April, 1605."

[2] "Bartolomé Narrso, Governor and Captain-General of the province of New Mexico, for our lord, the king, passed by this place on his return from the pueblo of Zuñi, on the 29th of July, of the year 1620, and put them in peace, at their petition, asking the favor to become subjects of his majesty, and anew they gave obedi-

ence; all of which they did with free consent, knowing it prudent as well as very Christian, . . . to so distinguished and gallant a soldier, indomitable and famed; we love . . ." But the aborigines present knew not that these writings and the strange, meaningless, Indian hieroglyphics, cut in the same bold, precipitous white sandstone face, were even there. The sleepers slept on, the lone guard watched, and the hiding one prayed to his gods that his whereabouts be not discovered. Morning finally came; and the Navajos, eating a hurried meal, resumed their wanderings. And later Don Diego continued his course toward Moqui.

As he was journeying he again heard voices. Closer and closer the voices came. Among those who were talking were women: he could hear girls giggling. He crawled around under a bush and from it he could see that the strangers were Pueblos and that they were engaged in the sacred rabbit hunt. He concluded at once that he must be near the pueblos of Zuñi. It proved to be as he surmised. He was near Zuñi-Cibola of the Spanish conquest, Halona of the Pueblos. He was among friends. He immediately arose and made himself known to the war-captain. This Indian recognized him at once, embraced him by facing him and placing his extended hands on his shoulders, then touching him gently with the flat palms under the arms, then stroked him gently with the right palm on the head and shoulders as one would stroke a cat: this is the Pueblo way of greeting. Thus being completed, the Zuñi chief asked him to eat and drink such food as they had brought with them. As he ate, he told the Zuñi his mission and asked him if he had seen the woman he was seeking.

The one addressed studied a moment, then answered: "No, brother, your wife is not here. I saw them have her with them as they passed by here going to Moqui. They were not cruel to her, but she was held as a prisoner. When they returned, she was not with them. And a few days later, her supposed husband, the Santa Anna chief, dejected in spirit, came following the others looking for her, stating that she had escaped from Moqui while the Snake ceremonies were in progress. He seemed to be much concerned and offered one of the Indians here two horses if he would bring her to Santa Anna to his house, should she be found by our people. Several of our Indians went to examine the region to the southwestward to see if they could find her. They, however, found no trace of her, except that one evening just at dusk they saw a lone woman fleeing far in the distance, but the next morning they could not find her. No, she is not here. We did not know that she was your wife, but Ojeda's, and she had become obdurate." He mused a moment, as he rubbed his hands together, then continued: "No, brother, she is not here. But you will go no further to-day. You are tired and need rest. I also invite you to join in our sport. Here is an extra club I have brought along with me. Use it and when night comes you are to be the guest of my people. We are glad to see you; for we know of your gallant attack on the pale-faces at Santa Fé. But we must be going. Here is the extra rabbit club [a club shaped like a shinny or golf club]. We must be going."

They soon joined the hunters. All were armed only with the rabbit clubs: no bows or arrows or white man's guns are ever taken in this sacred hunt even in our own

time. The hunters were closing in on a sage-brush-covered ridge just as they came up. At once the war-captain took charge of the movement. On all sides of the ridge alike the hunters were caused to advance, except at a point where a small dry ravine descended. Here a group lined up on either side forming a chute-like pocket, closed in at the bottom by Indians with ready clubs. As those on the other sides of the ridge advanced, the game, thinking they could escape down the apparently open ravine, entered the blind pocket and were at once at the mercy of the deftly handled clubs. A rabbit leaped down the chute. A dexteriously hurled club broke its back or neck. Another and another rabbit met the same fate, as the great commingling of human voices and the pounding of brush and bushes at all other places on the ridge drove the game hither where all was still. A coyote ran down the chute. Club after club passed over it. Several hit it, but with little effect, only to make the tormented, scared beast run the harder. Finally, however, just as it neared the blind point of the pocket-inclosure, a club hit it on the head and caused it to stagger. Instantly forty clubs were beating it to death. At this juncture the Zuñi war-captain stepped up to Don Diego, whose mind was occupied in searching the wide world for his wife, not noticing what was going on in his immediate presence, and, patting him on the shoulder, said: "Brother, why do you not kill something and be blessed of the gods." Just at that moment there was a hue and din in all parts of the front of the chute from all parts of the ridge; while thundering through the brush and over the rocks came a male deer with antlers and head raised. Snuffing the air of dan-

ger, he bounded down the open space toward coveted liberty. A club hit him, another, a hundred more. Higher he leaped, jumped. Swifter he bounded. He ran the chute, broke through its protected terminus and had leaped high into the air in free territory, when a forcibly hurled, heavy club struck him at the base of the skull and he fell with a crash. Instantly Don Diego found himself being cheered and lauded by everyone. He had killed the big game of the day.

Soon the hunt was completed and everyone returned to the village, a quaint adobe structure, even for that far-away time. It was a seven storied communal house, a giant edifice, surrounded by other, smaller buildings, some only two stories high. This village would have been odd-looking to one of us, with the ends of the heavy roof-beams projecting out several feet from under the roofs; some of the buildings whitewashed, some veneered with a thin coat of yellow-ocher, and still many left in the native mud color; no doors as we have them, but hatchways in the roofs; window-like portholes, with strips or slabs of selenite, crystallized gypsum, or mica instead of glass; all with ladders extending over the bench-step-like plaza-front of the houses from story to story, with ladders projecting skyward through the roof-doors — their elongated poles uselessly but picturesquely projecting far higher than the rounds; chimneys, projecting here and there above the roofs, made of earthenware *ollas* or *tinajas* piled one above another after their bottoms were removed. But these things were unnoticed by Don Diego: his own village at home was builded somewhat after the same fashion. As they entered the village, they found the swarthy little people,

the children of both sexes — fat as pigs, naked as they were born, and dirty as only naked Indian babies can become, as they wallow in the mud — playing one with another in front of the houses, in the streets, on the roofs.

The hunting party entered the plaza and placed the captured game on the ground in a long line through the village, end to end, with the larger game heading the list — all with heads toward the evening sun. Then all, headed by Don Diego, passed down the long line on one side of it and then back on the opposite side and stroked each animal's hide with the left hand, as they sprinkled it with the sacred pollen and prayed to their gods. This praying, sprinkling, stroking process being completed, the populace lined up in two long columns facing each other, with the victims of the hunt between them. Then in the presence of all, the *cacique* prayed that the cunningness, agility, and strength of the animals stroked be imparted to the stroker. The animals were then carried to the *cacique's* house and the people all went to their respective homes, Don Diego accompanying the war captain to his house.

That night all slept soundly, but the men of the gods. These were at the *cacique's* praying and doing penance, casting yellow corn [casting lots], sprinkling the now sacred animals, skinning them, and putting the skins of each kind by themselves: a part of the rabbit skins were to be used in the ceremonies the following day; the rest, together with the skins of the other animals obtained, were to be preserved for future religious ceremonies.

Morning came and each Indian washed out his stomach, bathed his body, and combed and arranged his long

hair. Then without eating a mouthful, the whole population repaired to the "*cacique's* field." [A field set apart by each pueblo village for the use of its gods is known as the *cacique's* field. Everything raised in it is used in some of the various religious ceremonies of the place; or as food for the men of the gods while engaged in religious ceremonies. A rabbit hunt is had at the planting of this field; also at the gathering of the crop.] Reaching the field, the women set about grinding meal for bread for breakfast from parched corn previously prepared; they had brought their grinding slabs with them. The meal being ground, a stiff dough was made, rolled in corn husks and baked in the ashes of a huge fire that had been kindled on the margin of the field. Then rabbit meat was broiled on the live coals in sufficient quantity to satisfy all; no other meat is ever eaten on such occasions. As the eatables were being prepared and cooked, the medicine-priest fraternity were rubbing rabbit fur with feathered sticks and praying to the god of all rabbits. The meal being ready, these same people sprinkled all the rabbit fur used in the ceremony and all the people present with the sacred dusts, as they prayed to the deities. Then all partook of the repast set before them. After the meal, all present went to gathering the crop from the field of the gods. A process similar to that described as occurring at Jemez the day Don Diego departed, except that everything, gathered in, was stored in the *cacique's* official residence for use in religious ceremonies.

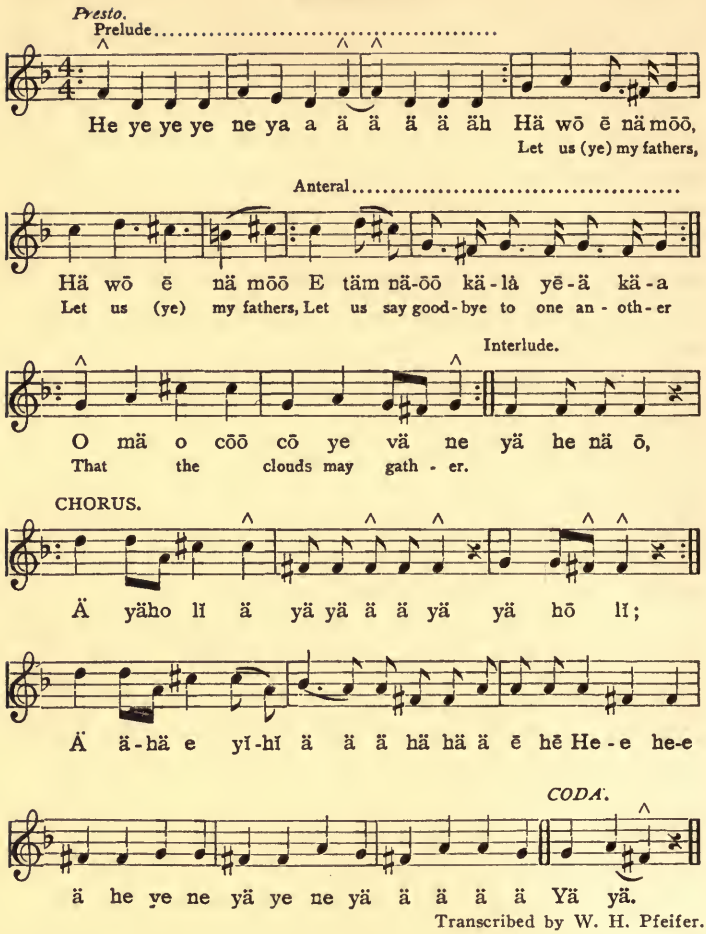
Don Diego stayed not for the close of these ceremonies. He was anxious to be on his quest. He now knew that his wife had been last seen at Moqui, that

Ojeda had told the truth when he said she was not at Santa Anna. Toward the noon hour he bade the Zuñi war-captain adieu and started toward Moqui.

As he journeyed, he passed by Thunder Mountain mesa, the Zuñi fort of the old times, where now the Zuñi lasses and lads go and pray for their life partners; and here then as now were the shrines of the Zuñi to their warrior god Unaika. But Don Diego was not looking for the god of war. At last he arrived in sight of one of the towns of the Moqui Indians, the people who reverently regard the snake as their maternal ancestor, the snakes being their elder brothers, and through whom they pray to those above for rain. Before him lay the village like a toy — but such a toy and such a village! The town stretched before him — a long line of gray adobe houses arranged in cell-like structure, crudely resembling a mud-wasp's nest, set on glaring red sand, and surrounded by gray, sun-parched sagebrush.

As he approached, the walls of the village showed vari-colored life. Against the dull background, the sun blazed down upon a kaleidoscopic mass of red and green and blue. The pueblo and adjacent mesa swarmed with gleaming, painted savages, half clad in gaudy feathers and gay breech-cloths. It was a gala day. The harvest-corn-husking dance was in session. It was a masked ghost dance like the one previously described, except that all the actors wore wreaths of corn and pumpkin vines; the clowns so loaded themselves with these things that they would have reminded one much of Christian with his load of sin in Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." But Don Diego cared not for this dance. Not even when the corn, pumpkins, and peppers were thrown heaven-

HOPI SONG



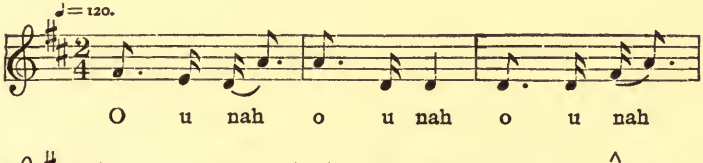
Transcribed by W. H. Pfeifer.

ward to be trampled under foot as a thank offering for the bounties of the generous gods did he pay any attention. He was looking for his lost wife and here was where she was seen last, so far as he could learn. His

mind was occupied in planning how he would proceed in his search, of how he would make his inquiries. Nothing could be done that day till the ceremonies were concluded. So he patiently waited.

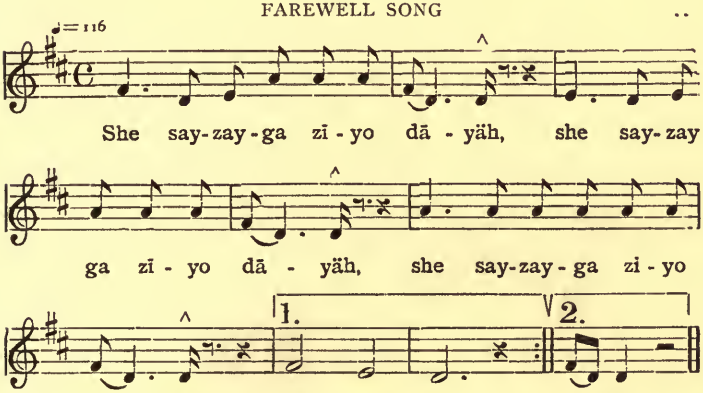
It was ten o'clock the next day before he got an audience with the governor and war-captain of the place. They knew him and readily granted the conference, but were surprised when they learned the purpose of his coming. After hearing the story, the governor ques-

POPULAR SONG



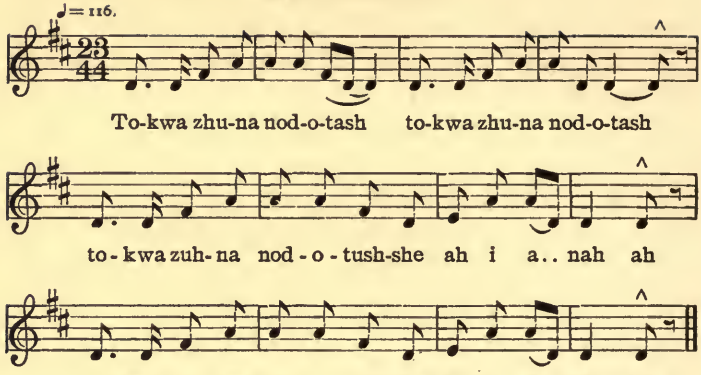
Music transcribed by Albert Gale.

FAREWELL SONG



Music transcribed by Albert Gale.

MEDICINE SONG



Music transcribed by Albert Gale.

tioned him closely about the woman. "Did you say," he asked, "that the woman with our friend Ojeda was your wife?"

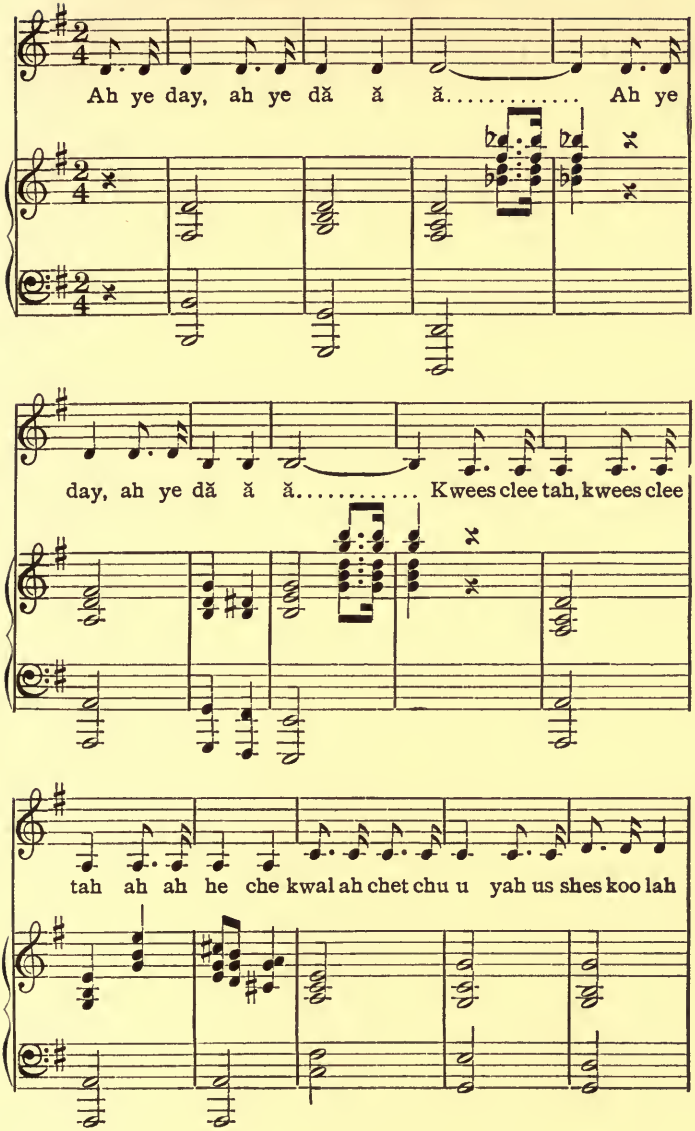
"Yes, she was my wife."

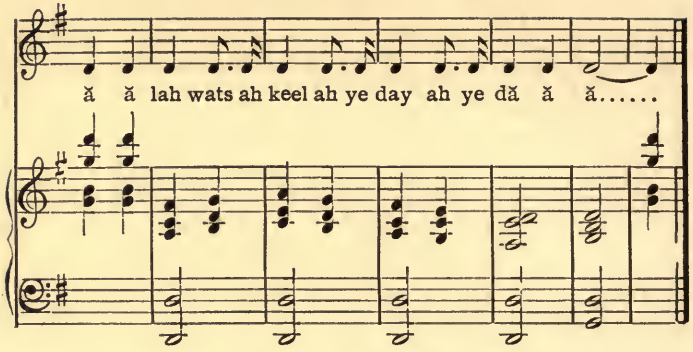
"Did you not know that our honored ruler, the ruler of all the Pueblos, gave an order that any man of our race could take any woman he chose and marry her according to our customs, whether she were single or was married to another, had the ceremony been performed by a Christian priest? And your wife —"

"Hold," broke in Don Diego; "we never were married by any Catholic priest; or by any ceremony of the pale-faces. I married my wife according to the customs of our fathers and the decrees of our gods. She is legally my wife and wishes to be my wife, if alive. She is faithful to me and I will always be to her. You say she ran away from Ojeda, and she has not been seen since?"

"Yes," spoke up the war-captain, "she seems to have

KWAATTE SONG OF THE QUILLAYUTES





Melody recorded, Aug. 9, 1905.
Melody harmonized, Feb. 7, 1908. } by Albert Gale.

gone in that direction," pointing eastward. "But though we diligently searched for her, we were unable to track her. She is not here. Brother, she is not here. It may be that in her wanderings she has gone to 'the nation of the willows,' though that place is to the westward of us."

Yet that day Don Diego set out with a lone guide for the "nation of the willows," the *Kuhnikui,* as they were called by their neighbors, or *Yava Supais,* as they call themselves. In due course of time they arrived at the home of this people, who might also be termed "the dwellers in the canyon depths," for their village is situated on a little side stream in the Grand Canyon of the Colorado itself: to use the Indian phrase, "they are in the biggest ditch in the world." Truly, nowhere else on earth has man found so stupendous a dwelling place,— a tiny fertile spot, green, dotted with orchards and fields, is bisected by a little creek whose banks are lined with willows of the dainty kind used in fine basket weave. This little area is an inclosed amphitheater of nature's

make. At its front is the great gorge of the Colorado. Surrounding it on the curved side rise red sandstone walls to a height of more than two thousand feet, the strata so symmetrically arranged that it causes one to imagine it the work of giants of a previous earth age.

Arriving at the place, Don Diego made inquiries through his guide-interpreter if they had seen the woman; and offered them presents if they would tell him her whereabouts. A council was called; and, after a thorough inquiry, the chief man of the place advised the strangers that none of his people had even seen the woman they mentioned. He said he was sorry, and regretted very much that he could not aid them; but the woman was not in the country of his jurisdiction and never had been.

Don Diego, sad of heart, started on his return: there was nothing else for him to do. In a few days he was again at Moqui; and a few days later he passed through Zuñi and on to Acoma. Thence he went northwestward to Taos by the way of the pueblo of San Juan; but at none of these places did he hear any news of Geetlu's having been seen by anyone. At Taos he conferred with Popé concerning Ojeda's taking his wife; but failed to get any satisfaction from that august person. From this place he turned homeward down the Rio Grande.

Passing Cochiti and Santo Domingo, he took the cut-off between the San Felipe lava flows and the eastern limb of the Cochiti mountains.

As he was journeying toward dusk the evening of the night before the day he expected to arrive at Jemez, he saw footprints ahead of him in the sand. He was

walking fast and paid no attention to them at first. Suddenly, however, a very plain, fresh impression in the loose sand of the trail attracted his attention. The make of the moccasin that made the print was not of the Pueblo type. He got down on his hands and knees and examined the tracks more closely. An enemy was in the country. The moccasin prints were those of Yute Indians, and of men only. Evidently a band of warriors were on their way toward Jemez; for only Indian warriors travel without their women. Quick as thought, he slunk from the trail and hid himself behind the first obstruction, and took a closer, searching view of the surrounding country. Sure enough a band of warriors was ahead of him. His eyes had not deceived him. The rear members of the band were only a little way ahead, just around a slight turn. He could hear them talking; he could have heard them before, had his mind not been so deeply occupied with the thoughts of getting home. He crawled out at an angle from the trail from bush to bush till he could get a fair view of the marauding band. They were painted and shone glisteningly in the light of the declining sun. In addition, they carried shields and other war implements in their hands; and, also, had their hair cut to the scalp lock. There were many of them. They were warriors; and their steps were directed around the point of land ahead toward Jemez. A supreme determination took possession of Don Diego: he would save his people. But till darkness filled the valley-cañon, he must stay in hiding. So he concealed himself and patiently waited the setting of the sun and the going down of the new moon.

When he was sure that it was dark enough so he

could venture out in the open without being seen, he resumed his journey, not by the regular path but by a detour over a point of the eastern extension of the Cochiti Range. Though the distance was much greater and the trail rougher than around the point, the way the Santa Fé road runs to-day, he had faith that, knowing the country as he did, he could reach his village in time to warn the people of the approaching danger. He started in a "coyote gallop," the peculiar Pueblo gait used in the long distance contests. He crossed the low sandy bench, climbed up the mountain foot, over it, and into the Vallecieto valley; and on over upturned Red-Bed rock to the fertile region of the Jemez valley. Once he fell and rolled down a steep place; but, unharmed, he was immediately on his feet again, never stopping his running pace till he had reached the watch tower of his native village. The watchman halted him. But on taking him to the light of a small fire that was burning in the tower, he was overjoyed to see him, as it had been reported that he had been killed by a band of Navajos. He was about to embrace him in greeting, when Don Diego seized the watch tower drum and sounded the warrior call.

The streets and plazas were quickly filled with armed braves who had rushed from their sleeping apartments so quickly that they were daubing themselves with war paint as they ran. Hurriedly Don Diego told them of the impending raid; and quickly he placed the warriors both within and without the village in the most advantageous positions both for attack and defense. Then all became quiet again, as all waited for the Yutes to fall into the trap that had been laid for them.

The orders had been given in the dark, and no one but the watchman knew that Don Diego had returned. But all knew that whoever was giving the orders knew his business. Faithfully, they patiently waited: messengers were also sent to warn the Indians in the other parts of the Jemez country.

The Yutes had planned to fall upon the village just at break of day, at the time the watchman would become less vigilant. They had already made successful raids on Taos and Picaris two days previous, carrying off men, women, and children, and most all the provisions and stock of each place; and now they hoped to take Jemez by surprise the same way, before word could reach them of their being in the region. They had attacked these places after Don Diego had left them on his trip down the Rio Grande; and he likewise was not aware of their presence in the heart of the pueblo country. Not only that but the Jemez were scattered in their valley villages (it was now seed-planting time in the spring of 1681); and they did not suspect that an enemy was in the country; their fortified village was on the mesa at the forks of the river. But for the timely arrival of Don Diego, they would have been wholly at the mercy of the invadors. The valley-village that they had planned to attack was then to the east of the same ravine of which the consolidated village is now to the westward and adjacent to it.

As the first gray streak of light shone over the valley in the early dawn of that April morning, the raiders were seen in the ravine closely hugging the north wall; the ravine has its general course east and west. They were crawling and gliding along as noiselessly as possi-

ble, with shields used as hand pads for the left hands. Their bows and arrows were held in their right hands; their tomahawks and dirk-knives were in their belts at their sides. So sure were they of surprising the place that they had taken no precaution against a possible sortie, or ambuscade. They had nearly reached the open space in front of the village-wall, when from the mesa adjacent to the stream at the north great quantities of large bowlders were hurled down with death-dealing effect upon the semi-prostrate, crawling Yutes beneath. The battle was on. The Jemez had begun the onslaught. There was scrambling in the gulch: there were shouts, the hurling of huge rocks, the shooting of arrows from the mesa brink. Those of the attacked who could extricate themselves fled to the open spaces in the vicinity; and, with shield in position, began to send arrows into the ranks of the Jemez on the mesa wall. At the same time, quite a group of them rushed upon the village itself; there were so many of them that they were sure they had the place at their mercy. In addition, they thought that if they could once get into the village and commence killing the women and children, the Jemez braves would become disheartened and abandon the place to them. They killed the guards at the entrance and gained the plaza. At about the same instant Don Diego closed on the enemy's rear and swept down the cañon-like valley, killing everything before him. At the same time the battle was hotly contested in the plaza and on both flanks in the section of the ravine. The enemy was in a veritable slaughter pit. From all sides, front and rear, the death-dealing missiles were hurled invariably to the intended mark. But the Yutes

were many in number and all fought desperately. They cleared the plaza, drove the people to their house-roofs, then commenced to take possession of them and descend the ladders and mercilessly murder the screaming, pleading women and the helpless children. The Jemez braves within the village, aided by the old men and boys, rallied. They closed on the heartless enemy. The contest became a hand to hand fight. What the Jemez could not accomplish with arrows they now accomplished with dirk and war club. No Yute that ever entered a house got out of it alive. Those on the roofs were either killed or driven to the plaza and from there ejected without the village into the fiery furnace, as it were; for now they were compelled to fight the combined Jemez army in the open. They saw, at once, that they were defeated. They attempted to cut through the Jemez rear and make their escape up the ravine. Thus, almost instantly, was the main fighting transferred to that division of the Jemez braves that held the cañon, the division in charge of Don Diego himself. This division stood up like a stone wall against the terrible onslaughts of the enemy who were fighting the death that stared them in the face. But a stone wall will stand only so much pressure, then it yields; so also with a division of men. The Yutes broke through the Jemez lines; and the tables for it were turned: it was let him save himself who could; or deal as much death to the enemy as possible before his own end came. Don Diego was swept away with the division. In vain did he try to rally his braves. Back and back the enemy pushed the small division who still remained alive around him faithful to the Jemez gods. Finally they reached the place where

the cañon is "boxed." The water, when there is any, falls over a broad precipice from the level mesa into the cañon; the hard layer at the summit of the mesa protects the less hard rock beneath, but the latter crumbles faster than the former is worn away, hence a hooded projection. Into this roofed pit the enemy drove Don Diego and his handful of men. On them they charged. But the defenders flinched not. With their bows and arrows they did good service till the last arrow was gone. Then with well handled shields, they kept themselves from being hit with the arrows dispatched at them, returning the arrows in a most unfriendly manner as fast as they chanced to get in their reach. Coming closer, the enemy then charged upon them with their war clubs and Indian axes. Fiercely and savagely they fought. The defenders and assailants went to the death together gripped in each others' arms, with hands gripped to tufts of hair and pieces of bloody scalps. Finally, of the Jemez, Don Diego alone was left of the fighting division that had entered the cañon, and of the Yutes only two were left in fighting condition. The latter charged upon the war-captain, who was so surrounded by the dead and dying that he could hardly find space in which to act. He hurled his war club at the foremost one as he rushed at him, but missed his aim, succeeding, however, in dispatching him with his dirk-knife; but at the same moment he received a wound in his side that staggered him. The other Yute, taking advantage of the proffered instant, leaped upon him with a blood-curdling yell, seized him by the hair, and, pressing him against the wall by sheer force of weight against an exhausted man, he raised his hand to deliver the fatal blow. It was a ter-

rible moment. With one supreme effort, Don Diego rallied all his strength. With one powerful blow of his left fist, he struck his antagonist a stunning blow on the point of the chin, and at the same time so raised his arm as to ward off the intended knife thrust. With his right hand he drove his dirk to his enemy's heart. The battle was over.

Don Diego, the victor, was carried on the shoulders of a grateful people into the village and to his home. But it was no home to him; for what is home without the wife.

CHAPTER XI

SAD and down-hearted, Don Diego resumed the rôle of life in his native village again. He was tired and he needed to recuperate from the slight wounds received in battle with the Yutes. But no respite was given him. The storm was already begun from whose effects the Pueblos never recovered. The seven years' "rain of ashes" had already entered the arena of action. There was no rest, no peace. It was tiger and lion, and lion and tiger fighting to the death in an amphitheater; Yutes, Apaches, Pueblos, Spaniards, Mexicans.

The scene at once transferred itself to the vicinity of El Paso [Texas]; then back to the Pueblo country.

Calling a halt in his retreat near where El Paso is now situated, Governor Otermin began to plan for the recovery of his lost province. Two things were to accomplish this for him. What he could not accomplish in arms, intrigue and "awful diseases" were to bring to pass.

In the spring of 1681 some of the Indians were taken sick of a dreadful disease and they were doctored according to the Indian customs. Every Indian in the village visited them. To use the Indian phrase, "we visit our sick"; and they did. In a fortnight, worse than the plagues of Egypt had taken possession of the land. Raving, the sick ones tossed about on their sheepskin mats, bumped their heads against the

wall, rushed out into the streets, even ran to the river, jumping into its cooling waters to abate the terrible burning. The medicine men sprinkled the patients with sacred meal and pollen, prayed to the gods, contorted and otherwise mortified their own bodies, doctored the sick with a crude massage, and occasionally gave them root-tea to drink. While they were doing this, a house full of nude men danced around the sick one in the cell-like room till the room was hot and the air was foul. When they had performed as long as they could stand it in the ill-ventilated room, they would rush into the streets and plaza and run hither and thither, uttering shriek after shriek that would have made one think that the demons of the lower world had taken possession of the place. These were the night ceremonies. In the day-time hours, small "wickey-up" sweat-houses were made in wigwam-fashion by the river's brink. These were covered over with hides and blankets till practically air-tight. In the center of each were placed red hot rocks. Around the heated piles, the "sick" were placed. Water was thrown on the rocks till the room was filled with hot steam. Then "scalding-hot," they threw the entrance-way open to the respective sweat-houses and plunged from it into the swift cold waters of the adjacent stream, to reach the opposite bank in a death-chill from which they never recovered. Some homes were obliterated. Of some pueblos, not a living soul was left. The disease took its victims till there were no more to take. It wore itself out: the Indian doctor-performances only augmented the mortality list.

The disease was stayed. Then came the Devil's Dance to prevent its coming again, as if such things

would stay a plague. For four days and four nights, each village that had people enough to dance, danced in masked, ghost-dance fashion, shrieked, hallooed, yelled, screamed, sprinkled the dusts of the gods, prayed, and pounded themselves with clubs, pricked themselves with cactus, gashed themselves with knives, thrust the fleshy parts of arms and legs through and through with elk-horn spikes, and mortified their bodies in every other conceivable way known to the pueblos to appease the wrath of their gods.

While disease was operating, other things were progressing to bring about the death of great numbers of those whom fate had spared. Through Spanish intrigues, it was newsed throughout the pueblo region that a considerable part of the pueblo villages were in favor of the Spaniards. These villages were mostly in the southeastern part of the middle Rio Grande country. Rumor had it that they were Tiguas, Piros, and Tom-Piros.

Hardly had the ravages of the pestilence ceased, when the northern tribes were in a jealous rage. War preparations were on every hand in the Jemez and Queres villages. The streets resounded with the war whoops. The war dance filled every plaza. The big drums beat out the long roll. The braves, leaping and jumping and tossing their weapons high into the air, marched out of the villages on their mission of destruction and slaughter. Carefully they marched and so well planned were their movements that the unsuspecting Pueblos that were supposed to be friendly to the white people were taken wholly by surprise. At each village the men had gone to their daily work in the fields, all were hoeing and irri-

gating their corn. The women were busy in the villages at their house work, singing the time away. Suddenly there was a blood-curdling whoop; and instantly the ceaseless massacre took possession of every quarter. There was running, and screaming, and begging, and pleading; but all in vain. The people of Piros all perished; the Tom-Piros were exterminated; a few of the Tiguas escaped to Moqui.*

Triumphant, the victors returned laden with booty, the Jemez to find their own villages sacked by the Yutes, who had also simultaneously attacked Taos, Picuries, and especially the Tehuas. With his braves, Don Diego followed the marauding Yute band that had devastated the Jemez country. By forced travel, he overtook them in the Valle Grande country, the great valley between the mountain peaks on the summit of the Jemez range. Here taking them by surprise, he routed them, killing a great number. He recaptured the Jemez prisoners, men, women, and children, and sent them back to Jemez with a division of his braves; while he pursued the fleeing enemy. He appeared before Taos, which was being besieged, and drove the Yutes from it; but came near being annihilated by the Taos, who mistook his warriors for enemies. The Picuries had already routed the enemy in a pitched battle. A few days later the combined Pueblo army under Popé and Don Diego routed the remaining Yutes that were attacking the Tehuas villages, killing their chief and recapturing all the captives they had taken.

* It must be understood that the author has, at times, used the novelists' license. This description, however, is in the main after Bancroft's History, vol. on Arizona and New Mexico, which refers to the extermination of the Piros, etc.

While these stirring events were going on in the north, rumor had it that the Spaniards were making an *entrada* to reconquer the country — this is what the Spaniards had planned to do as soon as they thought the conditions were favorable, and this seemed to be the suitable opportunity. The *entrada* was actually in operation, Governor Otermin was on his way northward to re-establish the Spanish authority in the land and to rebuild his reputation, as governor. On December 6th, 1681, he arrived at Ysleta, near the present sight of Albuquerque on this northern trip to reconquer the lost province. The Ysleta Indians submitted. But to the northward there was opposition. The Jemez and most of the northern tribes were still in the throes of a gigantic struggle with the Yutes; but the Queres were free. These were quickly gathered by (Alonso) Catite to oppose Otermin. But that cowardly general, having once been defeated by the Indians, did not wish to engage in a titanic struggle with them again, being surprised to find so many Indians yet able to fight. Upon the approach of the aborigines, he fled from the region, beginning his retreat January 2d, 1682. To keep the Ysleta Indians that had submitted to his authority from being exterminated by their angry brethren, he took them with him to the number of three hundred and eighty-five, burning their village. On reaching the vicinity of El Paso, he founded the village of Ysleta, Texas, for his Indian allies. Thus ended the first attempt to reconquer New Mexico.

Thus the Spaniards were driven from the country a second time; but there was no peace for the noble Pueblo. Hardly had the braves washed the paint from their

bodies, when the Apaches and Navajos began to make raids into the land of villages; and for years it necessitated the most careful vigilance to keep them from destroying all the Pueblo tribes. Jemez and Taos suffered most. But Don Diego and Popé finally routed them and drove them from the land.

Quiet seemed to take possession again, when Popé's oppressive rule suddenly brought matters to a crisis. He wanted to appropriate the wife of a Tanos governor. The chief objected to the taking of his life partner; whereupon Popé had him immediately put to death. At once the Tanos and Tehuas rebelled. The Queres, Taos, and Pecos fought them; but were driven from their confines. The Tehuas and Tanos then deposed Popé entirely, and elected (Luis) Tupatu in his place; but again in 1688 Popé was reëlected ruler of all the Pueblos and peace reigned. Popé, however, soon died, and Tupatu was chosen to succeed him.

After the short breathing spell of peace, there followed civil wars again, the Yutes and Apaches also resuming their raids. Many Pueblos were abandoned; others scattered; and some changed to more naturally fortified positions. The Tanos of San Cristobal and San Lorenzo, south of Santa Fé, were forced by the Queres, Pecos, and Apaches to abandon their villages and go to the region of the San Juan. The remnants of the other Tanos villages to the number of four thousand went to Moqui; and, overpowering the natives of Oraibe, took possession of that village and hold it to this day. Only a few of the Tiguas and Jemez survived, a few more of the Tehuas and Taos. The Pecos, on account of being more isolated to the east on the edge of the

buffalo plains, fared better. The Queres within the walls of Santa Fé, however, were safer from attack and suffered least of all.

Even the gods were not good to the Pueblos. For four long years it rained not a drop in the Rio Grande embayment, not a flake of snow even whitened the mountain tops. The Rio Grande and confluences became dry and crusted with white alkali salts. A great meeting was called to which all the Pueblos that were at peace assembled. For days and days they danced the circular ghost dance and mortified their bodies to make it rain. The snakes of the region were collected and the snake dance was performed on an elaborate scale; but no rain fell. The people became frantic: would the gods not listen to them? They danced themselves to complete exhaustion, in many cases till death called them to *she-pa-pa*. It was at this time that (Alonso) Catite, one of the arch conspirators against the Spaniards, entered an *estufa* in the dance-field to sacrifice to his gods, and there danced so hard under the frenzied excitement that he "suddenly burst" (to use the Spanish account), "all his intestines coming out in the sight of many Indians." (Louis) Cupavo, another leading Indian against the Spaniards, like Catite, died by bursting his bowels in this dance. For days the dancing continued; but not a cloud appeared even over the mountain tops. Finally the dancing ceased, and the medicine fraternity went into council.

The morning following ushered in a new set of scenes. In an open, level spot near the dancing-field, the medicine men congregated the motley multitude. Then each medicine man [*cacique*] gave the orders for the day in a

basic, sale-crying tone in his own language to his respective people. And such a medley, such a babel of voices; but differing from that "confusion" of tongues in that far-away biblical time: for all understood, and with willing hands proceeded to carry out the orders. Soon all were busy from the little tots that could scarcely toddle to the aged, decrepit, whom the storms of life had bent nearly to a prostrate position. From the neighboring hills every bowlder and loose rock was collected and carried into the valley. Here men were busy putting them in position. A solid block in cylindrical form, some thirty feet in diameter, was quickly erected to a height of about twelve feet; a mixture of adobe clay, blood, sand, salt, ashes, and chipped straw was the mortar used. It was near night when the structure was completed, with upper face of mortar, so smoothed with the hand that it might have been said to be a polished surface, which sloped gently eastward.

That night and the next night also, while the mortar was hardening, all slept but the medicine men. These were continually occupied in praying, sprinkling the sacred dusts and stroking medicine curios. On the second day a solid rectangular structure, some five feet in length and three feet in width, was raised to an elevation of about forty inches in the center of the disk-like top of the structure, they had previously made. This was made of stone and mortar also; but the rocks composing it were heated so that the mortar used in making it would soon dry. When completed, its surface also sloped toward the morning sun, and was rubbed to a semi-polished state on its surface.

Night again came and went without anything of note

happening; but the following day found everybody busy. The non-medicinal fraternity present gathered all the combustible material that could be found in the vicinity and put it in great stacks, where it could be easily obtained when needed. The medicinal fraternity were also busy. At the rising of the sun, they whitewashed the entire structure they had erected till it was as white as the whitest linen. When this had dried in the blazing sun, they set about to draw symbolic designs on its surface. On its cylindrical-lateral face, they drew scenes of the hunt, the dance, and field scenes; lightnings, snakes, and clouds. On its upper disk-face they also drew symbols of the sun and moon, the steps from earth to heaven, the greater and lesser star deities, the household gods, the various sand-paintings used in the secret religious performances, and a life-size painting of Pest-ya-sode, attired in the full regalia of a Pueblo *cacique* and war-chief. The sides of the central, raised portion they decorated with drawings of the animals considered sacred by the pueblos. Then on its upper, sloping face, they made a painting of the god of day, with red disk, from which wavy, alternating yellow and red rays extended. From these, "thunder darts" also extended toward the semi-cardinal points. Then around the whole were drawn the great footprints of the First Brother of the village tribes. On the upper disk-surface of the column were then placed the fetishes and things of medicine, including tobacco pouches made of the skins of white men. Then over all were sprinkled the dusts of the gods, as they prayed loud and earnestly to the deities. The altar-making was thus completed.

Night came on, and the big drum proclaimed the be-

ginning of the culminating ceremonies. Instantly from every side there was shouting, calling, whistling, as all rushed forward from the darkness to join in the dance in the light of the circular fire that encircled the altar-column at a distance of some twenty feet from it. Hands they clasped by entwining the fingers, and from left to right in a great circle around the column and the fire, they began to dance, first slowly, then with increasing speed to the time of the music. Louder and louder and more earnestly the chanters chanted; harder and harder and faster and faster the drums were beaten; and more and more vigorously did the dancers stamp, as the hours passed. After some two hours the hands were freed; and, from that on, wild gesticulating and the wrying of the face intensified the dance movement. The moon rose high over the valley; the moon was at the full.

The next day it rained throughout the region; and the night following the water again ran in the Rio Grande.

CHAPTER XII

THE scene is transferred to another quarter. A lone woman was seen to run hither and thither over the parched desert sand trying to reach her home, but had lost her way. Afraid of being captured, she hid herself behind some obstruction at the least noise. Some men on horseback chased her; but she escaped capture by prostrating herself prone upon the brown earth, they riding past her and on into a piñon wood. One day passed, two days, and not a drop of water to drink or a mouthful of anything to eat; for she was weaponless and in the barren desert. She wore the skin off the soles of her feet till she left blood in her tracks. Yet when a lone horseman passed by near her she hid herself in a gulch.

After satisfying herself that she was not longer pursued, she began to examine her surroundings carefully. Oh, joy! there was a sparkling spring of water. Quickly she rushed to it; and, famishing, she thrust her mouth and face into the water and took one big swallow of it, but jerked her head up quickly: the water was strongly mineralized with epsom salts. Though unfit to drink, she bathed herself in a pool near by and also dipped her clothes in it and then put them on while wet, consequently absorbing a small quantity of water through the skin. While she was dressing, she saw a cactus growing a little way off. Going to it, she found it covered

with prickly pears of the sour type. Some of these apples she quickly picked and, rubbing them in the sand to remove the spines, soon had sufficient fruit to satisfy her hunger; and, as the fruit contained a great quantity of juicy-watery substance, her thirst was also allayed for a time.

The sun had advanced far on his western journey the next day when she awoke; for she had fallen asleep as soon as she had satisfied her hunger. She arose; ate some more cactus apples; and taking off a part of her *manta* dress, also tied up some of the fruit in it and took it with her. All the rest of the day she traveled in the burning heat, arriving at sundown at the identical spot from which she had started in the morning. She was evidently lost and she now knew that she was. Seeing that she was lost, she sat down and cried, as is the custom of womankind.

That night, the next night and the next day she remained at this place and ate of the sour cactus fruit till it was all gone and her mouth and lips were all sore on account of the acid nature of the pear.

Night again came and she tried to travel eastward toward her home, using the North Star as a guide; and in this she had some success: for she did not return to the bitter spring again. Morning brought her to another spring, a spring of good fresh water. From this she drank till her thirst was quenched. Here she also found some cactus fruit, which proved to be of the sweet flavored kind. So she satisfied her hunger and also gathered some of the fruit to take with her. Fain would she have also carried some water with her if she had

had an *Olla*. Resting a few minutes, she again resumed her journey toward where she had seen the sun rise.

As she was slowly wending her way, she casually picked up a stick, shaped somewhat like the rabbit-clubs she had used in the sacred hunts. As she was carrying it, a jack rabbit jumped out of a clump of bush ahead of her; and, instantly, before she had had time to think, she had hurled the club and broken the animal's neck with it. She then had a meal of raw meat; she was too hungry to stop to make a fire; for making a fire was a slow process in those times. Again she fell asleep.

Sometime in the night she was rudely awakened by something running over her. Looking about, she saw many eyes shining in the darkness. At once she took in the situation. Some coyotes having smelled the fresh meat that had been left of the rabbit, were here to get their share of it; and under the circumstances, she thought it best to let them have it, she fleeing the place to keep from making a meal for them herself. Before she had gone far, however, she found that the whole pack was following her, the rabbit only sharpening their appetites. She broke into a brisk run, but the beasts soon gained on her. Twice they snapped at her at such close quarters that they tore her dress. At the same time other coyotes also began to yelp in the immediate vicinity in the direction she was running, evidently other wolves coming to get a mouthful of the expected breakfast. Suddenly a juniper tree appeared in view. With one great effort she reached it and clambered upon its lowest limb just out of reach, as the first wolves came up and began to snap at her. She took a long breath while

the wolves howled. She felt herself quite safe, when suddenly the limb cracked, snapped off, it being old and dead. She seized a limb above her with both hands, but before she could climb up to it her support left her and she found herself swinging in mid air, with angry wolves surging and charging beneath in vain attempts to be the first to tear out a portion of her flesh when she fell; one of the wolves jumped so high that he succeeded in tearing a rent in the lower part of her dress and another wolf cut the skin on her left foot. But she had many days yet to live. When a virgin, she had practiced the game which country schoolboys generally term "skinning a cat."

At this moment she brought this knowledge into good use, of how to lift and pitch her body. The limb she now had a firm hold on was three inches through and was green and strong. Over it by pure muscular strength she pitched her body in a movement reverse to that of diving. Then she climbed upon the limb and sat on it over against the tree. She now was safe from the wolves — let them howl.

She had sat on the limb only a short space of time, when she was apprised of the fact that she was trespassing. It was the home of a large eyed screech owl; and he proceeded to advise the intruder of the fact in commanding tones. An Indian is deathly afraid of an owl. They believe that when it hoots it is calling someone to die. That it is itself "death," is believed by many tribes. At the first screech of this bird, Geetlu, for the wandering woman was the lost Geetlu, almost lost her hold on the tree and limb. She, however, gained a firm hold again; and, gritting her teeth, sat there trembling between the

hereditary death-bird and the certain death beneath her, should she fall.

Morning came; the coyotes disappeared; and she resumed her journey still to the eastward, she thought. Toward night she saw great trees lying on the ground ahead of her; and, having killed another rabbit and also a sage hen, she decided to make a fire and broil some of the meat, then to sleep by the fire at night so that the wild animals would not molest her. She quickened her pace at the sight of the prostrate trees. It made her think of the great firs of the Jemez plateau. As she proceeded, she also saw a small stream of water ahead of her. She came to the first giant trunk that lay in her path and attempted to remove the outer bark to get some of the inner, finer fibers with which to kindle the fire. When to her surprise the tree was found to be solid rock. She was in the petrified forest. Around her lay the trees of another earth-age, likely having been submerged in a lake of siliceously saturated water that was kept heated by volcanic ejections and earth-crust disturbances of that far-away time till they were turned to stone. She had heard the myth about these trees in her home land: of how the goddess Arizona brought a curse on the place and turned the trees to rock; because she once tried to light a fire in the region and, it having rained that day so that everything was damp, she could not get a thing to burn. Wearing out her patience, she mounted a large fallen tree and blowing a hissing breath over the region, exclaimed: "From now on for all days and all nights, there shall not a piece of this giant timber ever be burned." Instantly it all fell down, rock as it is to-day.

While Geetlu was gazing absent-mindedly at this freak of nature, her eye suddenly caught a glimpse of some moving object on the horizon. Quickly she hid herself between two of the huge trunks, throwing herself flat on the ground as she had done previously when she thought she was pursued. She had not been concealed long when she heard voices; and, from their increasing in volume, she could easily tell that the people who were talking were approaching the very spot where she was. She gathered herself into a stooping position and looked over the broken edge of one of the trees. They were Apache warriors, she knew. They were tracking her. With a bound, she leaped from her place of concealment and made off in the direction opposite from which the warriors were coming. With a whoop, the whole band joined in the chase. The lone woman screamed and ran like a demon, but the warriors gained upon her. Some of them also swung around in a circle to her front to prevent her entering a bushy wood that covered the sides of a small ravine. Exhausting her strength and seeing that she could not escape, she threw herself on her back on the ground and breathlessly waited to be put to death. But the warriors wished not to kill her. They seized upon her person and, tying her hands, motioned for her to accompany them; but she refused to arise and also moved her head to one side for them to decapitate her: she was a Pueblo and cared not to be an Apache slave. But they wished not to put her to death then, so forced her to accompany them.

It was over a long and strange trail they took her. The Apaches were homeward bound. They crossed the desert area and entered what is now known as the Black

Mesa Forest Reserve. Thence on southward past the site of the present town of Sho Low and on into what is now the Fort Apache Indian Reservation, following, roughly, the same route that Coronado had followed in 1540 and the route of the present Holbrook-Fort Apache wagon road. Reaching the edge of the Black Mesa, Geetlu's feet gave completely out on account of the "mal pais" (bad country), lava covering the country there. So the warriors halted a day and let her rest. In the meantime they killed several deer for food. Also from the skin of one of the animals they made a pair of moccasins for the captive. The next day they resumed their journey. Soon the surging waters of the North Fork of White River could be distinctly heard in the deep cañon where it makes its bold bend southward on its journey from the White Mountains and Green Point to join its master stream. On they journeyed with the river to the left. The valley broadened, as did the bench they were on; and the timber became less tall as they descended. Over tavertine deposits that had a hollow sound as they walked over them, they wended a part of their way. Ruined villages of former Pueblo greatness were passed over now and then, some in horseshoe shape, some in rectangular form. At last they reached the forks of the river where Fort Apache is now situated. It was night when they arrived at the Indian settlement there and all, even the captive, slept soundly.

Just as the first streak of light entered the valley, Geetlu awoke. At first she could not recollect where she was and how she got there. They were in a low *tepee* thatched with rushes, cat-tail flags, and yucca leaves. Near her the household accouterments of the family were

promiscuously piled; while around the central, low fire the inmates of the wigwam were yet sleeping. She arose and went to the river and bathed herself, then returned to take a view of the surrounding country. And she found it more beautiful than she had expected. To the eastward, the sun, the fond object of Indian worship in that southwestern country, was apparently resting his fiery chin on the snow-covered peaks of Mounts Ord and Thomas of the White Mountains; while he was sending his fingered rays down the valley of the East Fork of White River to the hills beyond where the observer was standing. To the north were bisected and tongue-like, red and yellow walled mesas, capped with black basaltic lava. To the south for a distance of forty miles stretched the black-capped, lava-covered Nantan mesa. To the southwestward ran the main trunk of White River, amid perpendicular, basaltic walls to join its master stream, the Black-Salt River that goes on southwestward to be overcome by the Gila desert. To the westward across a flat area of some miles in extent, extending on westward past the southern tongue-like prolongation of the Mogollon mesa at this point, loomed up in the background the Kelley Butte series of volcanic plugs, now quiet and picturesque.

Absorbed in viewing the scenery, she was startled by a woman speaking to her, calling her by her own name. Then she remembered that she had tried to make her captors understand that her name was Geetlu and that she was a Jemez Indian, and by her motions they had, at least, understood what her name was. The woman motioned to her in the sign language to prepare breakfast, first giving her a basket and by motions making her un-

derstand that she must first get some wood. This she readily understood and went and got the wood and, later, the breakfast.

After the breakfast was served, the men eating all they wished, the women and girls waiting and then eating what was left, she was made to understand that she was to be the wife of one of the men, a man named Kilpe. He had but one eye, was rather old, was quite wrinkled, and had a large, disfiguring scar covering the greater part of the left side of his face. His complexion was dark. He was one of the laziest men of the tribe, an inveterate gambler and a confirmed drunkard. He had been married many times, but was then without a wife, as he had so mistreated his women that no Apache would now sell his daughter or relative to him. But this captive had no friends; he had the price; and she was his.

She saw the transfer made, saw her captors receive the trinkets sufficient to cover her purchase; and, though women were not bought and sold at Jemez, she understood the transaction. There was nothing left but to be the wife of her purchaser. Every ounce of her rebelled but it was useless. She had not a friend in the region; and open rebellion meant the stake; possibly at some time she might get a chance to run away from the place. Reluctantly she followed him to his hovel, carrying his belongings in a basket at her back.

Arriving at the *tepee,* he made her understand by signs that she was to gather some wood from a near-by timbered district. This being done, he then compelled her to go to his cornfield and gather corn for him and carry it to the *tepee.* She then carried more wood and some water and prepared the evening meal. She afterwards sat

in a corner of the *tepee* with her back to him while he and his friends ate every morsel of food she had cooked. Then to round out the first day of married life to show his spouse that she was his slave, he gave her a thorough beating. Thus the days came and went. And years.

A few days after Geetlu entered Apachedom, some women invited her to go with them to gather *mescal* [*Agava,* related to the century plant]. Willing to do anything to get away from her cruel husband, she went with them. They left the camp at the forks of the river and went northwestward through the Kelley Butte gap to Cedar creek by Sugar-Loaf peak near the confluence of this creek with Carrixo creek. From there they journeyed southwestward over the mesa tops till they came to the Carrixo cañon itself, opposite the warm springs, which gush up from the cañon depths and form warm pools for the wild ducks and geese to bathe in in winter.

Here they threw their basket-loads down; for that is all there is of camping with an Apache. Then they set about to gather some of the *mescal* tubers. Throughout one whole day they gathered these from far and near, from mesa ridge, and hog-back, the new woman being compelled to carry the tubers to the place of camping. That night they slept on the bare ground, digging out a hollow for the back and hips to lie in.

The next morning Geetlu arose more tired than when she lay down, but another hard day's work was before her. With the other women, she carried to the camp all the fallen trees and dead limbs she could find. Then while the other women rested, she was compelled to dig a pit in which to make a fire to cook the tubers. She got the pit completed. Then for a few minutes she got

a chance to rest, as she did not know how to make a fire by the crude method used by the Apaches. This she afterwards learned. As she sat there and rested, one of the Indian women took a cedar "spinning stick" some two feet long and, producing a dry *mescal* stalk, began to drill rapidly on its upper face, so that the drill would cut through one edge of the stalk as it proceeded in its downward movement. Rapidly and more rapidly she drilled, the drilled particles falling on some fine, very dry inner fibers of cedar bark. Soon the released particles began to smoke; and, by the time she had drilled through the stalk, particles of live coals could be seen among the drillings. The woman then vigorously and cautiously blew her breath on the material till it blazed — the whole process taking less than seven minutes. Soon they had a huge fire. Then there were other things to do.

Rocks were carried in great numbers and piled on the burning mass. While the fire burned, Geetlu and another woman went to the creek to get some water, each carrying a five-gallon *tus* at the back, a strap passing from each side of it across the forehead; the *tus,* or water jug, was a basket woven in jug-shape, it being made water-tight by being daubed both within and without with piñon pitch. They came to the brink of the cañon in which the tiny stream ran; down it they went for a mile or more till they found a place where they could descend. Then down over the rough-edged rocks they clambered for five hundred feet in vertical section to the water's edge. They then quenched their thirst first by drinking of the cooling waters from a gourd cup. They dipped the jugs in the current where it was deep enough

to cover them, and lifting them out of the water, made stoppers of hay and small willow brush and corked their respective *tus*. The next thing was to put the jug in position at the back for carrying. This Geetlu could not do, though she tried time and again to do so. The other woman, who had already put her jug in position, had started to leave, when, on looking back, she noticed the predicament her companion was in. So she came and gave the needed aid. As she did so, she noticed that Geetlu was trembling from exhaustion; but she said not a word. They started to climb. The Apache woman, who was called Bedessendaha by her people, soon reached the summit of the mesa; but Geetlu was yet only barely started. The load was more than she could bear up such a steep and rocky road. The other woman set her jug down and returned to Geetlu and relieved her of her burden, carrying it up the steep incline herself. When they had reached the level mesa top, Bedessendaha and Geetlu sat down and looked at each other as they rested; for as yet the latter could not converse in the Apache language. As they thus sat there, the Apache woman made Geetlu understand by signs that she must not work so hard. Being rested, they returned to the camp, and the rest of the day Geetlu was not called upon to do any work.

The work of preparing the *mescal* went on. The fire burned down till only live coals and red hot rock were left in the pit. On these, wet grass was quickly placed and on it the tubers were piled. Then wet grass over all, then rock again, then earth to a thickness of about six inches. Over all this wood was piled and ignited. This being done, the women rested till after the sun had gone

down. Then their husbands joined them and all danced the night away, dancing around the fire while the *mescal* baked. Morning came, the *mescal* was removed from the rock-furnace to cool, while the dancers snatched a little sleep.

About the middle of the forenoon they awoke; ate a breakfast of dried venison and *mescal* — *mescal* thus baked tastes somewhat like squash that has been slightly burned in the cooking. After the hurried breakfast, the women packed up the things; put them in their baskets together with the cooked *mescal;* swinging the baskets to their backs, they set out for home, the men following leisurely without a burden of any kind.

They arrived at the encampment at the forks of the river in due time, tired, very tired. For a day they rested, all feasting on the *mescal.* As soon as rested, they finished gathering the corn. The corn being jerked and piled, the ripest was husked, dried in the sun, shelled, and buried in a small pit for future use. The green corn was piled by itself when jerked; and when the husking of the ripe corn was completed, it was baked in a pit, similar to the *mescal* baking. Winter was now at hand and the next thing was to re-thatch the *tepees;* the medicine man had them moved as far from water and wood as possible so that the squaws would be sure to be kept busy in the non-agricultural season.

As the time passed on, Geetlu learned considerable of the Apache language; and, with the woman who had befriended her when going for the *mescal,* she spent many pleasant moments, while grinding corn, making Indian whisky, skinning and tanning hides, and broiling venison, as their husbands came home laden with the

spoils of the hunt. Occasionally, they had a spare moment to themselves, when their husbands were engaged in the chase or off gambling with other men. At these times Geetlu and her companion and friend, Bedessendaha, joined the other women; and like all good Apache squaws they played the game of *Setdilth,* as they gossiped, betting on the game, of course, as all good Indians do, betting their wearing material and household wears and personal trinkets.

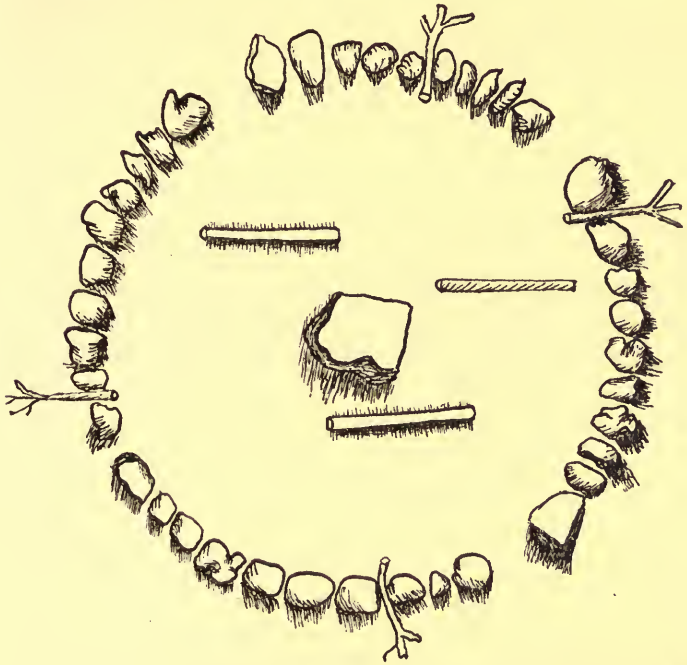
This game, then as now, was played by the women only. The requisites of this game are the game field — including its rock circle, the counting sticks, and the three *setdilth* sticks used in playing the game.

The game field is a circular, leveled spot of ground some six or seven feet in diameter, inclosed in a circle of forty cobble-stones; these are arranged in groups of ten stones each, a group being placed opposite each of the semi-cardinal directions. These rocks are the tallies; an entire circle of forty tallies constitute a game. In addition to the tally-cobbles, a large flat rock occupies the center of the field. On this are hurled the *setdilth* sticks on their mission of chance, as is described later.

The counting sticks are small sticks of any sort, a straw or a blade of grass answering for the purpose just as well. They are used in marking the tallies gained. One of these is placed between the last rock-tally and the next cobble in the direction the player is moving.

The *setdilth* sticks are three in number. Each is a foot in length and the half of a green limb or a willow shrub of about an inch in diameter. The bark is left on the rounded surface; its split face is marked with charcoal in a broad diagonal line across its center. When

used in playing, these sticks are all held in the hand in vertical position at the same time and are hurled edgewise upon the center rock to fall whichever way the fates may direct.



The Setdilth Game Field, showing the rock-circle and the counting sticks in place. The Setdilth sticks in the inclosed space have so fallen that the thrower received two points.

The faces of the *setdilth* sticks that are up after the sticks have fallen decide the points gained in the throw. If one split face is up, it counts two points; if two split faces, three points; if all three split faces, five points; and if three bark-covered faces are up, ten points and the player has another throw of the sticks.

Marking the points gained.— Usually four persons play this game. The opposite players are partners. In playing, the opponents move the counting sticks around the stone circle in opposite directions, all starting at the same point and each moving her own counting stick, whether she has a partner or not. An equal number of rocks in the circle are counted for the points gained; and the counting stick is moved forward to the position between the last rock-tally gained and the next cobble stone in the direction the player is moving. Should a counting stick chance to be placed in the space between two rocks that an opponent's counting stick is occupying, the opponent's counting stick, that is, the first one occupying the space, is taken up; and its owner must begin the game anew. When a counting stick has marked forty successive tallies, that is, has completed the entire circle, its owner has the game and the staked property.

Geetlu watched them play this game a great deal before she could be persuaded to attempt to play it herself. Finally one day Bedessendaha persuaded her to be her partner. So they commenced the game. Geetlu did the best she could; but lost and caused her partner to lose also. They had staked some turquois; and the opponents won them. Geetlu felt very sorry about this loss; for the beads were hers, the only thing she had left to remember her childhood home and the husband she longed for but never expected to see.

That night she lay awake and studied the game. Morning came and she had every move planned. In the hours following, she practiced throwing the sticks till she could throw them as planned. That afternoon she went again to the little sheltered, grassy spot where the

other women were already gambling on the game. As she approached the place, a smile spread over the faces of the players; for they thought that now since she had been induced to play they would get all her private belongings.

"Come, play," shouted a chorus of voices. "Let us play first with you," said two of the players, Bent and Lupe, who were already seated in position facing each other across the stone circle.

Geetlu looked at them a moment; then said: "I do not wish to play; but if Bedessendaha will be my partner again, I will try it."

They sat down and went to playing, Geetlu playing last. The game was brisk from the start. The first player was Bent. She succeeded in getting three successive throws the first time, throwing the sticks so as to have the rounding-barked faces up twice, thus making ten points each time. The last throw she succeeded in making only two points, in all, twenty-two; and her counting stick was moved forward to mark the tallies of the same. Geetlu's partner played next; and, out of luck, received only two tallies. Then Lupe played. She had better luck than her associate. She succeeded in making twenty-five tallies. It was now Geetlu's turn. As she took up the sticks, several women sneered. But the player paid no heed to this. She carefully placed her sticks in position and hurled them, succeeding in getting two successive throws of ten tallies each. Then, as a consequence, she was still entitled to one more throw. Again she carefully arranged the sticks, this time in an altogether different position. She needed two more tallies or five more tallies "to send one of her opponents

home," to use the Indian phrase. She decided to use the two, and so planned that she succeeded in getting the required tallies in the throw. Back to the starting point she hurled Bent's counting stick, thus causing that one to start over again. Bent played next. She succeeded in getting twelve tallies, ten with the first throw and two with the second. Bedessendaha next played. She received ten tallies the first throw. Consequently she landed her counting stick in space twelve and hurled Bent's stick, that occupied that space, back to the starting point again. She had another throw in which she made two tallies and, therefore, moved her counting stick up to space fourteen. Lupe then played and, out of luck, received only two points, moving her stick up to space twenty-seven. Again Geetlu cast the sticks. Carefully she arranged them, gripped them tightly and hurled them on the center of the flat rock, from which they bounced and fell with all the white faces up, giving her five points. " You coyote," was heard to be uttered by several women, as she moved her stick forward to space twenty-seven and throwed Lupe's counting stick back to the place of beginning. Again Bent played; but could not reach Bedessendaha's stick, as fourteen tallies could not be obtained with two throws, using combinations of two, five, and ten; neither could she reach Geetlu's stick with two tens and another throw of two or five. Her only hope, therefore, was to make as many successive throws of ten tallies each as possible. She did her best and received thirty-two tallies, three tens and a two. Bedessendaha played next. She got two throws, a ten and a five, making her twenty-nine points, and from her position, also making herself safe from Lupe's stick; no successive

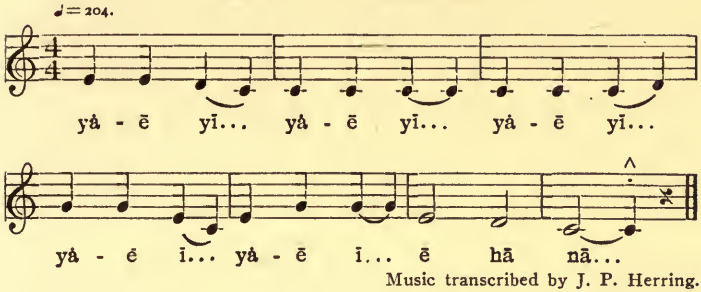
series of throws would tally twenty-nine. Lupe then played and got twenty-two points. Geetlu picked up the *setdilth* sticks and looked at them carefully. If lucky, she could possibly get her forty tallies completed; but her colleague was not out yet and to beat in the game they must both get to the goal ahead of their opponents. She had it in her head to "whitewash" them. So she thought best to do what damage she could and still remain in the game. She gripped the sticks and hurled them, securing the three white faces and the consequent five points. She then moved her counting stick forward to space thirty-two and threw Bent's tally stick back to the starting place a second time, as some by-standers hissed: "The wolves ought to have eaten her." Bent played next but made only five tallies. Bedessendaha then cast a ten and a two, thus reaching a goal and having one tally to spare. Lupe again played receiving ten tallies the first throw and five the second, thus throwing Geetlu's tally stick back to the starting point again, as all the women cheered, she placing her tally stick finally in space thirty-seven. Carefully, Geetlu again played. She blew a breath in prayer upon the sticks, gripped them tightly, arranged and rearranged them, then cast them on their mission of chance four successive times, receiving ten tallies each time and thereby winning the game.

She was so interested that she saw not the blackened faces around her. As she threw her counting stick "home," more than twenty women seized her by the hair, tore her clothes off of her, and beat her shamefully. And that night, Kilpe, her husband, also pounded her because she had beaten Lupe, his sister. She never played another *setdilth* game.

It was a long time before she joined the "social circle" again. It was at night time. The performance was to be the moccasin game, called *Kah* by the Apaches. They had been playing it many nights. Her husband was one of the leading players; and, on account of his talking so much about it with the men who lounged about his *tepee,* she wished to see it. It was somewhat near nine o'clock, postmeridian time, as the white man reckons duration, when she joined the spectators and players of the night. They had all gathered in a circle around a fire, which served both for warmth and light. The players were divided into two groups, or "sides," as that term is used in civilized games. One group was called "birds," the other "beasts." The "birds" were the players, whichever side that happened to be. Only four played on a side, but in case they represented a clan of Indians, the staked property might include all or practically all the belongings of the respective clans concerned, as was the case in this instance. When playing, one of the groups of players occupied the west, the other the east part of the circle, which then assumed the form of an ellipse. When all was ready, a captured, old, Spanish blanket was propped up between the "beasts" and the "birds," or was placed over the "birds" to screen their movements. The "birds" then dug seven holes some six inches deep in the ground and in one of these they hid a moccasin containing a small white bone. Then they filled all the holes with leaves and leveled all over. Finally they removed the blanket and the "beasts" began to guess; the game was on the same principal as the "chuck-luck" game of the English walnut shells and the pea, except it was more complicated. It is a straight

game of guess. The "beasts" had game clubs, sticks somewhat resembling a cane. As they sang:

MOCCASIN GAME SONG



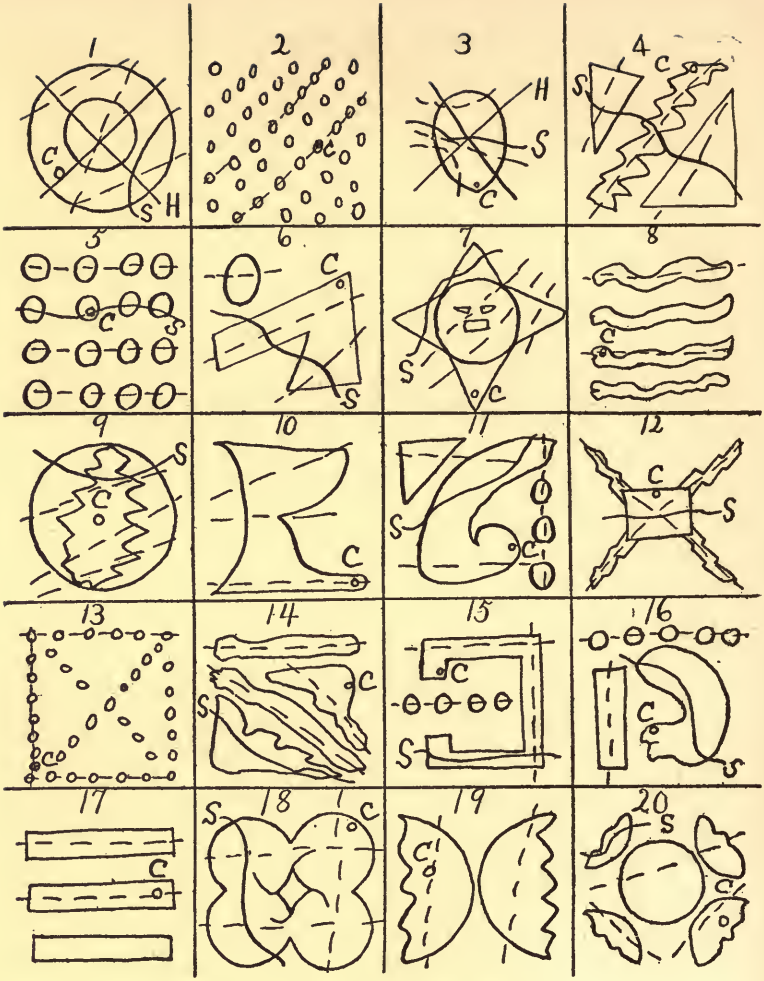
Music transcribed by J. P. Herring.

"Yah e yi,
Yah e yi,
Ain-ne ah,
Ain-ne ah,
Hay, hay, ah hay ah ah ah."

their leader pointed with his club to the hole where he thought the bone was. If he was right, they again sang the song vigorously, as an umpire gave their tally keeper a ribbon-like leaf of the shoe-string yucca plant; the tally keeper of each of the groups had ten of these shoe-strings at the beginning of the game.

For a long time Geetlu looked on but could not understand how it was played. Finally she asked Bedessendaha to explain it to her. "I will explain it, sister," said Bedessendaha. "It is this way: There are two ways of playing the game: with the moccasin, and with a buried pebble; the last is known as the dirt type. These are the rules used in playing the game:

"1. If in the preliminary or false motion movement the pebble or moccasin is uncovered, it counts one tally



THE MOCCASIN GAME FIELD OF THE DIRT TYPE

Map showing the various arrangements of the moccasin game field of the dirt type, used in playing one game at the camp of Chief R 6 the night of January 29, 1902.
The broken lines indicate the false or preliminary motions.
H shows the line where the pebble should be hid.
C shows where the pebble is hid.
S shows the final stroke. It is represented by a continuous line.
In 2, 8, 10, 13, 17, 19 the pebble was uncovered in the preliminary motion. In 1, 3, 4, 6, 7, 9, 11, 12, 14, 15, 16, 18, and 20 it was missed both in the preliminary and in the final strokes. In 5, it was uncovered in the final stroke. This was the only one which counted points for the searchers. In this case they got the pebble and took it to their own game field. The beasts at the beginning of the game then turned "birds" and were finally the winners of the game.

for the side which has buried it, that is, for the 'birds.'

"2. If the pebble is located at the final stroke, not the preliminary strokes, of the 'mystic stick (game club),' it counts one point for the 'beasts,' and that side takes the pebble to its own game field. The other side then becomes 'beasts' and begins to guess.

"3. If the pebble is not located in the final stroke, nor the preliminary stroke of the 'mystic stick,' it counts one tally for the 'birds.' And that side retains it and hides it again.

"4. There is always one less false motion of the 'mystic stick' than there are possible places for the pebble or moccasin to be hid; for example, in case there are nine holes in any one of which the stone may be hid, eight preliminary strokes of the 'mystic stick' may be made, and two must be made.

"5. There are always two tally keepers and an umpire; one of the tally keepers represents each opposing party. At the beginning of the game each of these tally keepers has a number of bear grass blades, 'Indian shoestrings,' corresponding to the number of tallies decided upon to constitute a game. When a side looses, the tally keeper of that side gives a blade of grass to his opponent tally keeper. When all the 'Indian shoestrings' have passed to the possession of any one side, that side has won the game."

As they were thus talking, the first game closed; the group, to which Geetlu's husband, Kilpe, belonged, won the game and swept in the staked property. It was then proposed to play the game again, using the dirt type. Again, the property was staked, the umpire sitting on

the pile of trinkets. The winners of the previous game kept the "mystic pebble." This they buried beneath one of several ridges of dirt they had ridged up in the game field. This being done and the dirt all smoothed over, a member of the "beasts" came to the game field; and after making several false motions with his stick while he argued and joked with his opponents to see if he could decide from their actions where the valuable pebble was, he struck with a vigorous thrust, the spot in which he had decided the stone was. He had lost and his opponents sang the moccasin song and jumped for joy.

Again and again they hid the pebble; and the "beasts" lost till nine tally ribbons had passed over to the possession of the "birds"; only one more, and the winning side had the game. The excitement reached a high pitch. The "birds" sang and crow-hopped; so did the "beasts." All stroked their fetishes, prayed to their gods, and sprinkled cat-tail-flag pollen toward the semi-cardinal points. The air rang with the wild shouts. The leader of the "beasts" struck — and won. A roar like the whizzing of a mighty wind before a raging storm, filled the valley, as the "beasts" became "birds" and the "birds" became "beasts." The tables were turned. Kilpe's group of players lost and lost, lost seventeen successive tallies. They had but one tally ribbon left. Would the gods favor them? Earnestly they prayed to their gods and sprinkled the sacred pollen to the four winds. Kilpe took the divining stick and by every means known to an Apache, he tried to find out beforehand where the pebble was buried in a "potato" mound over which eight small furrows had been made

with the hand, four crossing the other four; the pebble was buried beneath one of the places where the lines bisected. After using every other artifice he knew, he tried the false-motion scheme; and in this preliminary movement he uncovered the pebble and thereby lost the game. His opponents shrieked for joy and tripped in baboon fashion over the grassy plot, as the staked property was turned over to them. Besides many other things, Kilpe had staked his and also his wife's wearing apparel on the game and, loosing, took his off and gave them to his opponents, being dressed then only in breech-cloth. But Geetlu fled the place, followed by her angry husband, angry because he had lost and because his wife had publicly disobeyed his orders.

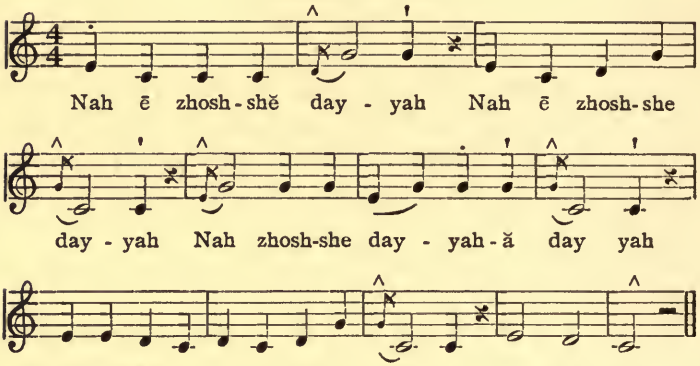
Arriving at the *tepee,* he beat her unmercifully; he even accused her of being the cause of his loosing the game. For two days she sobbed and begged him to kill her or to take her into the Pueblo country where she would see that he was amply paid for his troubles. But he would do neither. He seemed to be contented when he had something to abuse. And being a foreigner, she was totally at his mercy. She loathed the man and loved another. She wished to die; but the gods had decreed that her days were not yet finished. On, on she dragged out the miserable life.

The summer following the playing of the moccasin game, she labored hard breaking ground, irrigating, and planting corn and attending to it till it matured; while in sight day by day, her husband played the pole game with other men as lazy as himself.

In playing this game, Kilpe and his companions laid off a pole ground in a north and south direction some

eighty yards in length by six yards in width. A base was placed in the center of this game field, a mark on the ground, or a flat stone answering the purpose. About ten yards both to the north and to the south of this

AN APACHE SONG



Music transcribed by J. P. Herring.

This is the Apache Pole Game Song. Its English equivalent is:

"Let us play the Pole Game;
Let us play the Pole Game;
Let us play the Pole Game;
Let us all go up above to Dutchehay's
to play the Pole Game."

base, three hay ridges, three yards long, were placed a foot or so apart, with a trough between the center one and each of the outer ones. Then with a small hoop in the right hand on which there were eleven peculiar markings and across which in the diameter-line there was a transverse buckskin cord beaded with one hundred and one beads, the leader rolled it from the base so that it would enter one of the troughs and would consequently lose its speed there and fall over on its side. As it was started to roll, two Indians, belonging to the same side

as the Indian who had rolled the hoop, started from some twenty paces back of the base from the direction the hoop was rolling. Each took a pole twenty feet in length; and, grasping it in the middle and swinging it from right to left over his shoulder, ran to the base and dexteriously hurled his pole after the rolling hoop; so that it slid under the latter as it was ceasing its motion, so that when the former's motion ceased, its heavy end was beneath the hoop. This pole at the heavy end also had eight peculiar markings on it. The other pole likewise ceased its motion beneath the hoop. Then came the counting of the points.

All points on each pole that fell on or within the rim of the hoop were counted as were all the points on the hoop-rim, and all the beads on the transverse cord which fell within the edges of either pole. The points being counted, the players again proceeded to the base and played again as before. One hundred throws constituted a game.

As she thus saw Kilpe playing, Geetlu's mind naturally turned to her Pueblo husband and the pleasant home of her childhood days where a man married a woman because he loved her, possibly not to the same degree that a white man loves his life partner but because he loved her nevertheless; and now she was an Apache slave. Would she ever see that home again and her longed-for Don Diego?

That fall she gave birth to a little girl, and for the first time in Apache land she felt happy. Now she had someone to care for that would appreciate it; but the fates had decreed otherwise. The little one was sickly and cried at night. It annoyed her husband to hear it cry;

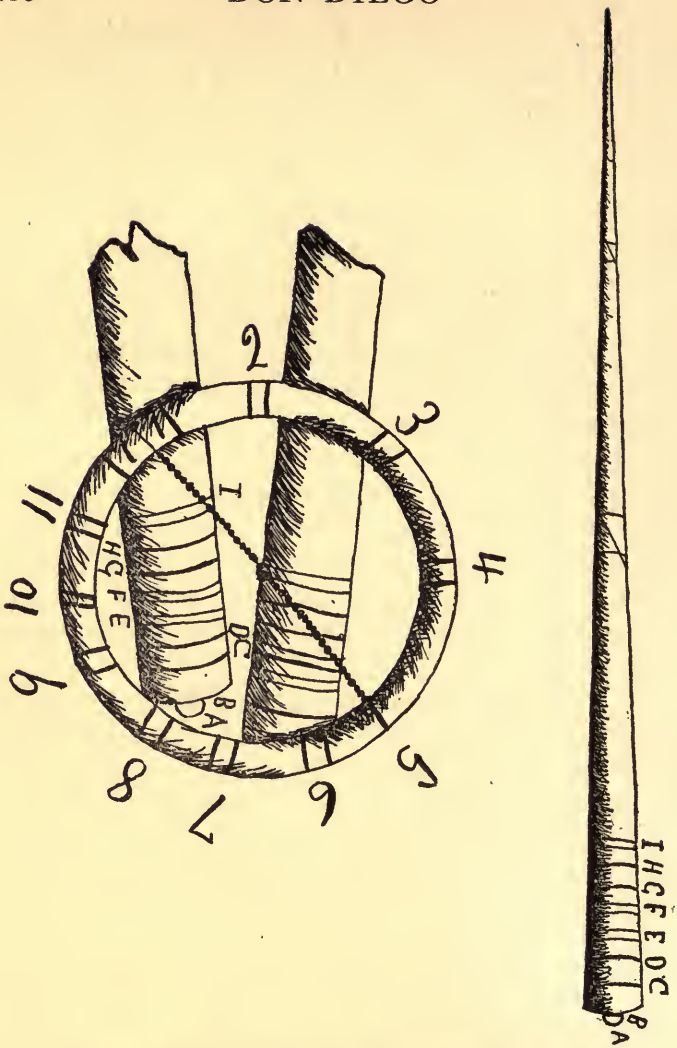


DIAGRAM OF POLE STICKS AND POLE HOOP

Fig. 1. Pole Stick. The grooves b, c, d, g, h; the spaces e, f, i, and the point a are points used in the game.

Fig. 2. The Pole Hoop, etc. The spaces 1-4 and 6-11 and the groove 5 are the points on the hoop used in the game.

and instead of trying to soothe it as a civilized man would, he ordered Geetlu to strangle it, as was the Apache custom to destroy "cry-babies." But Geetlu would do no such thing. Finally one night it cried and woke him. Enraged, he tore it from her bosom and beat it to death in her presence.

With a sad heart, she gathered in the crop that fall. She had plenty for the winter and to spare. The day she finished gathering the crop, she carefully buried the ripe corn and then with a sigh sat down for a moment's rest. As she was sitting there, several women approached her, each having her carrying basket swinging at the back. As they neared her, the formost woman accosted her and said: "We have come to get your husband's corn. He staked the entire gathered crop on a pole game this afternoon and lost the game. Our husbands have sent us to get the property, with orders from Kilpe for you to help us get it. Where is it? Get to work, here, you Coyote; we are in a hurry."

"You can't have my corn. I raised it and it belongs to me," bitterly spoke up Geetlu. No doubt she remembered that among the Pueblos, the stored crop belonged to the wife or women of the house.

"We have orders to get it," joined in another woman.

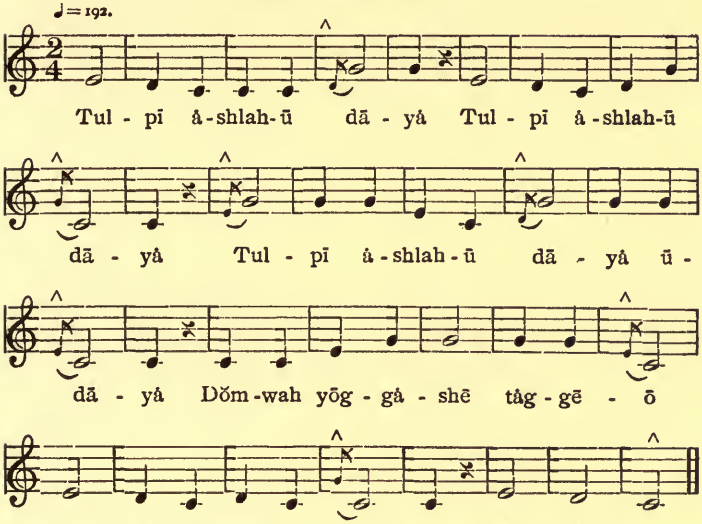
"You can't have an ear of my corn," angrily spoke up Geetlu as she arose and seized a knife. "It's mine and you cannot have it."

At that instant Kilpe himself came up; and, hearing Geetlu, proceeded to beat her into insensibility, caring not in the least if he killed her. When she regained consciousness again, the fruits of her hard labors had been removed and she was alone in her *tepee*.

Three or four days or perhaps ten days passed. Geetlu did not know or care how many, for she cried and cried the hours away. Finally one day Kilpe came and ordered her to carry water and help make Indian whisky. She went as bidden. *Tus* after *tus* of water she carried, as did the other women. The corn had already been sprouted under their deer hide beds, or in bags on some south sloping hillside. The sprouted product had already been mashed on the Apache grinding slabs and the product put in the hollowed-out wooden trays and root-bark of a species of lignum-vitæ, bark of the sassafras tree, the leaves and roots of several perennial plants, including the roots and leaves of the tobacco weed had been added to make it ferment and give flavor to it. Then to give it the intoxicating principal, loco weed was added in the proportion known to be needed to produce the desired effect; so that the happy hunting ground would come to the drinker for a time. The water was then added and the whole heated to the boiling point by the throwing into the tray of red hot rocks. When it had boiled a few minutes, it was let cool, then strained and the malt remashed. This mashed product and the now white-colored liquid was put back into the vats and reheated and perennial herbs added again; the whole is called *tul-le-pie* (white water) by the Apaches. After it was heated, it was cooled then let stand and ferment, about twelve hours being sufficient. Then the drinking began. With gourds they sat around the vats and drank. Men, women, and children, even babies; this is the only luxury that an Apache will share equally with his wife and will partake of at the same time. All were drinking but Geetlu. She had returned to her *tepee* and

sat within it sobbing: her crop, her home, her baby was gone. She sobbed and sobbed.

INDIAN WHISKEY SONG



Music transcribed by J. P. Herring.

As she was thus crying out her grief, she heard quite a commotion in the vicinity of the whisky drinking but thought nothing about it, except that an extra amount of the "white water" had been made at this time and that likely all would be boisterously drunk. But for some unthought-of reason, she went to the door of the wigwam and peered out. There she saw all the Indians congregated around the foot of a low tree which had had the top branches removed. She wiped the tears from her eyes and looked again. She could now distinctly see Kilpe standing on the lower branches of the tree and, from the motions of his hands, she could see that he was

making a speech to them. She turned to go back into her house when a roaring shout caused her to turn back again. In that momentarily short space of time all had changed on the little knoll. Kilpe had left the tree; and the screeching, howling crowd were scattering, running in all directions. It was at the beginning of dusk. She waited a few moments to see what it all meant. Then she saw the whole population that could walk carrying wood to a place not far from the *tepee*. "Oh," she remarked to herself as she returned within the hovel she called home, "they are going to have a corn-husking dance."

She squatted on the floor and began to cry again. Suddenly, she heard a step towards her. She raised her head; and, by the light of the low fire in her *tepee,* she saw that it was Bedessendaha and that she was also crying. "What is it, sister," she said, as Bedessendaha put her arms about her and kissed her.

Bedessendaha looked about to see that no one was in hearing, then exclaimed: "That brute, Kilpe! Tonight all drunk! He tell the people 'You no good! You cry all the time! You witch!' This wood! This big fire! Tonight you burn at yonder tree! Go, my sister! Go away from this place! It is dark now and they are not watching you at this moment. Go! (*Yog-go-she-un*) go!"

Geetlu knew that her companion was telling the truth. At the same instant her attention was attracted by Kilpe's coarse voice on the knoll without telling the death-men to go and get his coyote wife and to tie her safely and firmly to the tree where they were to burn her.

The darkness swallowed her up and she fled up the

East Fork of White River toward the snow-clad peaks of Mounts Ord and Thomas of the White Mountains beyond which she knew was the Pueblo country,— how far beyond, of course, she did not know. She had not been gone long when she knew by the whoops in the valley behind her that she had been missed and was pursued by at least a considerable portion of the band to which her husband belonged. Harder and faster she ran; but she could tell that the pursuers were gaining on her. Once she fell down and sprained her ankle badly; but, on getting to her feet, was able to run on again under the excitement. She now heard running footsteps near her, so plunged into the river and swam to its north bank. She was then several miles east of the present Fort Apache. She heard the runners, several of them, plunge into the water after her and heard them whoop the terrifying whoop, as they resumed the pursuit after gaining the north bank; though the pursued thought that less people were following her than formerly. These, however, were gaining on her.

She was a Pueblo and had climbed walls from her childhood; the Apaches were not cliff climbers. Her own home was on the mesa at the forks of the Jemez River, as we have seen; and the walls of this mesa she had scaled many a time on hairbreadth niches and shelf-spaces. So she decided to scale the walls that shut in the valley here and thus get out of the cañon and run her chances of escaping under cover of the dense wood, one thousand feet above her. To the wall she ran and at once began to scale it. The ascent was exceedingly hazardous and difficult; but she succeeded in getting foot- and hand-holds even in the darkness. Climbing to

a spot some two hundred feet above the valley, she paused a moment to get her breath. She was at once apprised of the fact that someone else was also scaling the wall. She caught her breath and then continued her climbing. Crevices and little edges of rock were now the only holds she could get; but her courage failed her not. On she climbed. Many voices could now be heard beneath her; but she did not hear them. Her head was turned upward, as her hands fumbled the rock wall to find a holding place. At this moment the moon rose over the distant mesa; and she could see that at a considerable distance above her there jutted out from the face of the cliff a natural shelf about two lengths of a man in width and possibly twice as long. With superhuman strength and with infinite carefulness and accuracy of movement, she still struggled upward, as if it were against fate. In the moonlight she could be distinctly seen; and was now a target for a score of archers. But she was three hundred feet above the valley and night aiding, she was practically out of their reach. However, several arrows whizzed by her and bounded from the wall to the valley again. But on she climbed, till she was immediately beneath the shelf. Could she ever get on it? And even then could she go any further? Could she get from it to the top of the mesa hundreds of feet above? Her strength was almost gone. She thought to drop herself into the valley and end it all. She swung one hand and one foot into space preparatory to making the final plunge. A moment she stood between the two eternities, as she prayed to her gods; then it would be all over. She was just shutting her eyes for the final leap, when her eye detected an-

other hand-hold beyond the edge of the shelf. At the same instant she heard the climber below her shouting that he could not climb further. She was safe if she could gain the shelf. This gave her courage. She made two shifts along the rock face. Then she discovered a place on which she could elevate herself a little at a time till at last she was on a level with the upper surface of the platform. Then by shelfing back, she gained it and stood once more master of the situation.

Just as she gained the platform, she heard a shriek and then a dull, falling sound. Her pursuer had fallen to the valley. She stood a moment on the edge of her rock table and listened. Then a shower of arrows drove her from her position to the face of the perpendicular wall at her back. But this was not safe, as the arrows were so pitched that they fell and endangered her life. She took a step or two backward and one to the left from her former position. Here she found that a tunnel ran back into the cliff. Picking up a stick that was lying on the platform, evidently having fallen from the mesa above, she began to tap on the floor of the tunnel and to proceed inward. Slowly she moved forward, till she knew that she was out of reach of the arrows of her pursuers. Then to be sure to be safe she went a considerable distance further, as the opening in the rock-wall seemed to be continuous. She proceeded till she could no longer hear the voices in the distance. Then she sat with her back against the wall; and, being exhausted and believing she was safe in her hiding place, she soon fell asleep.

How long she slept she knew not. She awoke, rubbed her eyes, and sat upright. At first she could not decide

where she was or how she got there. At last it all came to her like a horrid nightmare. She was in some cave and it was darker than the darkest dungeon. Which way had she entered it and where did the cave lead to? She could not answer any of these questions. She had not thought of anything but saving her life from immediate danger when she entered the shaft; and she had neglected to lay the stick she carried in the direction from which she had come. She was lost. And, as is usually the case with a lost person, she went the wrong way when she tried to find the entrance.

Driven by hunger and thirst, she arose, thumped the wall with her stick and proceeded onward, she knew not whither. Back and back into the cliff she traveled, passing through passages and corridors and a net-work system of rooms, crawling through places through which she could hardly squeeze her body and then passing through large rooms. A couple of times she came to offsets and each time fell and hurt herself badly. Notwithstanding this, she kept up hope and kept continually on the move. At last overcome with fatigue, she fell exhausted to the rock-floor. For a long while she lay there motionless. So hungry was she that she could hardly keep from gnawing her fingers; and her raging thirst was consuming her.

Suddenly a thought struck her. In her *manta* dress was a "spinning stick" which she used in starting fires, and in her hand was a dry stick of wood. She would make a light and see if she could discover the way out of the place. She broke the stick and carefully collected the splinters and slivers. Then by the drilling process, she soon had some live-coals in the bor-

ings. Then she blew on these till she had a blaze started. Having obtained the desired light, she arose and looked about her a moment, then shrieked, and swooned.

There around her huddled together on the cold damp floor of stone, as if for mutual protection and sympathy, lay the ghastly skeletons of hundreds of cliff-dwellers, petrified by their exposure during the passing ages. A short distance apart from them lay the frame of their medicine man, leaning against the wall opposite the entrance to the room, his skull resting on his breastbone just as he had died.

The lone woman lay as motionless as the dead around her. The fire burned out; and darkest darkness once more ruled in the chamber of the dead.

CHAPTER XIII

THE scene again changed. The sun was going down the western slope of the heavens. The Jemez were in the act of completing the performances of a gala day. Just as the people were thus busily engaged, a shout from the tower filled everyone with consternation. Could an enemy be approaching? In a moment Don Diego was on the tower. There could be no mistake about it. The scout in the vicinity of Mount Negro was sending up rings of smoke in quick succession. The enemy was making a rapid march. Could it be that the Santa Annas under Ojeda were on the war path? Toward Jemez the rings of smoke moved. The enemy was, indeed, marching up the valley. The excitement grew more and more intense as a runner, nude with the exception of a breech-cloth, crossed the adobe flat just north of "Red Rock" and headed toward Jemez at a full run. Scouts went out to meet him, but he heeded them not. On he came and climbed the trail and entered the plaza. "Don Diego," he breathlessly called. "Don Diego!" he repeated.

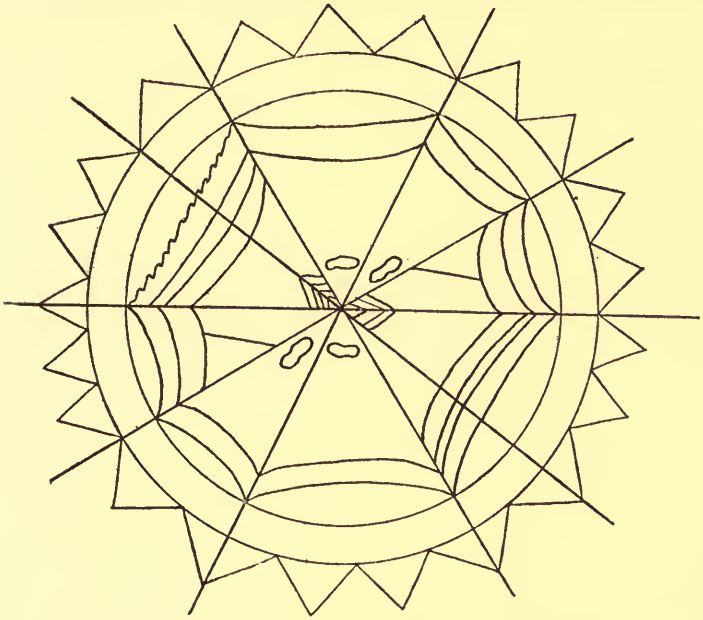
"Here I am," shouted the war-captain, as he and a few of his braves gathered around the panting runner.

"They are coming," exclaimed the messenger.

"Who comes? Are the Santa Annas on the war path?" anxiously asked all in a breath.

"No, brothers!" he excitedly cried as he gave a shud-

der that shook his whole frame, "the Spaniards are coming, an army of them. The Santa Annas fled the valley at their approach this morning. They are marching this way. By the time the great orb of day has made one more journey over the mountains at his going down, they



A Drawing of the Sun on "Red Rock," one mile north of the present village of Jemez. It also represents the "Spider Woman."

will have captured Zia and will be marching against this place."

"Be they men or demons, more than one sun will shine on this place before it is taken," broke in Don Diego, as he closed his mouth like a vise, and looked with determined gaze upon those around him.

At this juncture, emissaries arrived from Zia and besought aid from the Jemez. This was readily granted; and signal after signal in rings of smoke from the *estufa* roof at once proclaimed the news to the Zia villages that the Jemez braves to a man would join the painted ranks. At about the same time, a scout arrived with the news that the white men had camped at the southern point of the lower peninsula of black, basaltic lava which here extends through the vast expanse of sand in a semicircle from Mount Negro to the place where the water of the river sinks below the whitened, alkali, crust-covered surface. "They have put their horses out to graze," he continued; "and are cooking and feasting and preparing to sleep for the night."

"It is done," spoke up the war chief, as he turned to the Zia messengers and said: "Go at once to Zia and tell my brother and his warriors that we will meet them at midnight in the flat south of 'Red Rock' opposite their village." Then turning to the warriors around him, he added: "The enemy has gone into camp. Before daylight to-morrow they will be ours."

As soon as the Zia scouts had left for home, by different routes, Don Diego sounded the big drum, assembled the braves, and marched out of the village at their head to join the allies at the appointed time and place. As they were thus departing, the women, who had formed in a long line on either side of the entrance to the village, wished them the favor of the gods, saying to them: "May you return conquerers of all you see and may the scalps of all the pale-faces you engage in battle be trophies in the house of the gods in this place."

Not a brave uttered a word; but, in true Indian style,

marched down the trail between the double line of women and girls, all feigning not to notice them at all. But they did, nevertheless. Don Diego noticed that one face was missing. On down the trail they passed and on out onto the flat valley-regions, as the sun priest and his aids and the war medicine men sprinkled them with sacred corn pollen and meal and invoked the blessings of the gods upon them.

Arriving at the "flat" about opposite the place where the modern village of San Y Sidro is situated they found the allies waiting for them, though it was not yet the midnight hour. A low fire was at once kindled so that all might warm; the nights are always cold in that region. Then the pipe of Peace and Friendship was passed around to each and every individual, as all tried their bows and greased, warmed, and straightened their arrows. After they had thus busied themselves for about an hour, Don Diego laid his plans before them in these words: "We will go immediately to the white men's camp and fall upon them while they are sleeping. My brother," pointing to the Zia war chief, "will divide his men in two sections. With one of these he will attack the enemy on the side of the setting sun. With the other he will capture the horses they ride, scalp the men in charge of them and then make an assault on the camp on the side of the Seven Stars. My chief lieutenant will close in on them from the side of the sun at noon. With the remaining division I will cut off their retreat toward the morning star. We will slip upon them like the silver-tailed fox upon his prey and kill them every one. The time has come when we must do the bidding of the gods. Let us be moving."

To shift to the Spanish side: After Governor Otermin's second return to the vicinity of El Paso, the Spaniards made no more *entradas* into the northern country for many years. They, however, never gave up the idea of reconquering it. Finally by order of the King of Spain, Don Pedro Reneros de Pasada [Posaoa] marched against the apostate Pueblos. On reaching the Rio Grande, the little army under him found the lower-middle valley deserted, so on northward they continued their march. Reaching the mouth of the Jemez river, they turned up it. The first village in their line of march was Santa Anna. This village surrendered to them, after most of the inhabitants had fled the place. Here Pasada separated his force into two sections. One division with two pieces of artillery remained at the village to take a needed rest and to make some necessary repairs. The other division, accompanied by several Cochiti scouts, resumed the *entrada,* taking with them their cannon and a large quantity of ammunition.

Jubilant and even hilarious over their past success and future prospects, the latter division rode slowly up the valley for hours through interminable sagebrush and dwarfed cedar, over dunes of drifting sand, black lava, and adobe clay, or over the dry, sandy, alkali-whitened bed of the river itself, beneath the intolerable burning glare of the blazing sun of that region. Not a living thing met their gaze, except an occasional bird which usually squawked or chirped as it flew out of their course, till they had reached the black promontory of *Si-you-kwaw,* the site of modern Zia. Then the attention of all was suddenly attracted by the yelp, yelp of a silver-tailed fox. In a moment the cause of its yelping

was determined. A hotly pursued rabbit bounded from the brush just in front of the advancing column. The fox was right on the rabbit's heels. His mouth was open and, with every jump, it seemed, would seize the pursued animal. A cavalier made to kill the fox, which was so eager in the chase as to see nothing except its prey; but Pasada stayed his hand and said: "Let's see the unequal contest to a finish."

"As sure as I am a Spaniard," exclaimed a cavalryman who had just then come up, "I believe the rabbit will win out!"

"By the Holy Mary," emphatically spoke up an officer, "I'll wager my day's earnings that the fox catches the rabbit!"

"It's a go," quickly rejoined another officer; "I'll bet two days' wages that the fox does not catch the rabbit."

A level quarter stretch of river bottom was before the chased and pursuer. On they ran, slower and slower they got, harder they panted: yet neither gained on the other. Every time the fox jumped with open mouth to seize the rabbit, it was just out of his reach. Slower and slower they got. One could have walked faster than they ran. The cavaliers, excited, followed. Time and again they staked money on the outcome. Nearer and nearer they approached the opposite bank of the river.

"By the Virgin Mary," exclaimed Pasada, "that chase is a presage of our contest with the Zias and Jemez."

"Which, general, represents the Indians and which us?" asked an aid.

"The fox represents us," answered Pasada.

Just at that moment the rabbit gained the wood and disappeared from view for a few minutes. It was next seen recrossing the river bed while the fox was still searching the thicket for it. At that instant a Spanish soldier raised his gun, and, before the officers could stop him, deliberately killed the unsuccessful animal.

As the staked property was being turned over to the winners, an aid turned to the general and asked: "Which represents us, the fox or the rabbit?"

All had been so excited in the chase that they did not notice a reddish-brown, copper-colored Indian glide across the river bed some distance in front of them. Neither did they notice the rings of smoke ascending from the vicinity of Mount Negro.

Arriving at *Si-you-kwaw*, water was found running in the river. But it was most too salty to drink. A search for potable water was ordered and in a short time a spring of clear, sparkling, fresh water was found in a small ravine just northwest of the promontory. Here all quenched their thirst. Then being both tired and hungry, they staked their horses out to graze and prepared the midday meal, or rather an afternoon lunch, as it was then an hour and a half past the meridian hour. When prepared, this lunch consisted of broiled venison and tortillas, a sort of stiff pancake which the Spanish-Americans bake on a flat rock over the fire.

After they had dined, they lounged about for some time on the adobe flat into which the valley opens and told stories of adventure and boasted of the power of Spain and of how easy they would conquer the remaining Indians of the valley.

As the conversations were thus going on, Sotero de

Vaca, an aid who had been taking no part in the informal talk, turned to another aid and remarked: "Señor Sandaval, will General Pasada report any stubborn resistance of the Indians of this valley to the King of Spain, should they oppose us?"

"No, my friend Señor Vaca," answered Sandaval, "the general's report will read: 'We have visited the villages of Santa Anna, Zia, and Jemez and converted the Indians to Christianity. They are your subjects and send greeting to you: "Long live the King of Spain." Their treasures are yours.' Whatever will be the opposition of the Indians of this valley to our progress there will never be a mention on the records of any conflict disastrous to us. It would mar our good record."

"By the Holy Virgin," said Vaca after a minute's pause and reflection, "those fellows may boast all they please, but for me I am getting tired of this business. Is it always to be war and lonely marches with us and no homes and nothing but honor? I am getting tired of this business," he repeated as he stretched himself.

After the men had sat in silence a moment, Sandaval looked at Vaca and said: "To change the subject, they tell me that the Jemez war-captain is a fighter. Have the scouts mentioned it to you?"

"Yes," replied Vaca, "they told the general in my presence that Don Diego, I believe that is what they call him, was as swift as a deer and that he fought like a mountain lion. They furthermore stated that his fame was known to all the Indian tribes round about. The scouts seem to think that the Zias who number thousands will surrender without resistance, but that the Jemez, a much smaller tribe, will have to be conquered.

So we will probably have the opportunity to meet him face to face; but, gracious me, he and his warriors will not last long before our cannon and guns."

"We will occupy Zia this evening, then that Jemez affair will be a breakfast job," confidently joined in another Spaniard who had been listening to Vaca and Sandaval's conversation.

At that instant, a sign from the priest that a wounded comrade was dying drew the attention of all. A moment later, at the bidding of the *padre,* the cavaliers all passed one after another before the improvised stretcher and took a last look at the departing one. As they thus passed, some, though hardened by years of military service, shed tears over the loss of their friend and colleague in war. Many praised him for his courage and good works. Others said: "God's will be done. May God bless you. Good-by, my comrade."

As soon as life had left the body, a grave was quickly dug and the veteran of many years, the owner of many scars obtained in building up the power and glory of Spain, was buried according to the rites of the Catholic Church and the honors of war of the time.

In this last act, lined up in front of the grave with faces turned toward the afternoon sun, with sword and spears at their sides and with highly polished armor; armor and shields polished so as to strike awe and terror among the Indians. As they thus stood, they leveled their heavy matchlock guns across the "rest"—a kind of forked stick or staff, and holding the lighted fuse in their hands, waited the signal to fire the salute. It came when the priest took a handful of dirt and sprinkled it over the filled grave, saying: "Dust thou art and to

dust thou shalt return," etc. An eye looked down each gun barrel. A burning fuse was touched to the powder on the "pan." The implements of destruction belched forth fire and smoke toward the declining sun and spoke in thundering tones to the hills and mesas.

Returning from the burial, all anxiously waited the orders of the chief officer to advance. Although it was then three hours past noon, Zia was but eleven miles away; and if the simple-hearted Indians should surrender, thought the soldiers, they would be well fed and well quartered that night. And if the aborigines could not be deceived and made believe that they were on a friendly mission, well, they still had time to reduce the place before dark. Then all the Indians had would be theirs; and, consequently, they would be better quartered and better fed than ever. Should the resistance be a stubborn one, they could at least surround the place that night. The cannon would do the rest in the morning. But to the surprise of all, General Pasada was found to be averse to any further movement that day. Said he:

"We have taken possession of one place to-day. We are all tired. We have plenty of provision, such as it is. Here is good drinking water for us and an abundance of grass for our horses. We will stay here in camp to-night. We will camp on the promontory there. It is better for us to stay here. Yonder ridge separates us from Jemez, and Zia is out of sight around that point. Not an Indian of either of these villages knows of our approach. We will rest here to-night. In the early morning when the Zia men are in the fields at work, we will take the pueblo by surprise and enter its plaza in peace or at the edge of the sword. To the natives the

end will be the same, no difference how we enter it. Take the cannon and baggage to the top of the little mesa-peninsula and make camp."

The camping ground, as planned, was a small square. A large vesicular lava bowlder, weighing a hundred tons, was made its northeast corner; and the bowlders of the plat [*Si-you-kwaw* to this day is covered with round bowlders] were piled upon the line on all four sides, as a breastwork. When the camping area was cleared, cannons were placed in the corners of the square. Tents were then pitched, wood was carried to cook with Beds, with saddles for pillows, were made of cedar, pine, and piñon twigs, over which a blanket or robe was spread. Pickets were put out in the four cardinal directions to protect the camp. The horses were, also, hobbled out to graze.

The camp preparations being completed, the men took off their armor, stacked all their arms except their swords, which they kept at their sides. They then prepared to busy themselves at cards. This they did till sunset. Then at the bidding of the *padre,* all gathered around a cross, which had been erected in the center of the camp, and prayed that the work they were undertaking would be a success, that the Indians of the valley would again become loyal subjects of the King of Spain and would all be reconverted to Christianity.

At the close of the devotional service they returned to their respective quarters to prepare the evening meal. This was soon ready and all squatted around a common table, a table having the bare earth for a tablecloth; and all reached and helped themselves to the things before them.

As soon as the meal was eaten the men retired to their respective tents and in a few minutes all, except the pickets, were resting in sleep. A quiet had settled over the camp like the calm which precedes the storm.

On the Spaniards slept. The fires burned out one by one till only the central fire remained and only a few coals in it showed signs of life. The silent full moon began its western decline. The cold wind from the Jemez mountains reached the fullness of its power and whistled through the trees and shrubbery of the mesa and howled over the sandy wastes of the valley.

For hours all was still save the shrill whistle of the wind. Then the dismal yelp of a coyote was heard in the dry ravine which washes *Si-you-kwaw* on the east. Later the hideous hoot of an owl broke the quiet of the river valley to the south. While a turkey gobbled in the piñon-red cedar brushwood to the north. The coyote in the ravine then yelped a second time and was answered by a coyote in the vicinity west of the camp. A quiet then settled over the place for some minutes. Then the owl of the valley gave a weird hoot much nearer the camp than before. The coyotes again yelped and the turkeys gobbled. Their positions were evidently changing. As was indicated by the yelps and gobbles they were all moving toward one central point and that point was the Spanish camp. A quiet again reigned for a short time. Then a coyote yelped in the midst of the camp.

Instantly the clash came. The coyotes, owls, and gobblers of a moment before rushed upon the camp from every bush, tree, and bowlder as shrieking, howling, whooping Indians with the fury of demons. They leaped

over the unprotected breastwork. They captured the stack of arms and took possession of the central fire. They killed the unsuspecting Spaniards in their beds. They fought hand to hand with unarmored men as themselves. They took scalp after scalp. The camp was totally in their power. Only a few minutes more and the bloody work would be complete.

Suddenly the scene changed. The armored pickets who had let the supposed owls, coyotes, and turkeys pass them unchallenged made a bold dash to rescue their comrades. They cleared the breastwork in front of them, cut their way with their swords to the stack of arms and hewed down the Indians in charge of them. Then with the aid of a few other Spaniards who had succeeded in obtaining their arms and armor, they had begun to clear the camp when a surging wave of savages overwhelmed them. Don Diego and his division of braves, who had been held in reserve, entered the arena of combat. Though naked, they faced the armor-protected men. Scores of them went down before the keen-bladed sword, yet they desperately fought on. Their arrows and their tomahawks were of no avail, but their numbers were. So thickly did they gather around the swordsmen that the latter could not use their deadly weapons. The contest became a wrestling fight, in which the Indians were evidently winning. They wrenched the swords from their antagonists. They seized them by the helmet, arms, and legs, or around their bodies, and pulled them to the ground. They crushed them to death with cobblestones and heavy Indian war clubs or dispatched them with the tomahawk through the joints of the harness. Once more had the Indians gained the ascendency and

the camp was at their mercy. But only for a moment was it so; then the tide was reversed.

With firebrand in hand Pasada rushed unnoticed past the contending multitude and ignited the fuse of one of the loaded cannons, then to another, and then to a third. Instantly the discharges came. The tongues of fire and smoke leaped forth, the ground trembled, and the deep detonations shook the air. The effect among the Indian ranks was appalling. Instantly the Spaniards took advantage of the opportunity. They made a dash for the stack of arms, recaptured them, clothed themselves in armor, seized their guns, lighted their fuses from the central fire and commenced shooting at random among the charging Indians. Time with the Spaniards was precious. The cannons at Santa Anna had answered the signals of distress fired by General Pasada. Could they hold out one hour, succor would be at hand. The cannoneers hurriedly reloaded the cannons. With a lighted fuse, one of their number started to ignite the powder. He reached the cannon near the big bowlder. He bent to touch off the deadly weapon. His time had come. Thud went a war club and he was dead at Don Diego's feet. With a quick movement, Don Diego then seized the firebrand, and leaping over the piles of dead and dying, fired the tents before the Spaniards noticed that the burning fuse had changed hands.

In a moment all was enveloped in flames. The pine, red cedar, and piñon twigs of which the beds were made added to the conflagration. Even the needles of the piñons and the standing cedars took fire. And the bags of powder which the Spaniards had brought with them exploded. For a moment all was confusion. Then

both Don Diego and Pasada were heard calling their men to action. It was an awful moment for each. Had either any warriors to call to action! A few minutes told the story. A mere handful was the remaining Spaniards; a hundred, the Indians right at hand.

Everywhere Pasada seemed present. Courageously, he shouted to his cavaliers: "In the name of the Virgin Mary, fight for your lives, fight for the king of Spain, fight for the God of heaven. Fight! Though less than our adversaries in numbers, we are more than they in might. Charge upon them. Cut them down with your swords. Our comrades are coming to our rescue. The cannons at Santa Anna have so declared it. In the name of the Holy Mary, fight. God is on our side; fight in his name."

In like manner Don Diego seemed to be everywhere. "In the name of those above," he called to his braves, "fight for your lives, for your wives and children. Fight for our house of worship. Fight for our gods. Fight like men, not as squaws. We have killed the enemy, nearly all. Verify my statements with your eyes. You have put them to death with your own hands. At hand we are ten times more than they and the Zia war-captain with one division of our men is momentarily expected. Fight that the victory will be complete. Fight that when your father comes on the wings of the morning, he may look down on us triumphant. Fight that the sun will own us as his children. In the name of all the gods of our fathers charge upon the enemies. The scalps of these men are yours: take them that with to-day's sun you may hang them as trophies in the houses of our gods. Those above are for us: fight in their

strength. Fight that the great Pest-ya-sode may own us as his brothers. Rush upon the enemy. Drag them to the ground. Crush them to death with cobble stones and the deadly war club. Your father is coming. The first rays of the morning herald his approach. Scalp the last enemy before the great father looks down upon us from the holy mountains at his rising."

The medecine man began to beat his drum behind the big bowlder. The braves leaped forward like mountain lions upon their prey. The mortal conflict was on again. Twice a Spaniard started with lighted fuse to fire the cannons, twice the flaming implement was snatched from his hand. A third time he started, reached the cannon by the big bowlder and ignited it, just as Don Diego's club brought him to the ground. The cannon discharge came. Several Indians were killed. The remainder wavered for an instant only. The Jemez war-captain rallied them in the name of those above. In a moment they were fighting more courageously than before. Pasada and his now few remaining men, driven to the last extremity, made a bold dash for their horses, hoping, now that it was daylight, to escape from the Indians in flight. Leaving their dead and dying behind, over the breastworks they leaped and down the precipitous western side of the mesa they ran, slid, or tumbled. Reaching the "flat" by the spring, they, hotly pursued, were making their greatest possible speed, when, quick as a flash of lightning, consternation filled the hearts of them all.

The neighing of steeds and the horrifying noise made by horses in the throes of death on the battle-field told them too plainly that the helpless animals, helpless be-

cause hobbled or staked, had fallen into the hands of the Indians and were being slaughtered by them. Hardly had the Spaniards time to think before the butchery of the horses was completed.

At once the Zia braves rushed from the slaughter of horses to the slaughter of men. As they gave the hideous, terrifying Zia war whoop, they closed in the Spanish front.

"All is lost!" shouted Pasada to his comrades. "If we must die, let's die like men. If we must die, may these children of the sun have plenty of evidence that we have lived."

Scarcely were the words uttered, when the savages assailed them from all sides. For a few minutes the swords were busy. For a few moments the exclamations: "*Per Dios!* By the Holy Mary!" "By the Mother of Jesus!" "In the name of the Holy Virgin!" and the prayer, "Holy Mary, Mother of Jesus, pray for us," filled the air. Then all was still, save the yelps of the victorious Indians.

Pasada was still alive, but his cavaliers were all dead and scalped. The Indians surged around him like the stormy waves round a rock at sea. He was withed to a piñon tree. Around him a great quantity of wood was quickly piled, as the warriors leaped into the air, swung their tomahawks, gashed the tree on all sides of him, and yelled the blood-curdling yell of the war dance. Don Diego ignited the wood. Then after brandishing his Indian hatchet in the captain's face for a few minutes, he hurled the weapon with all his strength so that it just missed the prisoner's head and stuck in the tree above it. Quickly the smoke enveloped the helpless man and the

tongues of flame began to leap up in his face. A puff of smoke strangled him. Getting his breath, he was startled by the command: "*Per Dios,* Charge, comrades, charge. In the name of the Mother of Jesus, charge." It was General Otero's voice.

Around the southwest point of *Si-you-kwaw* galloped one hundred armored horses and men. A moment Pasada thought he was dreaming. On charged the invincible Spaniards. The Zia war-captain was killed, Don Diego was taken prisoner, and Pasada was snatched from a most horrible death. But the end of the battle was not yet come. The desperate Indians fought to rescue their war-captain. Not an inch did the Spaniards gain but it was at once retaken. Time and again was the ground fought over. Horses' legs were broken. Riders were dragged from their saddles. Hurled cobble stones broke their shields. The war club crushed their armor. From front and rear and from every side the Indians closed in on them.

Knowing that Don Diego was the soul and heart of his people and believing that he was the cause of the terrible onslaughts, Pasada ordered him on the penalty of being burned at the stake to command his warriors to stop fighting and to become submissive subjects of the King of Spain.

Bound hand and foot, Don Diego was carried to the front where the fiercest contest was being waged. The Indians ceased fighting. The Spaniards waited the captive to speak. A breathless silence took possession of all, as Don Diego lifted his chained hands to heaven. A moment he paused. Then as he took a firm look at the rising sun, he began to address the braves:

"My brothers, the white war-captain bids me command you to lay down your arms and become subjects to his people. This he has ordered me to do, upon the penalty of my life. But what is my life compared to the lives and liberties of my people. Your brother flinches not. His heart is not the heart of a squaw, but that of a warrior. These men can kill him, but the great Pest-ya-sode will give him his reward. In the name of those above fight till the Great Father calls you to his mansions in the sun."

The horrible war whoop told that the expedient had failed. Forward rushed the infuriated savages. Don Diego was rescued and the guards in charge of him were either killed or taken prisoners. The Indians shrieked and danced for joy. The old medicine man beat the drum more vigorously than before. At once Don Diego made himself felt again everywhere. Harder and harder and fiercer and fiercer the braves fought. They worsted the Spaniards on every side. At last the latter wavered, then fled.

The Spanish record of this *entrada* reads: "On October 8, 1687 (or 1688, according to some authors), Don Pedro Reneros de Pasada fought the Queres, burned tents at Zia, and captured ten people who were later sold as slaves to work in the mines in northwestern Mexico. He then abandoned the region." (Bancroft's History, vol. on Arizona and New Mexico.)

But Zia was doomed.

For a short time after this battle the valley had peace. Then the Spaniards came again. They reached the valley in 1689. Under Jironza de Cruzat, who had succeeded Pasada, they attacked and destroyed Santa Anna,

the Santa Annas under Ojeda fleeing to Zia. Cruzat did not sleep. He pursued the fleeing refugees and in a desperate battle defeated the combined forces of Zia and Santa Anna at the former's village, set fire to the huts, killed 600 aborigines, captured seventy prisoners, who, with the exception of a few old men, were burned or shot or both. Many other natives allowed themselves to be burned to death in their homes rather than submit.

The Zias had intended to seek the Jemez for aid in this battle; but Ojeda, being an enemy of the Jemez war-captain, opposed the measure, saying that Don Diego was a treacherous Indian and more to be feared than the Spaniards. Don Diego knew not this. On hearing the cannon and seeing the signals of smoke from Mount Negro, he quickly gathered his braves and marched down the valley. He sought to aid his neighbors to stay the northern march of the pale-faces, if possible. Zia, however, was taken before he could reach the place; and the Spaniards were busily engaged in gathering in the spoils. Not knowing that a new foe was at hand, they were surprised and routed in the early twilight and, finally after a fierce contest, were compelled to abandon the country. The Jemez now were masters of the valley.*

*Author's license. Some authors state that this battle was fought near Santa Anna. This refers to the battle of Si-you-kwaw, as here named.

CHAPTER XIV

THE lone woman in the cave regained consciousness. She sat up. Where was she? She fumbled the floor about her. Her hand touched the yet hot ashes. She remembered it all then. She had seen dead people. Was she not in the land of the shades! She felt of her fingers and her body to see if she was still a living being. She breathed on her hands. She even hallooed, but the reverberating sound affrighted her. She rose to her feet in terror, but sat down quickly again: for where would she go. She meditated a few minutes. Her hand accidently touched the hot ashes again. She would make another fire, she at once decided. She gathered some more splints. She blew her breath gently on the ashes as she stirred them till finally one single live coal was found. This she kept under constant breath-pressure till she had carefully piled the splints on it and had caused it to blaze and ignite them. On these she then placed two or three small slivers. Then she buried her face in her hands. Shuddering and her teeth chattering, she finally opened her eyes; but her attention was at once attracted from the ghastly forms at her feet to a chisled mark on the wall. She looked at it. She knew it. It was the lodge sign of the Pueblo order she had once been a member of. It was always placed opposite the entrance to the hall. She had the clue. She knew the direction she should go.

She gathered up the pieces of the stick she had broken and which had not yet been burned. The larger sticks she split into finer ones by means of an Indian hatchet head which she found lying upon the floor. A few of these she ignited and, carrying the rest with her in her dress skirt, she started for the entrance. Forward she moved as rapidly as she could, not to extinguish her torch by the movement. As the sticks burned, she added another from her scanty lot, making each one burn as long as possible. She had burned half of the sticks, when she came to a small pool of water in one of the rooms through which she was passing. Laying down the torch, she quenched her thirst from the cool waters. As she was drinking, the torch ceased to blaze; and on resuming her journey, she had to blow her breath on the few live coals quite a little before a blaze could be produced again. She felt stronger now that her thirst was quenched and walked more briskly. She had gone quite a distance, when her eye suddenly discovered fresh ashes on the floor. She was going the wrong way again. She was going back into the far recesses of the cave a second time. She turned about and retraced her steps to the pool of water. She then was reassured and hurriedly passed on from room to room. She took the last stick from her dress skirt and added it to the two sticks still blazing in her hands. She hurried on. The sticks burned down to mere stubs. She held them between thumb and finger till only the points were left and they had scorched her fingers. She dropped them to the adamant floor. Her heart was in a tremulous agitation lest in the darkness she would lose her way again, when, oh, exultation! Light appeared in front of her; and,

with a few quick steps, she found herself once more on the platform overlooking the valley.

The scene had wholly changed. Not a sound could be heard in the cañon depths, not a person could be seen, as she stood there in the full light of the rising sun and prayed to it, her god and her preserver. The valley had been vacated and she was safe to do what she liked for the present, so far as the vigilance of man was concerned. Immediately, she began to search the cliff to see if there was any possible way by which she could climb to the top of the mesa from the cliff shelf; but discovered none. She then began to scan the rock wall to find the best place of descent. After making up her mind which of two possible routes was the better, she climbed and shelfed it down and down till she found herself once more on the valley floor.

She had drawn a long breath of relief, when a groan attracted her attention. She went to the spot where she had heard the exclamation of pain and there in a chink in the rock was an Indian lying in a semi-conscious condition. She looked at him a moment. Then as she herself was hungry almost unto death, she went to a near-by field and, after searching about for a few minutes, she found a stray ear of corn that had been accidentally left at the husking time. This she eagerly ate, and continued her search for food, till she had gathered an arm load of corn. She also found a cast-away gourd-dipper.

As she was thus gathering food and satisfying her hunger, she kept thinking of the Indian in the niche. He undoubtedly was the brave who had fallen from the wall the night they sought to take her life away; and, believ-

ing him dead, they had cast him into the place where he now lay and then left. She was alone with the supposed dead but he was still alive. She felt sleepy after satisfying her appetite; but before she would allow her eyes to close, she must go and see what she could do for the suffering one and also look after her own safety. Should she yet fall into the hands of Kilpe, her life would be wrenched from her in the most horrible manner that that heartless husband could conjure up. She filled the cup with water and, going down into the sepulcher, lifted the groaning man's head and gave him a sip from the cup and then another and another till he wished no more. Then she built a fire and parched some corn. This she crushed to powder between two rocks, and, making a gruel out of it, gave it to him to eat. With great difficulty, she then lifted him out of the place and carried him to a little sheltered nook. Here she made him a bed of cornhusks and grass and builded a little shelter-protection, also lighted a fire close by him in the hurriedly erected wigwam. These things being done, she then rubbed him and worked with him till far into the night following, though she knew it was he who had tried to scale the walls to capture her for the purpose of burning her at the stake that fateful night; but he was drunk then. At last, he opened his eyes and looked about intelligently. Suddenly he shuddered and shrieked when he got a glimpse of the feminine face that was bending over him.

"O my gods," he groaned, "why torment me in the land of the dead. I was drunk. I did not know what I was doing. Do not torment me. Take this woman's face from me. Had I have been sober, I would not

have wanted to help burn her. O my gods, have mercy and not torment me more."

Geetlu talked to him and told him that he was not in the land of the departed spirits, but living and that she was alive and unhurt. She further told him that she had escaped being burned and that he had fallen and got terribly hurt, but she thought he would recover. After a time he began to recall the incidents the night of the big *tulipie*-drunk, one by one. He wanted to talk on to her, but she told him it would be best for him to keep quiet. She then gave him some more food, after which both were soon fast asleep.

Morning came and after Geetlu had prepared breakfast, having succeeded in killing a "fool hen" and a rabbit in the early dawn, she sat down and gave the invalid his breakfast, sitting by him and giving him morsel after morsel as he eagerly ate as much as she thought he ought to have. He said nothing while he ate and nothing till after she had eaten her own breakfast. Having finished her meal, she came and sat on the ground close by his couch. He looked at her and said: "You are Geetlu. I tried to kill you. Now you save my life. Bad man I am. You good woman."

"Don't talk about it," said Geetlu, as she waved her hand for him to drop the unpleasant subject. "I must leave you this morning," she continued. "I must leave this valley and this land. I have gathered you wood and corn and you may also have this meat. I will leave these things in your reach. I have also found an old *tus*. This I have filled with water and will place it in your reach too. No, no use (he had been about to address her again), I cannot stay here. I must climb over

yonder mountains to my home beyond them. To stay here is death. My cruel husband, Kilpe, will use every means at his command to carry out his heinous designs. He shall not burn me —"

The sick man, who was known as Noskelzhohn, in a great effort, here interrupted her: "You could never get over yonder mountain. This river is 'boxed,' and the mesas are crossed and transversely crossed by a maze of steep cañons. Furthermore, at this time of year you would freeze to death."

"But Kilpe," rejoined Geetlu.

"Kilpe, your husband," continued Noskelzhohn, "Kilpe will never burn you or harm a hair of your head. Kilpe is dead. He drowned in the river. I saw him drown with my own eyes. Yes, he is dead, and you are a free woman."

Geetlu jumped up and down and yelled. For the first time in many years she felt real joy take possession of her inmost soul.

Her exclamations were answered by Indians in the distance; and before she had time to conceal herself, the little wigwam was filled with people. But instead of trying to seize her, as she expected, they stood about her and stared, with open mouth. Then without saying a word they left the *tepee*. Without, they were heard to have a prolonged talk among themselves. For a long time they talked, while Geetlu quaked with fear within the Indian hut and peered out for some possible egress of escape. Finally, one of the Indians came back into the wigwam and went and felt of Noskelzhohn and also conversed with him to make sure that he was alive and that they had not every one of them seen dead people

(ghosts). He then returned to the people without the wigwam.

Another prolonged talk followed. Then all returned to the *tepee*. The leader placed his hand on Geetlu's head, as she shuddered. But he assured her by the look on his face that he meant not to seize her. "My sister," he commenced, "this our brother was dead and we buried him according to our customs and our women have been mourning his death at morning, noon, and night for four days now. And here, you have brought him back to life. You are a great medicine woman, the greatest of our tribe. We welcome you as our sister and medicine woman. You climbed up that rock wall like a squirrel and disappeared as though swallowed up in the abyss above; then you come back and restore our brother to life after he had been dead and buried. You are the great medicine woman. We welcome you."

"But, my brother," broke in Geetlu, "I must leave this place. Kilpe's people will kill me, will burn me."

"Leave that to us, sister. This man here is my brother, this man whom you have brought back to life. We have already sent a messenger to purchase you from his (Kilpe's) relatives. We will pay the price. You are now free from them and you may live with us as our sister. My brother is unmarried. If you choose, you may be his wife; but you may do as you choose. We will tell no one of your whereabouts till we have turned over the property for you. So you may consider yourself safe. We leave this provision with you and leave you here with our brother till we come again. Our sister here will also remain to aid you."

Two days passed and they returned and Geetlu was

wholly free so far as Kilpe's relatives were concerned; but, of course, yet a prisoner, as she very well knew. Three days later, she was again at the camp at the forks of the river, the wife of Noskelzhohn. She was welcomed as a wonderful woman: even Kilpe's relatives were not bitter against her. Bedessendaha came running to meet her, as she arrived; and, taking her in her arms, exclaimed: "One day all wished to kill you. To-day you are big medicine woman. We all welcome you."

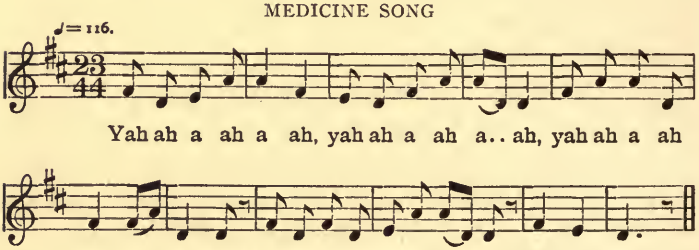
Geetlu could hardly believe her senses. She could hardly realize that she was the person whom all were lauding. She did not know what they meant by calling her a medicine woman until one day when she was called upon to "doctor" a little girl. On being summoned, she at first refused to go, stating that she was still tired from her trip and, furthermore, knew nothing about healing the sick. But a refusal would not be accepted: besides the clan to which the little girl belonged, pledged her more corn than she had raised altogether if she would effect a cure. Finally she told them that she would go; but that she wished no pay for it; she would go for the benefit of her fellows and not for pay.

She went and performed over the patient in a sort of crude massage; also gave her herb tea to drink: and in a few days she had completely recovered.

Soon after this, a dance was given in honor of the medicine woman, as Geetlu was then called. It was a social affair, like those where the unmarried squaws choose their husbands. The Indian whisky was made and the wood carried for a central fire; all dances with the Apaches are held at night. As dusk began to claim the land, the populace gathered and squatted on the bare

ground in a large circle around the central blaze of the fire which had now been started. The chanters also gathered and squatted themselves in a bunch within the circle to the northwest of the now huge burning heap. A captured Mexican pot with a rawhide stretched over its open face served as a drum; a willow stick with the beating end bent and tied into a circular loop, served as a drumstick. The leading medicine man, the chief of ceremonies of the night, placed his elbows on his knees and his face between his hands, and began to chant: "ya *a a a a* ya," to which all the other chanters joined in before the chorus was reached.

MEDICINE SONG



As the dance began, Geetlu, the queen of the occasion, the woman of the hour, walked forward within the circle from the northeast horizon mark. She was dressed in her best attire of buckskin skirt and overlapping loose waist of the same material, all fringed and painted and beaded. In her right hand she carried a medicine dancing stick, some four feet in length, on which was carved the likeness of the god of pleasure who is supposed to live and dance around Chromo Butte of the Apache mountains. After she had walked forward to the fire, she

began a light tripping dance in a straight line in first a backward and then a forward movement to the time of the music, the "sweep" covering practically a radius of the inclosed circle. After she had danced back and forth a few times, she was joined by other women to the number of five or seven. Other groups then formed till the whole circle was filled with dancers, all facing the central fire and lightly tripping backward and forward. The music ceased, to be resumed in a moment. New sets were formed, to use our modern terms. Each unmarried woman (only single women are supposed to dance in the dancing groups, though men may dance even if they have a dozen wives) then went to the chanting group and the group of men squatted on the ground on the circumferential margin of the circle and picked out the partners with whom they wished to dance, sometimes being refused and compelled to dance a set alone, as a brownish-red blush covered the face. The chosen one faced his partner, a group of women faced a group of men, and all tripped backward and forward as the women had formerly done; the men, of course, were tripping backward when the women were tripping forward, and *vice versa;* none touching hands as in civilized dances. Thus they danced one set through. The men then retired and the women chose partners again. Geetlu did not choose a partner; she had the medicine cane to dance with. Thus they danced throughout the whole night, with the exception that towards morning the married women, who cared to, joined separately in a clog-dance, clown movement, thus furnishing amusement and merriment. As the sun rose over the White Mountains, all took one more drink of Indian whisky and re-

tired, the men taking the women, with whom they had danced, home with them to be their wives if they wished them and had the necessary property to buy them of their parents or guardians.

A few days after the dance, Noskelzhohn and his wife set out for their new home at Cibicu, some forty miles northwest of the present Fort Apache: he was a Cibicu Indian and had land there. They left the forks of the river and went northwestward through the Kelley Butte gap and passed Sugar Loaf Butte. At the foot of the latter by a spring of clear water which gushes out of a limestone ledge, they then camped for the night. The next morning they resumed their journey, following roughly the line of the present trail. Reaching Carrixo creek cañon, they descended into it, quenched their thirst from some slightly alkaline water that had collected in pools here and there on the dry bed. They then began to climb the westward cañon wall over the broken lava. Geetlu gave out and her husband took her pack; they were carrying their household utensils with them. On, up, they climbed to a height of some five hundred feet in vertical sections, then up a long incline still over broken lava for several miles. Reaching the summit of the first bench, they paused a moment. In this interval, Noskelzhohn took a tiny sack from some part of his clothing, and, emptying some yellow, cat-tail-flag pollen from it into his hand, sprinkled a crude stone altar with the sacred dust, after which he scattered some of the dust toward the four winds, as his lips moved in prayer. Having sprinkled the dust of the gods, he put the sack back into its place and then broke a twig from a near-by tree. This he placed on the altar and over it he placed

a small shingle rock. Geetlu, out of curiosity, asked him what he was doing. He answered her that he was thanking his gods that the miserable hill had been climbed (if the reader ever goes over it he will not wonder why the Indian was thankful).

After they had rested a few minutes, they resumed their journey on westward, now over a level bench covered with dwarf cedar and piñon and an occasional juniper. For some miles they traveled thus. Then they traveled over a slight ridge into a little gulch where there was some fresh water. Here they stopped and ate lunch. After the lunch, they again started on their journey, now on quite an upward incline. For hours, they climbed over lime and sandstone terraces of a former, widely eroded valley. Finally they came to an almost straight up and down bench several feet in height directly in front of them. This they shelfed in zigzag style till they reached the summit. They were then on the top of the Cibicu Mountains, among the fir and pine trees of the Mogollon forest. Along this they traveled for a considerable distance till at last the western margin was reached and beyond them at their feet, it seemed, stretched out the broad Cibicu valley, but yet miles away. Here they camped for the night. The next day they descended the mountains to the valley and to their home.

They were welcomely received in the valley and Geetlu enjoyed her new home very much. Her husband also was always good to her, as were her neighbors. In addition, she held the place of honor as being a medicine woman and she was kept continually busy looking after the sick.

In the early part of the summer at Cibicu, she went with some women over the mesas to the westward to gather *mescal.* For many miles they passed through open timber where the ground is clothed in a carpet of grass. After they had traveled some miles, they came to a pueblo ruins inclosed in a wall and all overgrown with giant trees. They passed this ruined village and on over a ridge into another valley, thence northwestward to the head of the valley past miles of tavertine deposits to the Grasshopper Springs' region. Here they quenched their thirst and rested for the night.

The next day they resumed their trip, now westward and a little southward. They had traveled only a few miles on the Grasshopper Springs' bench, when they came to another pueblo ruin, built directly across a small valley so that the village-wall formed a dam to the stream that flowed there. From the reservoir thus formed, much land had been sometime under irrigation, as was shown by the ditches and the cleared area. Indications were also there to show that the village had been long inhabited before it was overwhelmed, as the graveyard was large (covering more than five acres of ground). As Geetlu inspected these ruins, she thought of her far-away pueblo home. After looking around the ruins for a considerable time, they proceeded onward.

On the edge of the grassy region, they came to the broken area, a rough, rugged country forming the Oak creek-Cañon creek divide. From the summit of this they descended over sandstone ledges for many miles in a rather gentle decline. Then they came to a yellowish, marble-like limestone filled with ocean shells of the far away Devonian time. After leaving this formation, they

passed over the Old Red sandstone series and out farther, onto the vitreous Tonto sandstone area, crossing cañons and ascending places steeper than an ordinary house roof, as they roamed about looking for *mescal* tubers.

As they were thus searching this broken region, Geetlu's eye caught sight of the Cañon creek cliff houses, built on a protected shelf in a secluded place far up in a narrow little valley, that though now destitute of water, must once have had water running through it in quantities even sufficient for irrigation; corn cobs and a kind of rye have been found in the granaries there. Geetlu went to the houses, looked them through, examined some of the broken pieces of pottery, then with a sigh turned and left the place. In a little while she joined the other women and all proceeded about their task, as some laughed about her visiting the houses of the long ago.

They gathered their *mescal* tubers and roasted them that night. Then the next day they started home, arriving there the second day following. As soon as rested Geetlu went to irrigating her cornfield. As she was spreading the water, a splash indicated that a mountain trout had mistook the ditch for the main channel of the stream and had stranded in the open field. She picked it up and put it in a secure place till she had finished the irrigating. After finishing it, she took the fish and went to her wigwam.

After resting a few minutes she then cleaned the fish and roasted it among the live coals of the fire. When it was cooked, she sat it before her husband for his evening meal; but he would not touch it, saying: "We

Apaches do not eat fish." One of the medicine men of the tribe was also there and he, too, refused to eat of the fish. Geetlu was curious. Turning to the medicine man she said: "Brother, I am a Pueblo and we eat fish. Do tell me why you will not eat them. Is there anything wrong in eating them?"

The old man straightened his bent frame and said: "No, we do not eat fish. They are the spirits of wicked women. Do you see the spots on them? Once, a long time ago all our people got an 'awful sick.' They were hot. They were burning up with fever. The medicine men took them all down by the river's brink and there they gave the sick a sweat bath, the hot steam bath of purification. This they all took. Then emerging from the *bath-tepee,* they plunged themselves into the invigorating waters of the river, only to come out on the bank and die. All died who were sick. The people were enraged against the medicine men. They thought they had killed the 'sick' intentionally. They rose as one man to annihilate them all, when the dead people began to turn spotted just like the fish in the river. The explanation was simple. The bad spirits of the fish had entered the people who had bathed and had killed them all. From that day to this no Apache has eaten fish" [and but few of them have ever bathed].

The aged man resumed his stooped posture again; but Geetlu had more questions to ask him. Turning so as to face him, she said: "Brother, I see, I see your reasons." She paused a moment, then continued: "I wish to ask you some more questions about things which I have seen in your country, if it will not be too much for you to answer them for me."

"Go on," commanded the medicine man. "I will tell you about anything I know about."

"Well," resumed Geetlu, more confidently, "in many places in your country there are ruined villages. There are three in this valley, one at the Grasshopper Springs, a walled village over here in the timber of the southwest, and many more scattered here and there. Who are those people and what became of them? I would like to ask."

The old man frowned and spat in the fire in contempt. Then he turned a piercing eye upon the questioner and said: "We do not wish to talk about that people. They overran this country many, many suns ago and, overpowering our people, made slaves of them all. For many, many years, our people were their slaves and did all their work for them. They had a big Chief who lived under the noonday sun. Once upon a time, this big Chief had a great war in his southland home; and being hard pressed, he sent officers throughout his realms calling his warriors to his capital to help repel the foe. After they had departed, our people rose against the women and children and old men and massacred them all and destroyed their places of habitation as you have seen them. Since that time we have been the slaves of no race of men. No, we do not like to talk about these people." Again he spat in the fire in contempt, then became silent.

Geetlu wished more information about things which she had seen, so continued her questioning: "Brother," she began again, "you know I was once lost in the cliff cave toward the mountains of snow. When we were over toward Oak creek gathering *mescal,* I also saw many cliff houses. I would like to know who the people

were who lived in these places and what became of them."

"It is a long story," he began, talking more freely than previously. "It was a long, long time ago when these people lived here. There were little folk. There were two tribes of them. One of them lived in the cañon of the White Mountain River, as one approaches the sun at his rising. They had a village in the valley; also a cave village. The other tribe lived in the Oak creek-Cañon creek cliff houses that you have seen and still farther westward along the high east escarpment of the Sierra Ancha. For many, many summers these people lived at peace and cultivated their little valley fields and hunted and killed the game in the forests and feasted with each other on special occasions.

"Finally, after many years, a White Mountain cliff dweller desired to take for his wife a daughter of the Oak creek chief; but her people would not permit the marriage. The White Mountain man, whose name was Elondazen, offered to buy his prospective wife; but after a great deal of negotiation, the Oak creek 'principals' rejected the proposed purchase, and Elondazen and his relatives returned home sad and dejected.

"Arriving at their home, a meeting of the 'principals' of the place was called; and, after considerable consultation, it was decided to obtain the maiden, Gumwapa (Salt), of the Oak creek people by stealth. So according to a prearranged plan, many White Mountain braves went and concealed themselves in the hills adjacent to Cañon and Oak creeks. It was in the *mescal* gathering season. The women of the Oak creek village all went into the hills to collect *mescal* tubers. Gumwapa ac-

companied the other women. All were busy, when Gumwapa suddenly found herself being carried away in the arms of her lover Elondazen. She did not object much to going with him. And the women who were there tried not to help release her; but all fled to the village.

"With pent-up fury, the Oak creek people pursued Elondazen and his warriors and the captured girl. They thought to rescue the latter, but were unsuccessful. Over the hills and through the timber and across cañons and creeks they chased the fleeing White Mountain people to their village home on White Mountain river. There in the valley a great battle was fought in which the Oak creek people were routed and driven from the valley to the region of Cedar creek and Sugar Loaf Butte. Here night came on and the fighting ceased. Morning, however, brought a change of movement. In the night the Oak creek people had been reënforced by the Sierra Ancha cliff dwellers; and at daybreak, the combined forces fell upon the confident victors of the day before and put them to flight. Throughout that whole day then there was a running battle among the hills and ridges, dikes and buttes of the Kelley Butte country. Even the coming of night did not cause the slaughter to cease. But under cover of the darkness, the White Mountain people, though hard pressed, were able to retreat up the valley to their village home. Here behind its walls they made a determined stand; but after a seven days' continual conflict, they were defeated again and a breach was made in the outer wall toward the rear of the village. The night following, a pitched battle was fought in the plaza between the contending braves. While the unequal contest was going on, the women fled with their belong-

ings to the cliff cave; many had already gone there before the village was besieged. While the battle was being waged at its fiercest, Gumwapa was placed on the roof through a hatchway of one of the houses by the enraged women of the place. Her hands were tied. A lone woman appeared on the roof with her. It was the White Mountain girl whom Elondazen had jilted when he had taken the Oak creek woman. The enraged girl had more than revenge stored up in her determination. She stabbed the helpless girl to death and then hurled her from the roof into the midst of her brothers and fellow countrymen, exclaiming as she did so: 'Take your sister Salt. She has caused us trouble enough already.'

"The morning following found the village wholly in possession of the Oak creek braves; all of the White Mountain people that had escaped death or capture had fled to the cave. But the people from the west were not yet satisfied. They would yet have revenge for the murder of Gumwapa. So they pursued the fleeing enemy to their cave fort; and there at its entrance another pitched battle was fought for many days. Though the White Mountain folk were defeated in this battle also, the contest was so near equal that the Oak creek braves could not force the entrance and capture the cave village. Having exhausted their strength, they retreated a safe distance from the cave entrance and there sat down to besiege the place till the inmates would be forced by starvation to surrender. For a long time they continued the siege, but unsuccessful. And worse still, each morning at sunrise the head chief of the cave people would come out on the little platform at the cave entrance and taunt the Oak creek enemy, saying: 'Starve yourselves.

Kill your own people since you wish to kill someone. We are safe here. You cannot get into this cave. Our gods would strike you dead should you enter it. No, we will not surrender. We have provision enough stored within to last us many years, also a spring of fresh, clear water gushes forth in one of the rooms. Go starve yourselves. If you wish to kill human beings, kill yourselves: then you will not offend any gods but your own.'

"The Oak creek people, however, would not give up their quest. They were bent upon having revenge. At last they called a meeting of their chief advisors; and, after many hours of deliberation, a new plan of procedure was decided upon.

"Under cover of the darkness, that night, they swarmed up over the ledge and captured the cave entrance, killing the pickets on guard in it or driving them back within the narrow hall-way. Then the assailants brought up great quantities of resin and pitch wood and piled it high up about the hole in the cliff. Then they kindled a huge fire and never suffered it to abate its fury. For days and days they kept it burning; and the fire gleamed brightly by night and by day against the side of the vast rock face. A continuous, strong south wind also aided the assailants: the cliff extends northward along a huge fissure in the earth's crust, and the wind blew the choking smoke to the innermost recesses of the cavern. Death was certain to the imprisoned hoards. Hurriedly they collected in their chamber of worship and there perished while at prayer. At length, the revenging army retired, leaving a blackened hall-way and a giant pile of ashes on the ledge."

Geetlu started to thank the aged man for his kindness

in narrating these things to her, when he arose and left the wigwam.

The second night following the above incident, Geetlu had been out to see a patient; and, returning just at daybreak, found her husband very much downcast in spirit. He was sitting by the fire sprinkling cat-tail-flag pollen to the four winds. He never noticed her when she returned, but kept on sprinkling the pollen. She spoke to him and he stared at her wildly. "What is wrong, Noskelzhohn," she quickly asked, as she went to him and put her hands on his head.

Still staring wildly, he spoke to her: "Oh, Geetlu, before the frost comes me die. Me alone in *tepee*. Owl come and light on wigwam and hoot and call me to go with him to the dead land. Leaves yet on the trees, me die. Me leave good Geetlu. I ask my people to let you go to your village home. Me die."

"But don't talk that way, Noskelzhohn. I want you to live long. We will go together to my home. I will explain all to them and they will be good to you."

"Me die, good Geetlu. Me die. I know," he broke in.

Geetlu dropped the subject and went about her morning work. When she had breakfast ready, she set it before him; but he refused to eat and still sat and stared and talked about that he was going to die. Geetlu became alarmed and at once called a consultation of the medical fraternity: her husband was already very sick. That night began a series of medicine performances to restore his health and normal state of mind.

During the day Geetlu gave him root tea to drink; but he grew gradually worse. As dusk began to cover

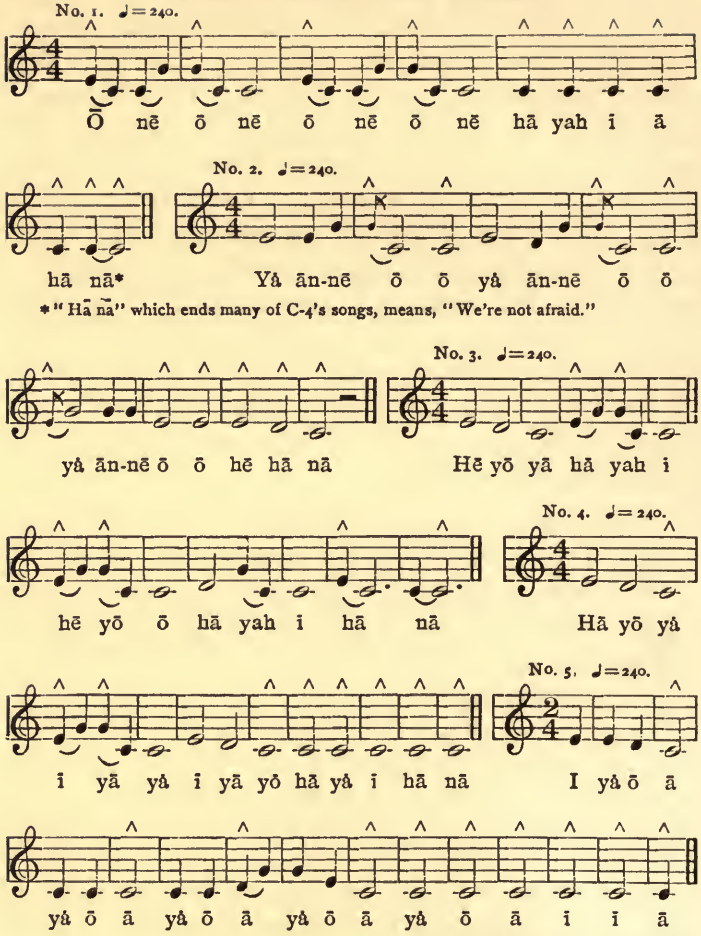
the land, drums were brought to the *tepee,* and a little later the medicine men arrived. Then the medicine singing began. The patient was placed on a pallet to the east of the central fire in the wigwam. The chief medicine man of the evening squatted at the head of this bed with his face looking toward the east (Geetlu could not act as doctor as one of her own family was the sufferer). Immediately around the medicine man were seated other members of the "medicine" fraternity; while around the room were seated as many Indians as could conveniently find squatting space in the hovel. In addition, many more were seated on the ground without the Indian house in front of the entrance to it.

When all was ready, the old medicine man spat into the fire, then began to sing:

"Kaws' ah tun'-nee yah' osh kah'
Kaws' ah tun'-nee yah' osh kah'
Kaws' ah tun'-nee yah' osh kah'
Kaws' ah tun'-nee yah' osk kee' yah'.
Yah' dethith'-be-zhe'
Pair-ris' kee-kay' ed-dee-teen'
Tsot' un-tzhon'-nee
Bair' in-dah' klee'-dal-ash'
Yah' ed-dee-teen' oo' bair tzhon'-nee
Nod'-o-tash' yo' e' hay' nay'."

The drum began to measure off the time; and soon all within as well as those without the *tepee* were singing the "sick" away. This song was repeated ten times. Then several other songs were sung, after which the singing ceased for a few minutes.

MEDICINE SONGS OF THE APACHES



* "Hā nā" which ends many of C-4's songs, means, "We're not afraid."

Music transcribed by J. P. Herring.

As soon as the singing ceased, the chief of ceremonies took a wooden snake out of the ashes, by some trick he had concealed it while the singing was going on. Tak-

ing the crude carving in his left hand, he blew a breath in prayer on it, then sprinkled it with the sacred pollen of the cat-tail-flag, after which he sprinkled a pinch of the same dust toward each of the semi-cardinal points. He then placed the lower surface of this effigy of medicine on the afflicted parts of the patient in each of the "four wind" directions, praying all the while to his gods and sprinkling the patient with the sacred dust. This being completed, the snake was burned and the singing resumed.

For another hour or more they sang, with air foul and noise deafening. Then another breathing spell was taken. At this time the medicine man produced a wooden frog. This he performed with as he had with the snake, after which it was likewise burned. The singing was again resumed.

For a long time the singing was kept up. Then the medicine men produced five hoops. These were each some two and one-half feet in diameter; and all, when set side by side, were painted so as crudely to imitate the colors of the rainbow, which the hoops were supposed to represent: the Apaches believe that the rainbow is a complete circle surrounding the whole heavens, extending to the "sun's home" in the "straight-down-below." These hoops he blew his breath on as he had on the snake and frog. Then sprinkled them with the sacred dust, after which he placed them singly on the afflicted parts of the patient, then all together. After he had finished this process, he blew a hissing breath on them to drive away the collected "sick." He then gave a hoop each to five of his associates and directed them to carry them quite a distance from the wigwam and there bury them or safely

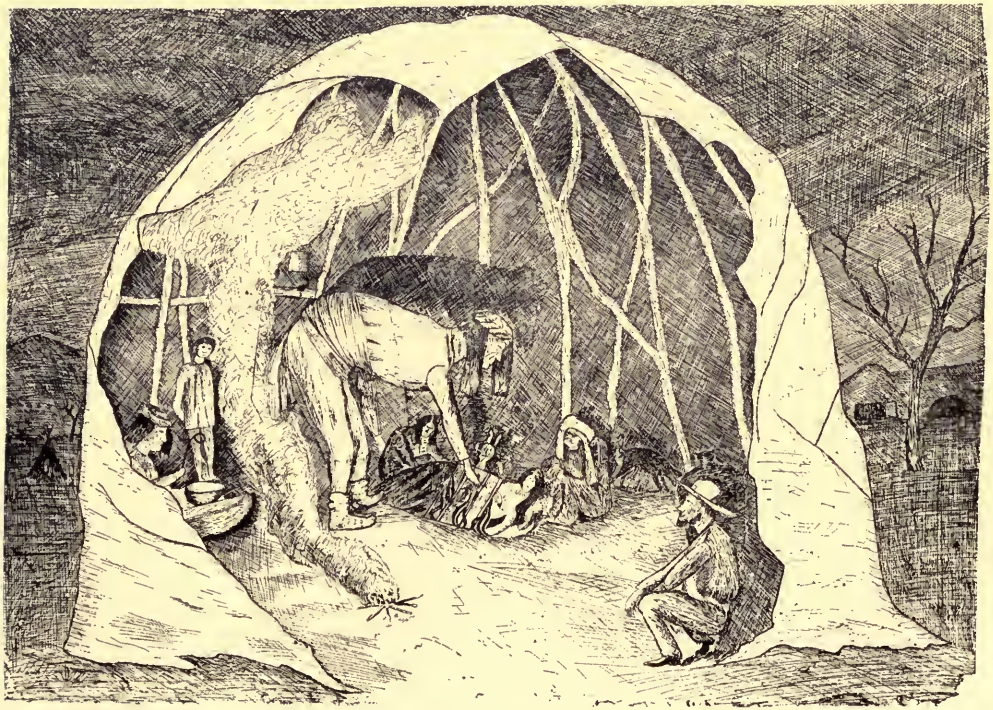
conceal them, four of the carriers to go one toward each of the semi-cardinal directions, the fifth to proceed toward the sun at noon.

After the hoop-carriers had departed, the medicine man spat in the fire several times, then resumed the singing as before. This singing was continued till the coming of the morning star. Then a medicine god, some two feet in height, a crude likeness to a human being, all feathered and painted, was produced. This the medicine man used as he had formerly used the snake and the frog, except that he placed it four times over each of the vital points of the body as well as the part where the "sick" seemed to be. This being done, he gave the medicine god to an associate and told him to carry it to the top of the ridge toward the east and there conceal it under one of the altars.

As soon as the god-carrier had left, the singing was again resumed; and, in addition, those without the *tepee* danced a backward and forward dance, as they also sang till the surrounding woods gave back the sound. At sun up all went to their respective homes. But the patient had grown worse throughout the night.

Nothing was done during the day, but to give the sick one a sweat bath, to play the Medicine Game, and to make preparations for the night performances to follow.

The Medicine Game was played for the benefit of the patient. The chief medicine man played to drive "sick" away. An Indian, as the representative of "sick," played against him. This is the usual way the game is played. If the medicine man wins, it is believed that the sick one will get well; if the representative of evil gains the victory, he will die. The representative of the



AN APACHE MEDICINE MAN PERFORMING OVER THE "SICK" WITH MEDICINE GOD.

A "Medicine Singing" over the daughter of C. 2 of the Apaches. The scene represents the Medicine Man using the Medicine God carving to remove the "sick."

good spirits so plays the game that if he believes the patient will die he loses, and if he believes he will get well he wins; he must keep up his reputation as a medicine man.

In many respects this game resembles the "*Setdilth* Game," previously described. The tally counts are forty in number, as in that game; but pebbles instead of cobbles are used. Furthermore, instead of being picked up on the spot, as the cobble stones are, each family carries a "set" with them wherever they go. Like the *setdilth* tallies, when used in playing they are arranged in a circle; but in groups of fives instead of tens. A wide space on opposite sides of the circle, designated "water," separates the four west groups from the four east groups. As in the *setdilth* game a center or bouncing rock is used. Also as in that game bouncing sticks are used, but the number is four instead of three. The sticks also are very different. The *setdilth* sticks are about a foot in length, are the halves of green willows, and are thick and heavy. The medicine sticks are two feet in length, and dry, seasoned material, are usually carved yucca lath, and are light and thin. Besides being variously carved, three of them have one face each painted red; the other face unpainted, or painted white. The other stick has one face painted black, the other green. As in the *setdilth* game these sticks are struck edgewise on the bouncing rock, and are then let fall as chance may direct. In this game, as in the *setdilth* game, small sticks are placed between the last rock tally and the next pebble in the direction the player is moving his tally stick to mark the number of points he has gained. Unlike the *setdilth* game, forty-one points in-

stead of forty constitute a game-count; the players begin at the south wide space and in order to get a game they must cross the same space on the return to at least one count on the other side. The winner of the game-count keeps on playing, retaining the extra counts he has gained; his opponent begins anew. He, however, does not lose any game-counts previously gained in the game. The game is occasionally played to pass the time away. When played for that purpose four persons usually play, two playing as partners. The rules of the game are these:

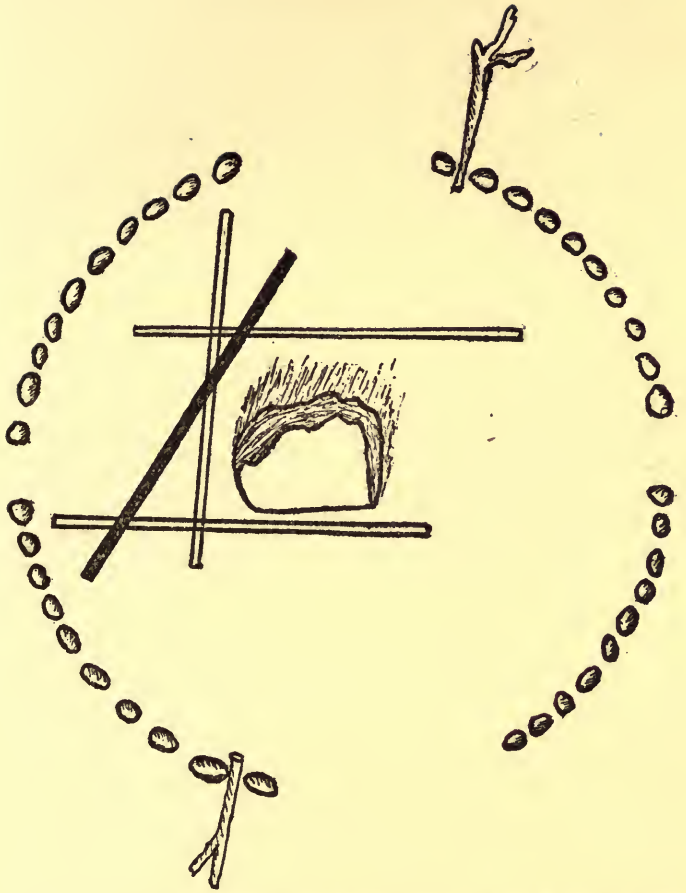
1. The opponents in the game face each other, both start from the south wide space, and move their counting sticks around the stone circle in opposite directions, each playing as his turn comes.

2. Should the counts of two opponents be such that their counting sticks would occupy the same space, the one who played last takes up his opponent's counting stick and throws it back to the starting point. Its owner must begin the game anew, as all the points he has previously made are lost.

3. Should the counts of any player be such as to place his counting stick in either of the wide spaces, designated "water," he loses all the points he has made, his counting stick is thrown back to the starting place, and he must begin again.

4. The rules for counting the points, decided by the face of the sticks that are up after they have fallen (the faces according to color are designated white, red, green, or black), are as follows:

A.— Two white plus one red plus one black, two points.



Game field of the Apache Medicine Game, showing the "pebble-circle" and the counting sticks in place. The two wide spaces are designated "water." Should the tallies be such as to place a tally-stick in either of these spaces, the player loses all the points he has made in that game-count and, consequently, must begin the count again. The game sticks, as they have fallen, count the thrower 65 points.

B.— Three red plus one black and all the sticks parallel, 5 points.

C.— Three white plus one green, 10 points.

D.— Three red plus one green, 13 points.

E.— Three white plus one black, 13 points.

F.— Three red plus one black, 20 points.

G.— Three red, one crossing the other two, plus one black, 26 points.

H.— Three white plus one black laying across the others, 39 points.

I.— Three red, one crossing the other two, plus one black crossing two red ones (in this game each cross counts 13 points), 52 points.

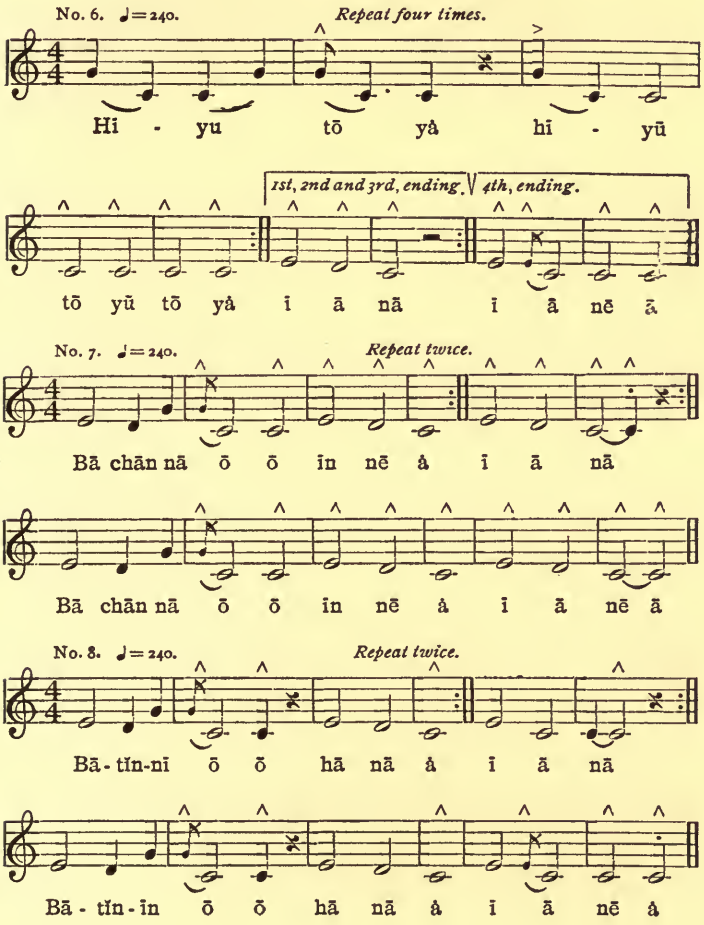
J.— One hundred and sixty-four continuous points, or four game-counts constitute a game.

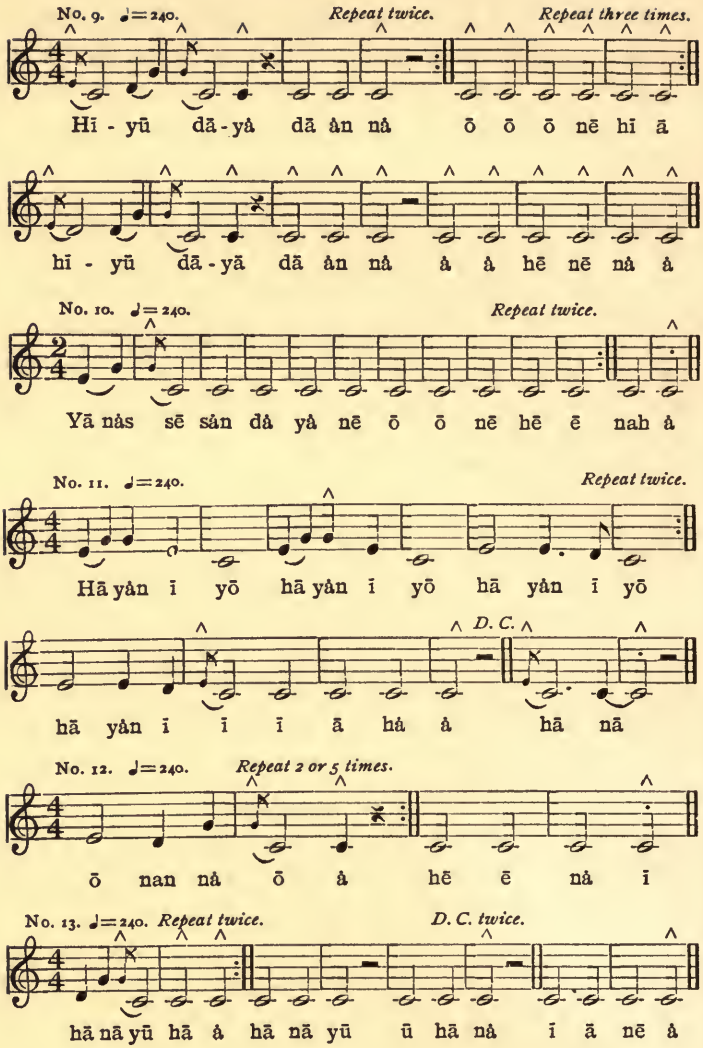
In the game in question the medicine man played to lose and lost, because it was his opinion that the sick man would die.

Sundown ushered in a new performance. A fire was builded near the *tepee* of the sick, and he was carried to it. Close by him then collected the medicine fraternity and chanters; while around all in a great circle danced the assembled populace. Within the circle danced clown-acting, painted Indians, each carrying a carved staff. These staffs were all made from trees that had been struck by lightning; wood from such trees is supposed to have some curative charm. Some of the staffs were mere canes, painted white and streaked with imitation, zigzag-lightning lines; some were cane-like with fan-shaped, rib-like heads: some were flat and wide and rib-like and peculiarly carved and painted; others were crude effigies of gods and men. In addition to these

staff-medicine sticks being painted in symbolic designs, the drums to be used were also painted in the figures of the gods.

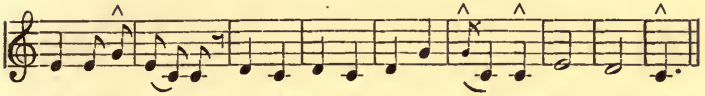
MEDICINE SONGS OF THE APACHES




No. 9. ♩=240.
Repeat twice.
Repeat three times.
Hī - yū dā - yā dā ān nā ō ō ō nē hī ā
hī - yū dā - yā dā ān nā ā ā hē nē nā ā
No. 10. ♩=240.
Repeat twice.
Yā nās sē sān dā yā nē ō ō nē hē ē nah ā
No. 11. ♩=240.
Repeat twice.
Hā yān ī yō hā yān ī yō hā yān ī yō
D. C.
hā yān ī ī ī ā hā ā hā nā
No. 12. ♩=240.
Repeat 2 or 5 times.
ō nan nā ō ā hē ē nā ī
No. 13. ♩=240.
Repeat twice.
D. C. twice.
hā nā yū hā ā hā nā yū ū hā nā ī ā nē ā

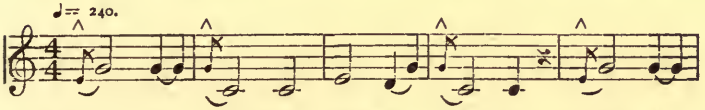
No. 14. ♩= 240.

ă shā ā ā yȧ ā shā ā ā ā yȧ shā ā

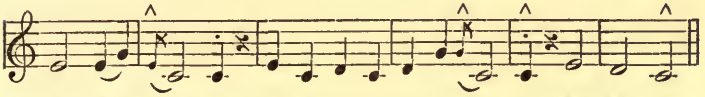


ā yȧ ă shā yȧ yȧ bē-hŭd-dē yē ī shē yū ē hā nā

♩= 240.

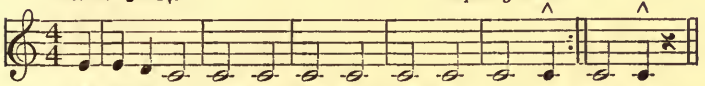


No. 15. Shē ā ā yȧ Shē ā ā yȧ Shē ā
No. 16. Tā ā ā yȧ Tā ā ā yȧ Tā ā
No. 17. Ā klō-ō ā yȧ Ā klō ō ā yȧ Ā klō-ō



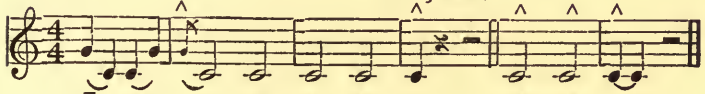
ā yȧ-ȧ shē ȧ shē shē hŭd-dē yĕ ȧ shē yū ā hā nā
ā yā-ȧ tā ȧ yȧ kȧ tŏd dē klȧ ā shē yū ā hā nā
ā yȧ-ȧ ā ȧ yȧ ō tŏd dē klȧ ā shē yū ā hā nā

No. 18. ♩=240. *Repeat 3 times.*



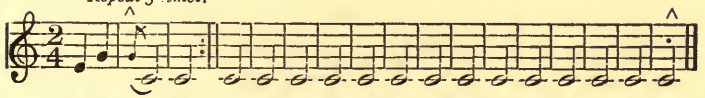
Ē yȧ ī yū hē yū hē yū hē yȧ ī ā hē yȧ

No. 19. *D. C. 3 times.*

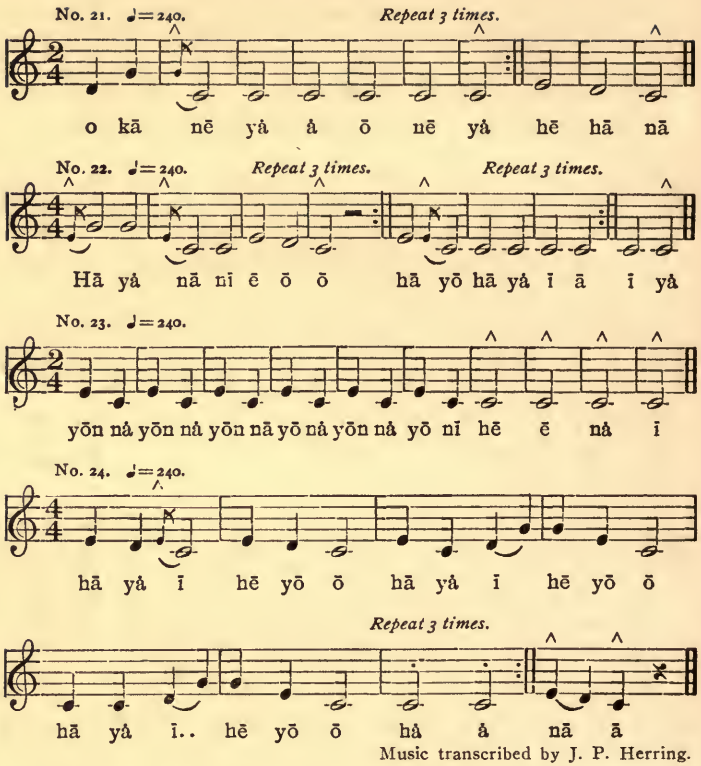


Ān nā ōn nā ā ā ȧ hē hā nā

No. 20. ♩= 140.
Repeat 5 times.



ā nā yū ā hā yū ā ā nā yū ā hā yū ā hē ē nȧ ȧ



Music transcribed by J. P. Herring.

The musicians chanted the hours away. The medicine man spat in the fire. The circular dancers crow-hopped around the circle to the left. And the clown-actors danced a foot-scraping, backward and forward movement around the central fire, the musicians, and the sick one, shifting continually to the right as they thus danced. This was varied throughout the entire night only by each clown-actor pausing a moment, when he had advanced in his turn to the presence of the patient. Over him he then bent and prayed and sprinkled the sacred pollen,

THE GUNELPREYA MEDICINE DISK OF THE APACHES.

while he placed his wand on the afflicted parts in each of the semi-cardinal directions. Having collected the "sick" on the medicine staff, he raised it to a level with his face; and, holding it so as to point to the northeastern heavens, he blew a hissing breath over it to send the "sick" to its home in the far northeastern mountains. Then with a shriek he resumed his dancing, while a fellow clown-actor took his place at collecting the "sick." Morning brought this peculiar dance to its conclusion; but left the patient in a rapidly declining condition.

Noskelzhohn was suffering from a disease of the brain, as a result of the fall he had received at the cliff cave. His end was evidently near. Realizing that the death stage was approaching, the medicine men decided to use the Gunelpieya Disk performances and the Medicine Ghost dance to eradicate the disease. This remedy is the last medical resort known to the Apache Indians. They believe that it will either cure the patient; or, if he dies, will prepare him for the happy feasting land: the gods can either make the sick well or take them to themselves. It, with the other performances previously described, belong to the faith cure side of the Apache medical practice, in all of which hypnotism plays an important part. The Gunelpieya Disk performances are daytime ceremonies; the Medicine Ghost dance is always performed at night. The former always precedes the latter.

The patient's precarious condition necessitated immediate action.

In a sheltered sunny spot, they leveled off a space some thirty feet in diameter. This they inclosed in a "wick-

eyup" fence. Within the inclosure they drew a medicine disk some sixteen feet in diameter. This disk they decorated in concentric rings with several sets of symbols of their gods: the sun and lightnings and medicine blocks; rainbows, land, deer, man, and bird; rabbits and elk; water and frogs; and gods, or Gunelpieya, the latter represented by figures of men. These they painted in various colors, the coloring material being prepared as follows: The green was ground up leaves; the red, ground up sandstone; the black, powdered charcoal; the yellowish-white, ground up limestone; the blackish-blue, a mixture of powdered limestone and charcoal. The dividing lines between the circular spaces were rainbows.

The disk being completed, the Gunelpieya ceremonies began. An aged woman came into the inclosure, walked to the center of the disk, and sprinkled it with cat-tail-flag pollen. Then she walked around each concentric circle and sprinkled it in like manner, as she continually prayed to her gods. Having completed her sprinkling and having scattered "hottenden" [pollen] toward the four winds, she took a gourd cup partly filled with water and, beginning with the outer rainbow circle, the outer figure drawn, she walked around each concentric circle and concentric space from the rim of the disk to its center, stooping before each sacred object to gather a pinch of dust from it. This dust she put in the cup she carried in her hand. Having completed her dust gathering, she prayed and sprinkled pollen to her gods a moment; then set the cup down on the sun figure in the center of the disk and took her departure.

As soon as the aged woman had gone, they carried Noskelzhohn into the inclosure; then around each con-

centirc circle from the outer rim of the disk to its center, placing him, finally, on the sun drawing with face turned toward the evening sun. At this juncture the musicians, who had seated themselves in the inclosure without the disk, began to chant: "Kaws' ah tun'-nee yah' osh' kah'," etc.

Just as the monotonous music had attracted the attention of all, a ghost dancer, called "Cheden" by the Indians, came from a timbered district along the creek. He was nude with the exception of dancing skirt, moccasins and hat; the latter was a square-shouldered ghost hat. This hat had for a support-piece a bow-shaped withe which passed, in yoke-fashion, from the crown of the head to beneath the chin, where the ends were tied together with sinew to keep the hat in place. The withe had a soft buckskin mask stretched over it loosely. To this yoke at the top was fastened a transverse-bar of yucca wood from which several upright, lath-like pieces projected on which there were peculiarly carved cross pieces and painted zigzag red lines, representing lightning. To make the ghost figure more grotesque, the dancer's body was painted in various colors. A drawing of the sun with notched rays in red and yellow decorated his breast, a ghost god his back, and the red bolt lightning his arms, the streaks running up the arms. He held an Indian knife in one hand and a lightning-painted, yucca wand in the other. He approached the Gunelpieya enclosure, entered it, and danced around for a considerable time without the disk. He then entered the first rainbow ring and walked around it from the east, turning continually to the right and edging in toward the center of the disk as he thus walked from ring to ring and from space to

space till he reached the patient, approaching him from the rear. He then laid down his knife and wand and dipped his hands into the muddy water in the cup. He then rubbed the sick one's head with the muddied hands. When he had done this he lifted his hands skyward and sent the evil spirit "sick" away by blowing a hissing breath through them. In like manner he placed his hands on the man's back, on his breast, and on his arms. Having completed his task and sent "sick" away, he galloped off into the distant wood.

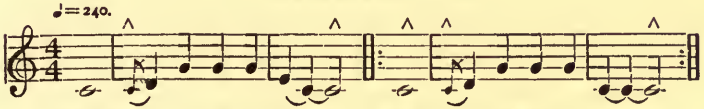
When the ghost dancer had gone, the chief medicine man took the cup and rubbed the man in the same manner as the "Cheden" had done before him, except that he daubed him almost all over with the mud, praying continually as he did so. This being done, he held the muddied cup against the patient's breast over the heart for a considerable time, as another member of the medicine fraternity sprinkled both the doctor and the sick one with the sacred pollen and prayed to the gods of medicine. They then carried the sick man from the enclosure. Then each one who cared took some of the dust of the gods, that is, gathered a pinch of dust from each of the symbolic figures. This being done, the disk was obliterated. It must be made, used, and destroyed in a day. In this performance, the muddied water of the dust of the gods was rubbed on the patient as prayer-medicine. All the gods of the universe were represented in the disk, and on the mercy of these they threw the sick one. The Gunelpieya ceremonies were thus brought to a close. The next scenes were those of the ghost dance.

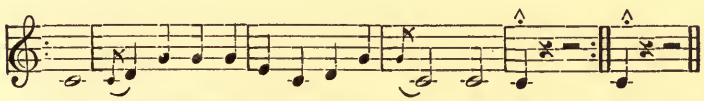
At about ten o'clock that night a huge bonfire was

kindled in a level open area, around which practically all the Indians gathered. Two drummers seated themselves on the ground a little to the west of the big fire and began to beat the Indian "tomtoms." As soon as the dull drum beats were heard all who desired to sing joined the drummers and began to chant:

"To'-kwah tzhoo'-nah nahd'-o-tash'
To'-kwah tzhoo'-nah nahd'-o-tash'
To'-kwah tzhoo'-nah nahd'-o-tash'
To'-kwah tzhoo'-nah nahd'-o-toosh'-she ah' i' a' nah' ah'
To'-kwah tzhoo' nah nahd'-o-toosh'-she ah' i' a' nah' i'."

APACHE MEDICINE SONG





Music transcribed by J. P. Herring.

After the singing had been going on for a considerable time, the sick man, whom they had been rubbing with scorching piñon and juniper twigs for hours to keep life in the body, was carried and placed on a deerskin to the east of the fire. On this he reclined, waiting for those who were to perform over him. At last they came, the ghost dancers. There were five of them, four medicine dancers and a clown. The former were "Ched-

ens" and were attired like the "Cheden" above described with the exception that the hats of two of them had the lath crest-pieces arranged in fan shape so as to resemble the spread tail of a turkey, which it was intended to represent. The clown was attired, painted and daubed similarly to the ghost dancers, the crest of his hat, however, was neither square shouldered nor fan-shaped; but instead the lath extended out as horns from each side, a cross cresting the hat. Besides the difference in the hat, he also had a belt of pine twigs around his waist and a very large bunch of fir twigs at his back. The ghost dancers carried lightning-painted, lath wands in each hand; the clown carried a "thunder stick" in one hand and a three-pronged stick in the other. The "thunder stick" was a piece of lath suspended on a string. The string being twisted, the whirling of the stick above the head gave a sound "all the same thunder," to use the Indian expression. The three-pronged stick resembled the trident of the fabled Neptune. The clown thus attired and equipped looked much like the pictures of Satan.

These medicine actors approached the congregated people from the southwest, encircled them in a great circle, made circle after circle, each time edging in toward the central fire. As they thus approached they kept putting their heads near to the ground as if smelling for something, then gobbling and strutting like a turkey and waving their hands and wands like a bird flaps its wings when in the act of rising to fly.

Just as the medicine actors were in the act of approaching the sick man, he raised himself to a sitting position and beckoned his only brother present to come

to his side. He had been raving mad all day, but now he was in his right mind. His brother came to him and leaned over him to hear what he had to say. He said, as his hands shook and his voice trembled: "Brother, when I am dead, take Geetlu to her own people. It is my dying wish." Another convulsion seized him and he died.

The "Chedens" snatched their masks from their heads and hurled them into the great fire. The medicine men destroyed their drums. The hills resounded with the awful shrieks of the relatives and friends mourning his unprepared death. With the coming of the sun, they wrapped him in his best blanket and buried him under a juniper tree on the east margin of the valley. Then for thirty days at morning, noon, and night they bewailed his death.

The period of mourning being completed, Geetlu and her deceased husband's relatives began to prepare for the long journey to the country of the Pueblos. The relatives were not afraid to go with Geetlu. They would keep aloof from all the villages till Jemez was reached. There they would be safe, as she would explain all to her people. They journeyed northeastward by the shortest cut to Carrixo creek from Cibicu, then on northeast. Reaching a point some five miles west of the present Cooley's ranch and twenty-five miles a little to the west of north from the present Indian agency at Whiteriver, Geetlu climbed to the top of a volcanic neck to take a last look at the country.

As she reached its summit and looked about her, in the immediate foreground were grassy, forest covered mesas, crossed and barred with a maze of deep, almost

impassable cañons, cut from one thousand to twenty-five hundred feet in the palæozoic and Archæan rocks. There were terraces, precipitous cliffs, lava capped mesas, hog-backs, palisade buttes, and "mauvaises terres"; while volcanic necks in the form of buttes dotted the region. To take a more extended view: to the south she could see the Gila range and to the west the mountains beyond the Verda river. To the north she could look across the valley of the Little Colorado to the mountains beyond the Indian village of Moqui, a distance of more than one hundred miles. To the eastward loomed up the continental divide many miles beyond the snow caps of Mounts Ord and Thomas of the White Mountains. While to the southwestward she could look beyond the Plateau region, even beyond the Apache and Pinal Mountains to the region of the "lost mountains" of the Gila desert. On each side everything was bathed in the most delicate tints and everything lay deathlike in the peculiar, intangible afternoon haze of the region which seemed to magnify distant details rather than subdue them. The wonderful monotony seemed uninclosable in a horizon and she imagined the scene to continue always the same and without end. But her mind was on the country beyond the White Mountains.

Descending to the mesa, they resumed their journey. They crossed the timbered region and the Petrified Forest section and proceeded onward. In due course of time Mount Cabezon loomed up in sight and a day later they camped in a little amphitheater-area surrounded on all sides with red walls of granite and Jura-trias sandstone, except at the south where it opens into Salt river valley. Here they rested and bathed themselves in the

warm medicinal spring water that gushed forth from the rock walls. They were at the foot of the Nacimiento Range of the Jemez Mountains.

The next morning they climbed over the red walls northwestward, soon leaving out of sight the amphitheater and its forty medicinal springs, its carbon dioxide gases, and its tavertine deposits. In two hours they were in Jack Rabbit valley and in another hour they were in sight of Jemez. Geetlu sprinkled sacred pollen to her gods and prayed, as she wept for joy. On they journeyed. It was later than the middle of the afternoon when they arrived in the valley proper. Geetlu had noticed that the people of the village were having a gala day when she was yet miles away, as the house roofs were crowded with women and children. Reaching the river, she could hear the measured drum beat of the war dance. She then remembered the deep rumbling detonations toward Zia the day before which she then took for distant thunder, but which she now realized was cannonading. The Spaniards (only white people had cannon) had been routed and her people were celebrating the event.

The approach of the little band had been noticed from the watch tower. The watchman had reported that it was a band of Apaches; but that the leader was a female and, though dressed like an Apache squaw, she walked like a Pueblo woman.

Don Diego and a few braves went out to meet them, though there appeared to be no danger in their coming, as they fearlessly walked straight toward the village in the bright light of the afternoon sun. He met them just as Geetlu had waded the river to the village bank.

He recognized her at once and exclaimed: "My wife, my wife Geetlu," and greeted her according to the Indian custom, though contrary to usage at that moment, as he was in war paint.

That night the fires burned brighter in Jemez than they had burned for many a day; and two people were happier. Though Zia had been captured, the Spaniards had been driven from the region; Ojeda was a prisoner in the Spanish camp; and Don Diego had his wife again and her Apache friends were comfortably quartered in the village.

But the worst was yet to come.

CHAPTER XV

THE destruction of Zia and the massacre of its people by the Spaniards disheartened the Queres. At the same time Ojeda decided he would rather be in the employ of the Spaniards as their ally than a slave in the mines. Furthermore, his enemy, Don Diego, was the power in the Jemez valley and by joining the white people, he would have revenge on this Jemez chief. So he told the guards that he wished to speak with the Governor of El Paso, under whose jurisdiction he was held waiting his turn to be sent to the mines.

When advised concerning the Santa Anna chief's wishes, the governor replied: "Certainly, bring Bartolomé Ojeda before me. I wish, too, to converse with him."

Soon they were in conference, the governor to gain back the lost province, Ojeda to have imaginary revenge. After some hours of deliberation, Ojeda pledged himself that he would cause the Pueblos, San Juan, Picuries, San Felipe, Cochiti, Santo Domingo, Santa Anna, and what was left of Zia, to return to the banner of Spain, stating that the Indians were willing to make terms.

According to the compact, Ojeda was freed and in a few weeks was among the Pueblo villages; and by his persuasive speeches soon had gained all he had set out to do. He was a big chief again; and the Spaniards had Indian allies to fight their battles.

The plan of procedure was communicated to the King of Spain and at once approved. The king even suggested in 1691 that Zia might be a better capital site than Santa Fé. Furthermore, in that same year, that he might have a strong man to undertake the reconquering of the Pueblo country, he made Diego de Vargas Zapata Lujan Ponce de Leon governor of El Paso and the northern province.

As soon as appointed, Vargas took charge of the affairs at El Paso and after spending considerable time in preparation, set forth to invade the northern country. Arriving at Santa Fé, he surrounded the city and took it without a battle September 13th, 1692; the Tanos were at first defiant, but finally were persuaded to surrender.

The Zias and some of the Santa Annas had together built a new village on the Red mesa west of the present Jemez village; and the Jemez, Santo Domingo and a few Apaches (Geetlu's friends) were fortified on the other mesa at the forks of the river, their village being called Astialakwa. The Zias, influenced by Ojeda, readily submitted; but the Jemez were hostile. Learning, however, that the Spaniards were without their families and were transients, they finally submitted October 26, 1692.

From Jemez, Vargas journeyed from village to village, receiving the submission of the people and baptizing them back into the Christian faith, also obtaining the release of the white captives throughout the region. Having passed through the whole country treated as a guest, he returned to El Paso December 20th of the same year. To him the entire *entrada* had been more like a dream or an extended summer vacation. He did not understand the hypocrisy of the Indian.

Elated over the success of the first *entrada,* Governor

Vargas set out northward again from El Paso October 13th, 1693, with seventy families (800 persons), one hundred soldiers, and seventeen friars under *Padre* Salvador de San Antonio. On December 16th, under Oñate's original banner, he made a triumphal entry into Santa Fé. But the Indians were sullen. The San Felipe, Santa Anna, the Zia and the Pecos were reported friendly; but the Tanos, who held Santa Fé, were very sullen.

Soon after Governor Vargas took possession of the city, a levy of corn was made on the Tanos; but they did not furnish it. They also refused to bring timbers to rebuild San Miguel's chapel, offering an *estufa* for religious services instead. At about this time, the Picuries and other Pueblos schemed to scatter the Spanish force, pretending that they wanted missionaries; but the ruse failed. About December 20th, as a result of a petition of the white people, who were living in tents without the walled city — twenty-two children having died on account of exposure, Governor Vargas ordered the Tanos to vacate the Casas Reales and dwellings of the villa to the rightful owners (Santa Fé had been built by the Spaniards, their slaves, of course, doing the work). He also further ordered that the Tanos return to their old pueblo of Galisteo. This brought matters to a crisis. December 28th, the Tanos closed the plaza and prepared for defense. They were given a day to surrender, at the expiration of which they shouted insults to the Spaniards, saying that El Demonio (the Devil) could do more for them than God or Maria, that the Christians would be defeated, reduced to servitude, and finally killed.

Prayer and sacrament having been given, Governor Vargas immediately rushed his men in two divisions upon the capital. The conflict lasted all day. The plaza gate was burned, the new *estufa* burned. At this juncture the Tehua reënforcements appeared; but the cavalry kept them at bay. The next morning the besieged surrendered, their Indian governor had hanged himself. Seventy warriors were captured. These with their war captain Antonio Bolsas were exhorted, baptized, and then shot. This was on December 30th, 1693. In this conflict, in addition to capturing the city, the Spaniards gained much corn, which at this time was very much needed.

As soon as comfortably housed in Santa Fé, Governor Vargas turned his attention to the hostile Tehuas. Their stronghold was San Ildefonso. Here had gathered the Tesuque and Nambé together with the Pujuawue, Cuyamanque, Santa Clara, and Jacona (all Tehuas), and (the Tanos) San Cristobal, and San Lazaro. Upon the approach of the Spaniards, these Indians pretended that they wished to make peace; but it was a delay to gain time for a union with the Jemez, Picuries, Taos. Some Indians favored surrender; but these were few in number, because the Indians knew of the shooting of the seventy braves at Santa Fé after they had surrendered. Aid was also sought by the Indians from Acoma, Zuñi, and Moqui, also from the Apaches. Consequently no terms could be made with them. Meanwhile the Spanish live stock suffered. The Spaniards also raided and captured corn and other food-stuffs, whereupon the Indians destroyed all they could not take with them.

Tiring of fruitless negotiation, an assault was made on

the place March 4th, 1694. Two cannons were burst and the two columns of attackers, fifty men each, were repulsed in a fight of five hours. Fifteen Indians were killed and twenty Spaniards wounded on the side of the Spaniards. Governor Vargas repeated the assault March 11th and was defeated again. The next night the Indians came down and attacked the Spanish camp, but were repulsed. On the 19th, the siege was abandoned and the governor returned to Santa Fé, having recovered a hundred horses and mules, killed thirty Indians and stolen much corn. But the war was to go on.

As an ally of Ojeda, Governor Vargas aided the Santa Annas in defeating the Cochitis at Cieneguilla, their new pueblo, April 12th. The battle lasted till the 17th, when the allies defeated the Cochitis, capturing and shooting seventeen warriors, killed seven warriors in the battle and captured three hundred and forty-two women and children, seventy horses, and nine hundred sheep. But most of the captives were freed by a raid of the Indians the next day. Later the Cochitis were ordered by their conquerers to return to their old home, to burn their newly made village. This they did.

Soon after the defeat of the Cochitis, another assault was made on San Ildefonso; but with no success, except recapturing forty-eight horses that the Indians had taken the day before in a raid on the horse camp of the Spaniards. On the same date, the Queres sent in five Jemez prisoners, two of whom were shot.

June 30th, Governor Vargas marched to Cuyamanque, north of Santa Fé, killing eleven Tehuas. From there he marched on to Picuri and then to Taos, both of which he found abandoned. At Taos crosses had been left to

protect the property: the Indians had supposed that the white people would not destroy anything protected by the cross. The Indians were found in the vicinity of the latter place; but the Pecos governor, Juan Ye, the interpreter, could not induce them to surrender.

It became evident to Governor Vargas that a change of procedure must be made. Only Cochiti had been conquered outside of the confines of Santa Fé. Furthermore, everywhere, where he encountered the hostile forces, they were either aided by the Jemez or would hold out against the Spanish forces till the Jemez and their allies would appear and the campaign would have to be abandoned. A conference with Ojeda was had. At it an entire new plan of operation was decided upon. The Spaniards and the allied Indians under Ojeda were to go to their respective homes. Then on a given night they were all to march simultaneously up the Jemez valley from Old Santa Anna and there overwhelm the Jemez and the disaffected Santa Annas and Zias on Mesa Colorado (the Red Mesa) before aid could reach them from the neighboring villages. It was a hazardous undertaking, but the subjugation of the country depended upon it.

According to the prearranged plan, Governor Vargas with one hundred and twenty Spaniards, well equipped with cannon and other arms of war of the time, joined the Queres under Ojeda and began the march up the valley toward Jemez the night of July 19th. The New Zia village on Mesa Colorado was the first hostile village in their line of march. This they decided to capture, if the natives could not be induced to surrender without a battle. Then they would proceed on up the

valley and capture the "village on Mesa Don Diego," as the Spaniards called the mesa and fortified Jemez village of Astialakwa, the key to the Jemez region and the Pueblo country. Profiting by the experience of former Spanish armies when dealing with the Jemez and their allies, Vargas decided not to sleep, if possible, till the places were in his possession. Up the valley they proceeded, not to a picnic, they all knew.

The approach of the Spaniards was signaled to both Jemez and Zia early the morning of the 20th. The Jemez braves at once joined the Zias. They ascended the trail leading to the top of the mesa on which the Zia pueblo was situated and began immediately to fortify the place. They destroyed or blocked all the trails but one. They piled heaps of stone and of wood on the edge of the mesa at every possible place of approach. They filled all their water jars with water. They built a thick wall across the entrance of their horseshoe-shaped village. They piled rocks on top of the breastwork tier of buildings and the watch tower at the entrance to the plaza. They placed ladders against the wall on the outside at places where they could easily be hoisted to the roofs of the seven- or eight-story houses and placed within the public dancing area. They then descended to the valley, and, concealing themselves behind trees and bowlders and in ravines and crevices in the adobe clay valley-bench, they waited the onset of the enemy. This soon came.

The sun had made half his journey to the meridian, the usual morning calm had reached its culmination, a light breeze had begun to blow from the southwest, little sand-whirls had begun to chase each other across the

desolate waste of the valley, and the daily "thundergust" of the season had begun to gather on the mountain tops to the north, when Vargas and his men commenced crossing the river where San Y Sidro is now located. Soon the Spaniards were galloping over the adobe flat within a mile of the first coveted prize. Before them the Zia village loomed up a continuous line of adobe-chinked, red, sandstone houses built five hundred feet above the level of the valley on a practically isolated, triangular bit of mesa with base on the river valley side. The village before them was four hundred and fifty feet in length and three hundred and fifty feet in width. The mesa was margined with defensive walls. The mesa and the roofs of the houses swarmed with life. Against the dull background the sun blazed down on a moving kaleidoscopic mass. The town was alive with natives, who proved to be women. They were running to and fro. All were busily engaged in adding rocks to the piles on the edge of the mesa.

Believing that the Indians were all on the mesa and that the sooner the cavaliers scaled its walls the less it would be fortified, the Spaniards, not waiting for the Indian allies to come up, eagerly leaned forward in their stirrups and spurred their horses into a faster rate of speed. The distance between them and village lessened to one hundred and sixty rods. Faster and faster they rode. Before them not a living thing showed itself to view in the valley, except some sun-parched sagebrush and an occasional dwarf cedar or piñon tree. Before them the valley seemed smooth and unbroken, when all of a sudden a maze of deep, narrow, cross ravines appeared just in front of them. The momentum carried

the foremost of the riders to the very brink of these gulches, the momentum of the cavalry in the rear crowded those in front into the gullies. The opportune moment for the Indians concealed in these very ravines had come. With a whoop they fell upon the floundering enemy. The war club did its work well. Sixteen horses were dispatched; ten Spaniards were killed; fourteen were wounded; and Vargas barely escaped being captured. Only with the coming of the cannons and the Indian allies were the invaders able to dislodge the aborigines. Routed, the Jemez and Zias had retreated across the adobe flat and were ascending the trail to the village when the mounted knights, heading the ravines, made a desperate effort to cut off their retreat. The sharp edged sword and the flint-point studded war club clashed. The trail in its lower part was captured; but the Indians retreated quickly northward and ascended the long, white, Tertiary lake-bench which here extends out as an arm from the red mesa toward the river. Then shelfing it back to the trail which was being kept open in its upper part by their comrades, they scrambled up it, blocked it behind them and entered the village in safety.

The valley being cleared, the Spaniards immediately attempted to take the village by storm. With great difficulty they had the Queres drag the cannons to the top of the white bench, but to take them further was impossible on account of the precipitous walls of the mesa proper. An attempt to use them also proved futile: the walls were too high. The cavaliers dismounting, they and their Indian allies then began to scale the walls. The latter had no weapons that they could use at long range, so they climbed up the almost perpendicular front

of the mesa as fast as they could drag themselves over the incumbent bowlders or shelf it from place to place along the rock face. To get to the top was their only show: there they could do their deadly work in a hand to hand contest. The former advanced with fire in hand and shield in front. At regular intervals they halted, leveled their heavy muskets across the " rests " and fired. Then, though arrows fell upon them like hail from a storm cloud, on they advanced. They had crossed the old lake terrace and had begun to shelf it along the mesa side before the Indian " artillery " was brought into action. Then instead of arrows raining harmlessly down upon them, tons of rock showered down. No cannonading of that period could have been more sweeping in its effect. But the assailants, bent upon taking the place at all hazards, dauntlessly kept on climbing as they dodged the flying missiles or hugged the walls so closely that they bounced over them. They reached the trail over which the Indians had ascended and began to clear it. Enthusiastically they worked. In a few minutes the village would be theirs, and the glory would be to the Holy Mary and to the King of Spain. But it had yet to be taken. Don Diego was in command of the forces above them, and before they could scale the walls, the last Indian device would be resorted to. For some time the piles of logs had been sending up smoke and flame toward the abode of those above. The logs were all on fire, and the sagacious war chief failed not to use them at this juncture. Over the mesa's edge the busy hands hurled them. Down they came upon the climbing foe. Boiling water, ponderous stones, live coals and red hot rock all showered upon them at the same time. No living

thing could weather such a storm. The enemy broke and fled. Again and again Vargas rallied his men, and as often they were repulsed. Completely defeated, the general at last withdrew to the valley. Then, on seeing that his forces had been greatly reduced, he began, without delay, to retreat towards the Rio Grande. Fearing that the now whooping, shrieking, victorious Indians would pursue them, the retreat became a stampede: the cannons were abandoned; the baggage was cast to the four winds; and the wounded were left to be scalped.

The Jemez and Zias immediately entered the valley. They destroyed the cannon carriages, piled the baggage in a great heap and ignited it. They scalped and then cremated the dead and dying enemies. Then around the funeral pyre they danced the scalp dance. But their joy was soon changed to anxiety and dread. The rings of smoke ascending from Mount Negro told as plainly as words that another Spanish army was approaching; that is, that reënforcements were coming.

At once Don Diego began to strengthen the defenses of the triangular plateau. Greater piles of rock were piled on its edge. The heaps of wood were replenished, and the water jars refilled. The trails were more thoroughly blocked, and every precaution possible was taken to prevent the enemy from gaining access to the pueblo.

While the Indians were thus engaged, the two Spanish divisions met. The reënforcements were on their way to Santa Fé, when, on arriving at Santa Anna, they learned from a wounded cavalier that a fierce battle between the Jemez and Zias and the Spanish allies was in progress farther up the river. The cannonading in the distance confirming the report, they made haste

toward the scene of action. As they advanced, the cannonading became fiercer and fiercer; then suddenly lulled. Expecting to see their comrades victors, they were not a little surprised to come face to face with them in full retreat in stampede order. On meeting the recruits, the retreating column, after a short conference, faced about; and all marched to avenge the slaughter of their countrymen.

Knowing from his disastrous experience that it would be useless to attempt to take the village from the valley side alone, Vargas divided his now combined little army into two divisions. One section he placed under the charge of his brother, Don Eusebio de Vargas. This division he sent to the front of the pueblo along the same route over which he and his soldiers had marched in the previous case. With the other section and the newly arrived artillery he then set out to get a position in the rear. The task before him was a difficult one.

In crossing the Jemez River south of the present site of San Y Sidro, a quicksand area was encountered. Six horses were lost and one cannon had to be abandoned for a time. At the climbing of the San Y Sidro mesa, as it is now called, the cannons were dragged with great difficulty to the top of the old lake-bench, then up the sixty degree mesa-slope which is the reverse of the strata. At last the desired location was reached at the north edge of the mesa. This overlooked the village from the rear, but was separated from it by a deep, narrow *canyada.* The distance across the chasm, however, was not so great but that the field pieces could reach every part of the mesa opposite with their iron messages.

As soon as the cannons were got into position, the

bombardment began. Simultaneously an assault was made both at the front of the mesa and also from the rear under cover of the cannonading. The rocks, burning logs, and boiling water repulsed the attack at the front, but the assault by the chasm in the rear was on the point of being a success before Don Diego could spare braves from the front to check it. The Spanish allies were actually gaining the mesa on the side which the Jemez and Zias had always considered unapproachable. Rushing to the exposed section, the war-captain and his courageous warriors promptly dispatched the pale-faces and Indians who had scaled the walls. Then they commenced using the Indian " artillery " on the cavaliers who were scrambling up the walls or were in the chasm below. A dozen mounted Spaniards had descended to the chasm from its upper part. The gulch being so narrow, these became a fair target. As the horses were headed down stream and the hurling of the rocks was more in the rear than in front, the animals frantically rushed forward. The shrieks and whoops of the Indians and the flying missiles goaded them on. Down the slope they ran, slipped or slid at a break-neck speed, came to the falls where the red mesa meets the softer Tertiary, jumped headlong and fell, both horses and riders a shapeless mass in the gulf below. But the cannonading was effective from the very beginning. The first discharge knocked an oval adobe oven from the roof of a seven-story house, killing a woman and three children with the flying débris. Soon puncture after puncture was made in the horseshoe-shaped village wall. At length breaches were made in it. Then the houses began to tumble down one by one. The whole village

was soon reduced to a mass of ruins, as it is this day, and the piles of the dead and dying covered the triangular mesa from base to point. Night only put an end to the horrible slaughter.

The work of the day had been appalling in its effects. One Spanish army had been nearly blotted out of existence, while annihilation had almost faced another. The village of Zia had been reduced to a shapeless mass, and of the thousands of Zias who had looked in the face of the god of day in the early morning, according to the Spanish records, so few lived to see the sun set behind the red ridge to the west that the Zia tribe could, in truth, have been said to exist in name only; the tribe to-day numbers one hundred and seventeen souls. But notwithstanding the utter desolation of the mesa, Ojeda and his allies were repulsed in an attempt to capture it in the late twilight of that fateful day.

Having put to death all the wounded natives to prevent their falling into the enemies' hands, Don Diego and the remnant of his braves and the few remaining Zias fled under cover of the darkness to Jemez. At dawn the next morning, the Spaniards took possession of the village, twenty-four hours before a place inhabited by living, moving, happy beings, now a place of utter desolation.

According to the Jemez custom that a returning war party never enters their own village directly but halts at some distance from it and sends messengers to advise the people of its approach, Don Diego, on arriving at the foot of the Jemez mesa, sent a runner to inform the village that the war party was approaching. Then he and his men waited. Soon the chief sun priest, accom-

panied by the runner, approached the silent little band. He went straight to the war-captain, grasped his hand, breathed on it in blessing, lifted it up with both hands toward the goddess of night, dropped it, clasped the man in his arms a moment, breathed on him and said: "Brother, what have you achieved and how have you fared?"

In a tone of intense sorrow Don Diego answered him: "Those above have not been good to us. Of those who went out with me, but few have returned. And what is still worse, though we reduced one pale-face army to nothing and another almost to the same point, a third, as you have seen, has destroyed Zia, and will be marching to take our village by assault by the time the sun lifts his face above the mountains at his rising. We must prepare to defend this place at once. To-morrow will be too late. It must be done to-night."

After reflecting a moment upon the condition of affairs and what was best to be done, the Indian high priest said: "It is contrary to our customs for a band of braves to enter our pueblo at once upon returning from a military expedition. From the time of its arrival till the sun has reached the same point in the heavens the next day, the warriors wait at some distance from the village, where they are provided with the necessaries of life. Afterwards they are conducted to the public square. But in this case necessity demands that you enter immediately. I will go and present the situation before the gods and will prepare for your coming as quickly as possible. When you hear the big drum, proceed to climb the trail. We will be waiting to receive you at the entrance of the public dancing area."

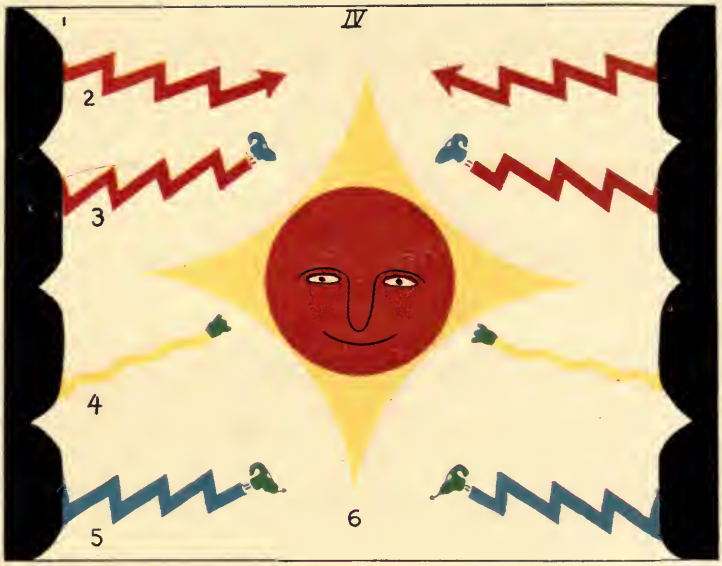
In a few minutes the drum sounded from the top of the sun house. In dreary silence the war party began to move upward. Not a shout, not a whoop was uttered; not a scalp was waved on high in triumph, though they had more than a hundred. Silently onward they proceeded. On entering the plaza, they found the populace lined up in double column to meet them practically as they had left them the day before, but now not so hopeful as then. They had seen Zia destroyed and knew that the worst was to come. Sad and silent they stood until Don Diego, with his few remaining braves, followed by the Zia refugees, commenced marching down between the separated columns, as the sun priest and his aids sprinkled them with sacred meal and corn pollen and blowed their breath on them in prayer. Then a plaintive wail broke forth among the Jemez women. The Zia women took it up. It was the beginning of the ceremonies of the dead.

As the blood-stained warriors moved forward and the great number of the missing became more and more evident, the wail was more and more intensified. The women wept, screamed, rolled in the dust of the street, shredded their clothes, tore their hair, and gashed themselves with rude stone knives and bone awls. Then in their savage way they rushed from house to house; took the clothes, weapons, looms of the deceased, for every house was represented by the dead, and burned them so that as flame, smoke, and steam the things of the departed might accompany them through the air in their four days' journey to the happy hunting ground.

As soon as the property was destroyed, the women, aided by the medicine men, drew on the adobe floor in

THE MORNING STAR SECTION

1. Clouds.
2. Bolt Lightning that does not strike the ground.
3. The Red Snake or Indian Devil.
4. The Flash Lightning or God of Flowers.
5. The Blue Snake, the God of Rain.
6. The Morning Star.



IV. The Evening Star Section in One of the Estufas at Jemez, N. M.

1. Clouds.
2. Bolt Lightning that does not strike the ground.
3. The Red Snake or Indian Devil.
4. The Flash Lightning or God of Flowers.
5. The Blue Snake, the God of Rain.
6. The Evening Star, the God of the Evening. Jointly with its brother, the Morning Star, it possesses the attributes of Truth and Filial Love. Its Indian name is Homa Wangho.

the living room of each dwelling a large sun-circle with four projecting darts of protection, one extending in each of the four cardinal directions. Within this circle they then placed a small, crudely carved wooden effigy of the dead one. Over this they threw a new piece of cloth. Then on one side of this effigy they placed a new earthen jar filled with water; on the other side, a basket of eatables. These things they furnished so that neither thirst nor hunger should cause the traveling spirit to suffer. Furthermore, as the road the soul has to travel is long, dangerous, and beset by evil spirits lying in wait to capture the defunct or to hamper his ultimate felicity, they laid beside the image a small war club and a bow and some arrows within the representative circle of the god of day to protect the deceased from harm in his transit. Moreover, to render the journey safe beyond doubt, they drew without the circle the footprints of the great Pestya-sode, the "road runner" who protects the souls in their journey to the abode of the good dead. As soon as these things were done, the women gathered in a circle around the image and the drawings and wept, sobbed, screamed, yelled, howled, whined, danced, sprinkled sacred corn meal and pollen toward the abode of those on high, and prayed loudly to the gods for the safe journey of the departed soul and its arrival in the land of bliss.

While the women and the medicine men were engaged in the ceremonies of the dead, Don Diego and his assistants were also busy. They called out a part of the reserves and sent them to the front. These the war-captain ordered to lie in wait for the enemy at a point where "Red Rock" flat wedges in at the north, just south of the present Mexican village of Cañon. With

the remaining braves he piled rocks and wood on the edge of the mesa and along the trail to be used as Indian "artillery" in defensive warfare. As soon as the defensive operations were well under way, Don Diego then ordered the old men, boys and girls and the women, who were not otherwise engaged, to carry water. This they did till the containing vessels of every sort and the cisterns of the village were filled to the brim. Then he sent the populace to gather in all the crops which had matured, also all the valuables from Patokwa, the village on the lower mesa. Soon long lines of baskets could be seen passing to and fro from the valley to the mesa-village. All were as busy as a nest of ants that had just been disturbed. A siege was being prepared for, should it come to that.

The sun came up. The big drum on the *estufa* sounded the call to arms. The Spaniards were seen to resume their march up the river. The cavalry and a few foot soldiers occupied the van. The artillery had to go back down the mesa as it had come by way of San Y Sidro and was, of course, several hours in the rear. Profiting by their previous experience, the advancing column took every precaution possible to prevent a surprise. They not only picked their way slowly, but sent out scouts to feel for the enemy on both flanks and in front. Slowly but steadily onward they moved.

The sun rose over the southern wing of the Cochiti range as in the previous centuries and looked down into the valley now quiet but soon to be in the throes of a mortal conflict. He cast his red rays against the eastern walls of the Zia mesa and these were reflected back to the gray hills east of the river. He shone down upon the

Zia mesa, the day before a place of habitation, now a desolate waste. Scarcely had he been above the horizon an hour when the clash in the valley came.

Reaching the place in the flat-floored valley where the red point east of the river extends out to meet the white Tertiary on the opposite side of the stream, the Spaniards found the Indians marshaled in battle array to meet them. The warriors were painted in the medicine colors of their respective clans. They were decked with feathers. Nearly all wore rawhide coats for protection; nearly all carried shields; and all were well armed for savages. The shields were of rawhide, of quilted cloth, of wood or of tortoise shells. To make them more proof against the enemies' missiles, all were painted in medicine colors; and for the same purpose, all were decorated in symbolic designs, the sun symbol usually occupying a conspicuous position. Then to render each shield impenetrable, beyond doubt, a red painted piece of buckskin rimmed its face from which about forty tail feathers of the eagle suspended as medicine. The arms were war clubs, heavy two-handed wooden swords, slings, darts, Indian hatchets, bows and arrows. In the center of the multitude of warriors stood the medicine man. He was slowly beating the rude drum, while he and eleven assistants were chanting a prayer to those above. Finishing the chant, the medicine chief and his associates sprinkled each brave with the sacred yellow pollen, breathed on him in blessing, and commanded him in the name of the gods to fight till the last enemy's scalp was taken, and the mutilated body was given to the wolves.

Meanwhile the Spaniards had approached dangerously

near. The large Indian drum gave a heavy muffled sound; and the natives fell upon the invaders, as they whooped: "Aoo, aoo, aoo, aoo, aoo." The cavalry at first wavered, then rallied. The foremost braves went down before the sword and gun. Through and through the crowded mass of savages the cavaliers rode as death followed in their train. But unsupported by the artillery and the allied Queres having been routed in the first onslaught, their efforts in the long run were of no avail: hundreds of the Jemez were ready to rush over the bodies of their fallen comrades to engage the enemy. The savages fought hand to hand with men armored with more efficient weapons than their own; but what they lacked in arms they made up in courage and in numbers. They crushed the shields and armor of their adversaries with the heavy war club. They broke the horses' legs. They dragged the riders from their saddles and crushed them to death with bowlders or with the mutilating club. It was the battle of *Si-you-kwaw* over again, but with a different set of actors for the most part; the actors of that terrible engagement had passed over, in the main, to the great beyond.

The Spaniards again wavered. They feigned a retreat. The Indians eagerly followed. The Spaniards then quickly faced about, cut their way through the Indian front, and, leaving the braves behind, rode furiously toward the mesa of the village, believing that by capturing the pueblo the Indians would be more easily forced to make terms. But the Jemez, who had practiced from year to year to win the laurels of the harvest and snake races, followed close upon their heels, and, before half the distance to the village was covered, they began to

gain upon them. And as the grade toward the village became greater, they came up with them and even commenced placing themselves in their front. Spurring their horses on, the Spaniards gained a second time on the Indians, but for a moment only did they profit by this gain. Don Diego and a division of fresh braves blocked their front. The sword and the war club clashed again. The cavaliers were routed and fled disorderly down the valley, hotly pursued by Don Diego and his warriors.

Suddenly the Jemez came face to face with the Queres under Ojeda, who had rallied them in the rear for a final stand. At the same moment the Spanish cannon arrived on the scene of action. The field pieces were at once turned upon the charging hordes, and in a few minutes the front was cleared. Then the advance toward the village was again resumed. The forward movement, however, was not a pleasure trip. The moment the cannons were coupled to the timber to be moved, the Indians would rush upon the Spaniards in full force; and, as soon as the field pieces were brought into action, they would get out of reach of the flying slugs, retiring with the same swiftness that they had attacked; their motion back and forth resembled the rolling sea, whose waves are driven back by the wind. To prevent these onslaughts, Vargas at last took this plan: one cannon was to keep meting out death to the enemy while other field pieces and the cavalry advanced under cover of the fire, until an advantageous position was gained by another cannon. This one then opened fire, and the other field pieces were rapidly moved forward. Thus did the Spaniards proceed, taking every inch by force, till the

very mesa was reached, on which the coveted goal was situated. But they had not succeeded in reaching it till all the matured crops had been gathered and stored on the roofs of the houses and not until water enough had been stored in the cisterns to last the inhabitants for months.

Driving the Indians up the trail, Vargas immediately tried to take the place; but the stone "artillery" hurled from a great height repulsed his allied forces again and again. He then attempted to place the cannons on the site overlooking the village, as he had done at Zia; but no such a place in range of "Mesa Don Diego" could be found. He then made a determined effort again to rush the trail and take the place, but this attack was disastrous. One-fourth of the allies engaged in it perished and another fourth were so wounded that they were of no further use in the campaign. After this failure, it became evident that the stronghold could be reduced only by a siege. So at dusk the much disappointed allies sat down around the mesa to let thirst and hunger or an unguarded moment do what they could not do with arms.*

That night, her husband being in a measure victorious, Geetlu sprinkled the sacred meal before each of the gods and on each of the altars in the front room of the house. A little later she began to prepare the ceremonial triumphal meal for her lord and war chief, when he could wash off his war paint and be with her again. She selected some fresh venison and laid it in a place for safe keeping for the special use. She then shelled some corn, parched it in a willow basket by mixing live coals with

*Author's license.

the corn as she stirred it and shook the basket simultaneously. She then crushed the corn on the grinding slabs, as she sang a praise song to those above. She thought only of her present happiness, happiness which was soon to vanish like a mist before the morning sun. On she ground the corn; first on the crushing slab, then on a finer grained slab, and finally on a very fine grained one till the meal was as fine as the finest flour. In this work the slabs used were placed before her much like a washboard stands before a woman when washing clothes, and in her hand she gripped a stone hand-piece which she rubbed up and down on the respective slab's face.

When the grinding was completed, she made the meal into mush, stirring it with two small sticks as it cooked. When done, she let it cool for a considerable time. She then built a fire under a large flat rock in her "paper-bread" kitchen; and as soon as the rock was sufficiently hot, she commenced to make "paper" corn bread. In doing this she took the mush and made it into a thin paste by adding water to it. With her bare hands she then spread it on the flat rock in layers as thin as writing paper. When one layer was baked she took it off, laid it out flat, and put on another. To facilitate the baking, she placed a baked sheet over the unbaked one for a moment to hold the heat in. This bread making she continued till her "paper" loaf was about two and one-half inches thick. She then took the "volume" and wrapped it in some buckskin and placed it in a large earthen jar where it would keep fresh till the time came for it to be eaten.

Having completed the feast as far as she could till

Don Diego himself was present, she then set out to make the customary rounds of the village to pay her respects to the dead in the ceremonies of the dead. Into each house she went, seated herself among the mourners a moment, yelled, wept, and shrieked as did the others. It was the fashion and the Indian as her white sister might as well be out of the world as out of fashion. Then to the next house and so on she went till she had made the circuit of the village.

Reaching her mother's residence she sat down a few minutes. She had no brothers to be killed by the white enemy; and her father had long since been laid to rest in the shade of the piñons. All was still in the house. She was all by herself. Her mother was one of the official mourners of the place and must needs be absent most of the time. All alone she sat for a considerable time. Then the din of the new style of battle attracted her attention.

Hearing that Don Diego had sent messengers to San Ildefonso and other villages for help, Vargas and Ojeda decided to make another assault on the place. According to the plan, they suddenly massed all their strength in a great effort to capture the northwest trail; the only other trail was blocked. A most desperate conflict ensued. It was the uproar of this battle which Geetlu heard.

Leaving the house, she went to the edge of the mesa on the contested side and looked on the murderous conflict in the flat, hundreds of feet below. Around her stood a great many of the Jemez women. All about her were much frightened, but she looked on the scene as if it were a dream. The cannonading startled her at times,

it is true, but that was all. She had been having day dreams of late and this was a continuation of them, she thought. Not until Vargas and his men were actually in the act of carrying the village by capturing the trail did the thing become a reality to her. She saw her hero rallying his men to defend the only place of approach. She could distinctly hear his voice above the roar, calling his braves to stand firm. But notwithstanding the efforts of his men, she could see that the allies were steadily gaining ground. Only a few minutes more and the fate of the place would be sealed for that day at least. The women in company with her fled; but she anxiously waited the result.

"*Hang ahtung*" (come here quick), shouted Don Diego to his men. Intuitively Geetlu moved toward the rushing hordes. A huge stone, weighing several tons, was being pried from the edge of the mesa. "*Hang*" (heave ho), shouted Don Diego. "*Hang,*" shouted the war-captain again. The rock began to roll. "*Hang!*" The rock stood as if in suspense a moment; then with a crash like a clap of thunder it rolled into the valley down the line of the Spanish advance. The allies in its path were no more. Governor Vargas himself barely escaped being crushed, his brother Eusebio snatching him from the bowlder's path just in time to save him. The Spaniards were defeated. Instantly the victorious war whoop filled the air, and the big drum on the *estufa* gave forth the heavy, loud sound of triumph. The cannon in the valley below also gave forth a parting, revengeful discharge. Then the allies fled.

Geetlu, animated with joy, turned to join the other women at the village. The discharges from the big

guns struck the upper stratum in her immediate vicinity. A piece of flying débris struck her. The next moment she felt herself falling; then all was blank.

After the excitement had subsided, all the Indians, except some detachments that were left to guard the trail, returned to the village. It was still night. Few, however, were overtaken with sleep. At any moment the enemy might renew the assault. Besides that, many of the Indians had started on that day on their long pilgrimage to the abode of the good Indian dead. Consequently, the howling for the departed and the preparations for the last ceremonies over the dead, employed most of the people.

Geetlu was absent from her home; but her mother, believing that her daughter was engaged in some of the night exercises, troubled herself not the least about her absence. Not until Don Diego inquired about his wife's whereabouts did the mother become anxious about her daughter. At once both she and Don Diego set out to inquire for her; but she was nowhere to be found. The only information that could be obtained concerning her at all was that she had been seen standing on the edge of the mesa just a little while before the big stone was rolled down the trail. That was all.

Don Diego went to the spot where she was said to have been standing, and to his horror he found that the rocks had been shattered by a cannon ball. This was all he could find. There was not the least thing to show that a human being had ever been there. Going to the trail, he descended it, believing, more from intuition than from indications, that the one he was seeking had fallen over the cliff. Entering the flat country at the foot of the

trail, he got down on the ground and crawled about like a snake, looking in every direction for an enemy, but saw none. The Spaniards had retreated a considerable distance before pitching camp. Their pickets, however, were close to the mesa, though Don Diego failed to observe any of them. Believing he had an open field, he stood upright and walked along the edge of the cliff where his wife had been seen last. The mesa walls were not quite so steep here as at most places. Furthermore, several piñon trees grew one above another on the projecting benches. Someone had fallen through these trees. It had been a woman. A moccasin and a *panya,* the apron which the Pueblo squaw wears suspended at the back, were there. Don Diego eagerly picked them up and was trying to identify them in the moonlight when "whang" went the musket of a picket. The cavalier missed his target. Flat to the ground fell the Indian. Instantly his bow was drawn. The arrow went home to its mark. A man fell heavily to the ground. With a whoop, the warrior sprang upon him, jumped upon his breast, encircled the hair with a deep cut, wrenched the bleeding scalp from the head, and, before the comrades of the dead man could appear upon the scene, he was half way up the trail.

Reaching the village, Don Diego went direct to the house of Geetlu's mother and presented his findings. The mother identified the *panya* at once as that of her daughter. Then believing her dead on account of the clotted blood on the Indian apron, she sent up the death wail. Soon the relatives and friends joined in the ceremonies, and all howled the mournful coyote howl for hours together.

Don Diego, however, had hopes that Geetlu was alive. Had she been dead, he would certainly have found her corpse. She was undoubtedly wandering in the flat or had fallen into the hands of the enemy. But as the white man and his allies had the land beyond the mesa, no one dare venture to look for her further that night. The fates would have to take care of her.

The night passed and the second day of the mourning for the dead dawned. The sun rose with a smoke-wreathed face which caused the Indians much alarm. Nothing of importance, however, occurred throughout the day, except the continual shrieking and howling for the dead. The Spaniards were busy burying their dead and had neither time nor inclination to renew the assault upon the place.

The sun rose again and rode majestically to the opposite horizon and disappeared. Yet nothing of military importance occurred, except that Don Diego commenced re-strengthening the defenses of the pueblo, and Vargas commenced making cannon carriages to replace those that had been destroyed by the Indians in front of Zia.

Nothing up to this time had been heard of Geetlu, though searches had been made for her. Just at sunset, however, on this third day an Indian woman appeared in front of the headquarters of the allies and with the obsidian slab she carried at her breast, she reflected rays of light to the village. The woman was Geetlu. The signal was read and quickly answered. When the moon reached the meridian, she would slip out of Ojeda's tent, for she was a prisoner in his camp, crawl past the guards and make her way across the flat to the trail leading to the mesa. Don Diego answered back by means of an-

other piece of volcanic glass that he and his warriors would be in the valley to meet her.

The moon passed the meridian; but no woman appeared in the valley. Don Diego became impatient. An hour or more passed. The war chief could wait no longer. It would soon be daylight and then it would be too late. Leaving his men, he crawled from tree to tree, from bowlder to bowlder till he reached the tent before which he had seen Geetlu the evening before. In the doorway of the tent he found a sentinel stationed. For some time he was puzzled what to do under the circumstances. Should he fail and fall into Ojeda's hands, death was his doom. The first thing of importance was to ascertain that his wife was in the inclosure. The next thing, should she be there, was to get her safely away and with the least possible noise, so as to avoid arousing the allied camp. The first task was easily accomplished. Don Diego whistled a low "Bob-white," and, after waiting time enough to avoid suspicion, Geetlu answered, "White." To rescue the woman was the next thing. Slipping up behind the half-asleep, unsuspecting guard, Don Diego sprang upon him, stabbed him to the heart, covered his mouth with a firm hand to keep him from giving the alarm and held him to the ground till death claimed him. He then picked the woman up in his arms and ran toward the trail, only regretting that he had not had a chance to kill Ojeda instead of the innocent guard. He passed half the distance unnoticed. Then an outstanding picket fired. The bullet came near doing its work. It cut the skin on the lower side of each arm and scorched the skin across his breast. He staggered a moment, then ran on with his load. The gun cracked

again; but on account of the increased distance, the bullet had spent its force before reaching its victim. On Don Diego ran. Soon the allies were pursuing him in hot haste; but before they could overtake him, he reached the trail in safety. A skirmish between the Jemez and the Spaniards followed. The latter, however, not knowing the strength of the enemy, soon retreated to their tents.

"Tell me where you have been and what has happened to you, my dear one," said Don Diego, as soon as the welcoming home was over.

"Well," replied Geetlu, "I was standing on the edge of the mesa when the big rock crushed the white-earth men to death. Soon afterwards I heard a crash. Then I felt sick and began to fall. When I came to my senses, an Indian was holding my head in his lap. As soon as he saw that I showed signs of life, he ordered me taken to his headquarters. It was Ojeda himself. He had recognized me, and when I regained consciousness, he called me by my own name, Geetlu, saying: 'Now I have my wife; at last I have my Geetlu, and I defy Don Diego and the whole world to take her from me.' This did not give me much satisfaction. Soon the man came and started with me. Seeing that I was being carried away from my people, I slipped off my *panya* and one moccasin that should these things be found you would know that I was still alive and would probably know the direction in which I had been taken. Arriving at the camp I was well taken care of. A white medicine man dressed my wounds, which seemed to be only scratches and bruises. Then I was given something to eat. Throughout my stay, everyone was good to me.

The white general seemed to take a great liking to me; and, through an interpreter, he even told me that on the day he captured the village he would make me officially the wife of Ojeda. To this I answered nothing. But, oh, I hope these pale-faces and their allies will never get possession of our home. Don Diego, I love you and you only can I love. I watched for an opportunity to let you know that I was alive and would do all I could to make my escape. The opportunity came last evening, as you know. My plans to escape failed, however. Ojeda observed me signaling. So believing that I was going to try to escape, he put a guard over me. This man you killed when rescuing me. But, my dear, I am tired. Let me sleep."

On account of his successful entering of the allied camp, Don Diego decided to make a sortie yet that same night. Descending the trail with all the braves he could conveniently marshal at short notice without causing too much noise, he fell upon the enemy just as the morning star began to rise. As they moved forward to the attack, the sentinel, stationed halfway between the foot of the trail and the general's tent, fired the alarm. In the direction from which the alarm had come loud yells at once arose. The pickets at the foot of the trail had either been killed or captured, and the Jemez were in the act of rushing upon the camp. Immediately the cannons were brought into action, but the fighting was soon at quarters too close for them to be effective. The battle was a hand to hand battle from the onset; and cannons could not be turned on the assailants without killing those assailed as well. Every rock, tree, and bush had a red man behind it. The crude war implements

of savages clashed with the war implements of the civilized man. Many of the allies were killed in their beds. The camp was taken and burned. Success danced in the eye of the Indian and gave his heart a quickened beat. At this juncture a handful of cavalry under Eusebio de Vargas fell upon the Jemez from the rear. These men had been stationed as a guard over the grazing horses and had not been in the fight up to this time. Through the crowded mass of savages they rode, hewing them down on all sides, till their comrades had time to rally. For a few minutes then the Spaniards were flushed with success. The camp was cleared. The cannons that had been captured in the first onslaught were retaken and put into deadly action. The attacking Indians, bewildered and dismayed, were finally routed and began to retreat. But on reaching the trail they found that a detachment of the allies under Vargas himself had gained possession of it. Their escape by it was cut off, for they were unable to dislodge the possessors. Turning about they again fell upon the main body of the enemy. If they had to die they would die as braves. The enemy closed in on them on all sides. Their annihilation seemed certain. Only a few minutes more and grim visaged war would accomplish its work completely.

Just as the terrible slaughter was progressing, the Jemez war whoop was heard in the rear of the Spanish lines. In a moment the battle was on in another quarter. After leading the first division to the attack, Don Diego had returned to the village, called another division of warriors and with it had descended the trail leading northeast from the village and had gained his fighting

position by a march down San Diego Cañon. His delay, due to the difficulty in rebuilding the destroyed trail, had spoiled his plans. But notwithstanding that, both he and his men were eager to join battle. The gods had commanded them to fight and fight they would. Furiously they fell upon the allied foe. They crippled the horses. They dragged the cavaliers from their saddles. They killed the cannoneers at their posts. They routed Ojeda and the Queres under him. They wholly destroyed the enemy's right wing. They released their surrounded comrades. They cleared the trail. Then the tide of battle turned. The Spanish left wing and center closed in on the Jemez and Eusebio de Vargas, assuming the command for a time, massed the cannons so as to bear directly on them. The swordsmen cut them down on every side; the muskets played havoc with their lines; the field pieces mowed them down by scores. The more efficient weapons triumphed and the Jemez sullenly scrambled up the trail to the village where the allies dare not yet follow.

As soon as the braves reached the village after the defeat, they began to inflict punishment upon themselves with knives and awls to appease the wrath of the gods. The women rushed about the place as mad. They tore their scanty clothes from their bodies, pulled their hair out, beat themselves with sticks and rocks, pricked themselves with cactus and cut their flesh with broken pieces of pottery for the dead just killed in battle. The medicine men and the professional mourners instituted the ceremonies of the dead with their accompanying wailing and howling. And the sun priests retired to the

estufas to pray and fast before the gods and to consult them why the warriors had been so overwhelmingly defeated.

While the sortie was being brought to its disastrous end, the fourth day of the ceremonies over the dead that had fallen in battle at the taking of Zia had dawned. That afternoon the men, annually appointed for the purpose, went from house to house of the deceased, obliterated the sun drawings encircling the effigies of the dead, carried the effigies, baskets of eatables, water jars, and everything that pertained to the departed to the edge of the mesa on the side of the declining sun and hurled them to the valley below. Over them they then sprinkled sacred meal for a moment. This completed the ceremonies. The journeying souls had reached the land of bliss. The ceremonies for the dead, killed at Cañon and in front of Jemez, were to terminate in the same manner later.

That evening the chief sun priest and his aids entered the plaza from the sun houses and in sonorous tones ordered the medicine men, the " funny men " and the men of the Column Plaza Dancing Society to go to the cental *estufa* at once.

Soon all were within the house of the gods as ordered. All squatted in groups facing the north, except the sun priest who occupied the position against the north wall between the two rainbow symbols, with face turned toward the south. The first group immediately in front of the priest was the chief penitents, the next group the " funny men," and the last group the column dancers. For some time after all had assembled, they sat in breathless silence, as is the custom in an Indian council meet-

ing. Then the chief man of ceremonies arose, prayed long, loud, and earnestly to the gods and scattered yellow pollen and meal over all within the house. Finishing his praying and sprinkling, he turned to his visible auditors and said:

"A dire calamity has befallen our tribe. We have sinned a great sin against the gods, and for it they have taken vengeance on us. Our evil doings are the cause of our misfortunes. Someone has turned witch, and used owl feathers and caused black corn to answer their questions. Practice of this sort always brings destruction to the tribe. Drouth, pestilence, and defeat in war are always caused by it. The gods always are angered on account of it and always punish the tribe that tolerates it. Only the conviction and execution of the perpetrators will pacify them.

"When I was a little boy the whole tribe sickened in one day and many died. The medicine men did all they could to drive the 'sick' away. They prayed and sprinkled sacred meal over the sick ones and mortified themselves in every way, but the dying of our people still continued to increase. The gods were consulted and it was decided that some witch was the cause of the great mortality. The priests and medicine men searched the houses of the village and in two of them they found owl feathers tied up in a bundle with black corn. They put to death the offenders. At once the dying of the people from the disease ceased.

"The year after I became chief sun priest, from the coming of the leaves till the corn was in tassel, it did not rain neither in the valley nor on the mountains which furnish water to our river. For days and days the

'funny men' prayed and did penance, but it was of no use. The rain came not. The corn planted was about to be wholly destroyed. That some evil doer in the tribe was the cause of the drouth became the opinion of the chief men. Owl feathers were found in one house, and the possessor, a haggard old woman, was executed. That very day it rained till the river was so filled with water that its roar could be heard for miles.

"Two years ago, as you all know, our army was defeated by the Navajos, and the victors marched to take this place. Severe fighting occurred in the valley near here for many days in which our braves were worsted all the time. In the *estufa* we prayed continually, but not a prayer was answered. I called the 'principals' together, and we made search for the one among us who was defeating our warriors by his witchcraft. This time I myself found black corn wrapped up with owl feathers, buried beneath the hearth in one of the houses. The execution of the sorcerer brought success to our arms. The next day our enemies were routed and driven from this valley.

"As in the cases mentioned, some witch is the cause of our present calamity. In the name of those above, if you know of anyone who has owl feathers in his possession or who talks to black corn, do your duty and accuse him before this assembly that he may receive his just punishment that the wrath of the deities against this place may be appeased. Speak what you know, that the Great Spirit may hear and reward you. Speak that our homes, our tribe, and our religion may be saved from annihilation." Thus saying, he seated himself and waited for the others to speak.

A dismal and awful stillness ensued for some minutes. The old chief of the sun worshiping then arose again and said: "Will you not speak when the gods command you? I will call upon you in the order of your positions beginning with those nearest me."

He had called upon half of those present before he received anything but a negative to his inquiries. Then an Indian by the name of Dwashing admitted that he knew of two women who had owl feathers and made black corn talk.

"Who are they?" anxiously broke in the chief priest, as the eyes of all turned eagerly toward the one who was addressing them.

"Lapieyah and Kinnewagga," bluntly answered Dwashing. He continued. "I saw Kinnewagga gather the feathers beneath a flowering currant bush at the foot of a big fir tree on the edge of the Soda Dam on the side of the going down of the sun. Afterwards, I saw her and Lapieyah cause the black corn to tell them things. This was in their house just before the spring dance. I also saw that they had owl feathers along with the corn."

"Go to the door, Don Diego, and prevent anyone from leaving here," interruptingly broke in the priest. Then turning to Dwashing, he said: "Proceed."

Dwashing continued: "I also saw these two women use prayer sticks feathered with owl feathers. They placed two in each of the petrified-wood altars on the mesa. It was the day before the battle in front of the Zia mesa. I would have mentioned it sooner, but I was captured by the white-faced men the next morning

and only escaped from them this morning. Here are the prayer sticks," handing them to the priest.

"Is that all?"

"Yes."

"Very well, I will question the others present."

One by one he called upon the remaining representatives of the tribe till he had interrogated each one present, receiving in each case a negative answer. He then stood upright with his back against the center post along the north wall, prayed a half audible prayer a moment and sprinkled the sacred meal toward the symbols of the gods. Finishing his prayer, he said: "It is well. The will of the gods be done." Then turning toward the entrance to the edifice he gave the following command: "Don Diego, you and twelve braves go and search the house of Kinnewagga and Lapieyah and bring the sorceresses here as quickly as possible. We will await your return."

Cautiously Don Diego proceeded to the house of the suspects, crawled up to it and peeped in through the circular porthole-like window. There was a light in the room. The women were busy at something near the low fire which furnished the light. They were taking corn and owl feathers from their hiding place beneath the hearth. After Kinnewagga had collected the corn and feathers in her lap, she sprinkled them with the pollen of the cat-tail-flag and began to pray to them: "O instrument of the black art, O gods of the world of fogs and storms, O gods of all that is evil, hear me and answer my prayer. Before to-morrow's sun shall rise, smite Don Diego —"

A stir without cut the prayer short. Don Diego and

his men all heard the prayer and had seen the black corn and owl feathers. There was a scramble up the ladder and in a minute thirteen men stood in the living-room of the house. The women were there, but the feathers and the corn were no where to be seen. The room was searched, but they could not be found. Had they burned them? An examination of the ashes showed that they had not. The floor and walls were then pounded to see if the evil things had been concealed there, but with no better success. An accidental glance at Kinnewagga, however, revealed the feathers. She had them concealed in her bosom, and one of the feathers was not completely within the folds of her black dress.

The women were immediately seized and dragged before the assembly. They had been caught in the act of holding communication with the evil ones. Consequently no mercy was shown them. They were convicted by the "principals" and taken at once from the *estufa* and stoned to death.

While Jemez was thus engaged in convicting and executing its witches, things were fast approaching a crisis in the Spanish camp. The last morsel of food had been eaten and the ammunition had got so low that but few of the cavaliers had more than powder and ball enough to shoot ten times; while the Jemez seemed to be able to hold out indefinitely. A scout had also brought the news that the Tehuas were marching over the mountains from San Ildefonso to relieve the place. To such straits were they reduced that, at dusk, Señores Otero and Baca went to the general and, on their knees, begged him to abandon the siege. But fearing the disgrace and the loss of prestige which would inevitably follow, he

would not yield to them. "This place must be captured," was his firm and only reply.

Later in the evening the same two aids came to him again and besought him in the name of the Virgin Mary to abandon the place. Said they: "We have no food at hand; we are weakened in numbers; and our powder and ball is almost gone. If we stay here the combined savage hordes will fall upon us and kill us all. We beseech you, leave this place while it is yet possible to do so. Before to-morrow morning we are likely to be all massacred. A union of the allied hostile forces means disaster to us. Let us get as far from this place as we can under cover of the darkness."

"It would be a disgrace to ourselves, to our king and to our religion to retreat from this place," Governor Vargas angrily responded. "No," he continued, "we will capture this place and take these barbarians with us as slaves when we go."

"The Jemez are now signaling those who are scaling yonder mountains to succor them," interrupted Señor Otero. "If you will not go with us we will go without you."

"Neither you nor any of the cavaliers shall leave this place without my permission," defiantly retorted the officer as he laid his hand on his sword. "This night we will take this place. I have wanted a cloudy night to screen our movements and to-night we have it. This fog makes it pitch dark here in the valley. Now to carry out my plans is all that is needed. Take a division of men and move all the cannons to a location south of the mesa as near to it as possible. Then as soon as you have all of them in position commence firing them toward

the mesa and keep firing them till I command you to stop. Yell and make as much noise as you can, also. Do everything you can to draw the besieged to that side. At the proper moment my brother Eusebio will capture the trail with the remaining troops. To-night the village is ours."

While the above orders were being given, the sorceresses were being put to death in the village. The bloody work having been completed, the drum again sounded the call to arms, and the weird preparation for battle was begun. Aid was coming; and, jointly, they would surprise the camp of the Queres and Spaniards at dawn. But the plans of the war chief were not given time to mature. Before the warriors were half painted, the boom, boom of the cannons and the terrible yelling and hallooing to the south of the village in near proximity to the mesa wall caused consternation throughout the whole pueblo. Though the mesa walls are hundreds of feet in perpendicular height on that side, the Jemez, not knowing what the white man was capable of doing and expecting that he might be able to accomplish most anything, rushed thither to repel the feigned assault. This was what Vargas wanted. In the excitement the guards abandoned the trail, and Eusebio and his armored men rushed it and captured the village.

A horrible scene followed. Unarmored and taken by surprise, the braves were mercilessly butchered by the invaders. The populace became panic-stricken and for the most part, rushed from the pueblo to the edge of the mesa where they leaped, a few to escape to the Navajo country, but the greater number to instant death. Of those who remained in the village, the sword claimed

many. Seventy braves were killed and three hundred and seventy-one were taken prisoners. The village was sacked and burned, and three hundred *fanegas* of corn were captured. This was July 24, 1694 (some writers give 1693).

Consternation filled the hearts of all the prisoners. Other rebels had been shot or burned. Would that be their fate? Huddled together at Cañon and guarded by their Indian enemies, they were most miserable. Don Diego had been captured and was confined with his comrades awaiting the pleasure of the commanding officer. His wife had been bound by Ojeda and carried to Santa Anna. Of all the Indians he was the one most miserable. The others might be freed, but his fate was sealed. A thought suddenly entered his mind. "I am doomed, but possibly I can save my comrades." A group of the Jemez had gathered close around him. He lifted his head from the drooped position it had had since the destruction of his home and looked them all in the face. "My brothers," he began to say to them, "I have done all I could to save our home, as you all have, but the gods are against us. Now the only thing left is to save ourselves if we can. My brothers," he repeated after a moment's pause, "go and tell the white chief that I have been the cause of all this trouble, peradventure he will spare you your lives."

It took considerable argument to get the braves to accede to such a thing. Finally, however, as a last resort, a delegation called upon Governor Vargas and explained the cause of the resistance of the Jemez to the Spanish rule, as had been planned. They made their statements so plausible, that Vargas agreed to free all the

braves in time, on the following conditions: (1) that they would immediately bring chief Don Diego to his tent bound for execution: (2) that they would promise to build a new village on the old site in the valley; (3) that they would aid in the wars when needed, he to keep their women and children as hostages till after the capture of San Ildefonso.

Don Diego was immediately brought before the general and condemned to be shot. As soon as sentenced, he was taken a short distance from the tent and made to stand, while the musketeers prepared their guns for the final act. All leveled their guns over the respective "rests" and with burning fuse in hand waited the fatal signal from Vargas. Just at that moment, the good *padre* who was accompanying the army rushed up to the general and on his knees begged him in the name of the Holy Mary to spare the life of the man who dared defend his home. At this moment the Indians also murmured against the execution of their chief. So the sentence was changed to ten years as a slave in the mines of Nueva Vizcaya. That day he was started on the long journey to that penal region of old Mexico.

The next day Governor Vargas recovered the remains of the martyred *padre,* Juan De Jesus, and on the following day set out on the return to Santa Fé. Arriving there, he buried the martyr with appropriate ceremonies, August 11, as had been the good priest's dying request.*

*The above account of the capture of Jemez is based on the the Indian and Mexican folklore stories of the region. Below is an abridged account of the capture of this village after Bancroft's History, Volume on Arizona and New Mexico, pages 210 to 211:

On July 21, 1694, with one hundred and twenty men, Governor Vargas joined the Queres under Ojeda of Santa Anna in an attack

But the war went on. September 4th, Governor Vargas, aided by one hundred and fifty Queres and Jemez, assaulted San Ildefonso, but was defeated, leaving eleven Spaniards dead on the field. Again on October 5th, the allies attacked the place, marched up the slope to the very village, but were put to flight. Vargas then cut off the supplies of the pueblo, destroyed the cornfields, and allowed the allies to dance the scalp dance over a fallen Tehua right in the open in sight of the besieged. Several times the Tehuas descended and engaged in a desperate conflict, but each time were repulsed. At last, on the

on Jemez on the mesa at the forks of the river [the Mesa Don Diego of the Spanish records]. While en route the Zia Mesa [the Mesa Colorado of the Spanish records] was taken [a part of the Zias, however, were with the Santa Annas under Ojeda — a part of the Zias had rebuilt their old village and moved to it, these were with Ojeda.] In taking Zia five men were killed. [Some records say it was the Jemez who attacked Mesa Colorado and that they were defeated.] Then on July 24 Vargas, with the Santa Anna and Zia allies, took the Jemez Mesa by storm, according to the Archives at Santa Fé. The battle was one of the fiercest fought. The Zias and Santa Annas did much in securing the place. Here Don Eusebio de Vargas, brother of the Governor, distinguished himself. The Jemez lost eighty-one killed, three hundred and seventy-one prisoners; the village was sacked and burned; three hundred *fanegas* of corn was captured. The Jemez Governor, Chief Diego was surrendered; first condemned to be shot; then, upon the intercession of the *padre* who was accompanying the army, he was sent as a convict to the mines of Nueva Vizcaya: the Indians surrendered him, it is stated, saying that he had been the cause of the trouble. The prisoners, in part, were allowed to go back to Jemez and build on the old site, if they would promise to aid in the wars when needed. [Their wives and children, however, were not given back to them till after the capture of San Ildefonso, September 13, 1694.]

After the capture of Jemez Governor Vargas recovered the mortal remains of the martyred *padre,* Juan de Jesus, and on August 11th following he interred them at Santa Fé.

8th, the besieged sued for peace. Peace and pardon was granted them on condition that they would return to their respective pueblos.

After this battle and the surrender of the Tehuas, the Jemez, having aided the Spaniards, were given back their women and children, the Jemez missionary interceding for them. This was September 13th, 1694.

But the Pueblos seemed to be practically unconquerable. No sooner would the Spanish army leave one locality than an uprising would there occur.

A famine having occurred and the *padres* and soldiers having been redistributed on account of the scarcity of food, the Jemez, Taos, Picuries, Tehuas, Queres of Cochiti, and Santo Domingo rose in arms and killed five priests and twenty-one Spaniards, June 4th, 1696. The Zias, Pecos, Tesque, San Felipe, Santa Anna remained faithful to the Spaniards.

As a result of the uprising, Vargas marched to Zia the first of August to attack the Jemez, but abandoned the expedition without going farther, saying that he had to distribute some two hundred head of cattle that had just arrived at Santa Fé. August 5th, following, he made an unsuccessful assault on Acoma, captured five Indians, one a chief. The latter he freed, begging him to persuade the people to surrender, but they would not do so. He then shot the other captives, ravaged the fields, and returned. Returning home he then sent Adjutant Juan Ruiz against Jemez, but the expedition seems to have been unsuccessful.

Later that same fall, the governor in person attacked the Taos in a cañon not far from their village. After a few skirmishes the Indians surrendered. Thence he

marched against the other northern Pueblos. The Picuries and Tehuas feigned peace to save their cornfields. Vargas discovered their plans and attacked them October 26th, capturing eighty-four women and children, who became slaves of the Spaniards at Santa Fé. Rather than submit, most of the other Pueblos fled to the mountains, where over two thousand perished and as many more joined the wild tribes.

Returning home after this expedition, Vargas found that he himself was in trouble. Many charges had been made against him at the court of the Viceroy of Mexico. After considerable parleying, Pedro Rodriguez Cubero succeeded to the governorship, and Vargas was sent to Mexico in chains and later, it is said, to Spain. At any rate, he carried his case to the King of Spain and finally proved his innocence of all the charges, becoming governor again in August, 1703.

As soon as he became the official head of the northern province again, he found the Indians as hostile as ever; they had not been subdued by his successor. As soon as arrangements could be made, he set out to attack the Apaches on the San Dia Mountains, who were making raids on the settlements along the Rio Grande. Becoming sick en route, he died at Bernalillo, April 4th, 1704.

His successor proceeded with the task of bringing the whole country under subjugation. As would be expected, he soon found himself face to face with the unyielding Jemez. This was in 1705. The Jemez aided by the Apaches had returned to Mesa Don Diego and re-fortified it. Then they were in the valley at Cañon ready to rush upon the approaching enemy. The battles of Zia and Jemez were to be fought over again. The slaughter

of those terrible times was to be repeated. The Spanish general gave the order to charge. The war whoop resounded. But the slaying hand of the destroying angel was stayed.

CHAPTER XVI

DON DIEGO, with halter around his neck, was led by a man on horseback down the Jemez valley past the present village of Zia and now Old Village of Santa Anna. As he was being jerked through the latter village, he heard a voice he knew. Just faintly he heard it. It was Geetlu's voice. She was saying, "May the gods take care of you, Don Diego" [*Te-wa-pah-oo,* Don Diego]. He turned to look in the direction the voice had come, but was jerked onward and saw no more.

On they journeyed. At last they reached the mines of Nueva Vizcaya, and Don Diego entered upon his toils as a prisoner-slave. As such he was biddable and did his work well and faithfully. Furthermore, the good *padre* interceding for his life before the Spanish Governor had had its effect upon his character. The good father had given him some prayer beads before his departure to the penal settlement and these he prized very highly; and when not occupied in his duties as a slave, he sat and "counted them" by the hour. The guards noticed this, but it was their business to grind as much labor out of a convict as possible. Consequently they did not even attempt to explain the meaning of the beads to the poor savage. Days, weeks, months came and went. Finally Don Diego asked what day would be Sunday; the prisoners worked every day, Sundays, feast days, and all. He was told that it would be in three more days. "My

brother," he then said, "may I not go to your church on that day?" The keepers laughed sneeringly and said nothing.

Finally one day, luckily, the *padre* of this penal district made a visiting tour through the mines. Don Diego was working on what is commonly called "the dump" in mining regions. As the priest approached him, he stopped his work and making the cross bowed to him, calling him father. This called the priest's attention to the prisoner. He stepped aside and addressed him kindly. In response Don Diego stepped forward and kissed his hand. Then the priest passed on and the prisoner resumed his work.

After the day's labor was completed and Don Diego had lain down to rest a few minutes as he "counted his beads," the beads of the white God as he termed them, he was not a little surprised when one of the guards appeared at the entrance of his thatched hovel and told him the *padre* wished him to go to his house as he wished to talk to him.

He arose quickly and dragging and carrying his chains, finally reached the flat-roofed mansion. There he was caused to squat himself on the floor of a well furnished room, where he had to wait a considerable time for the arrival of the priest; he was occupied at some other official business at the time. At last that person entered the room and in a short time the prisoner was at confession. The *padre* listened attentively to the story of his life and especially his final declaration, that he had done what he thought was right and that, if it was wrong, he did not know it. He had defended his home to the last. Now he was willing to serve the white man's God, as it

was stronger than the Indian gods; and that he wished to attend mass and learn more about the white man's religion.

After being at confession, Don Diego was returned to the hovel and the next day went to work in his chains as usual. For several days he worked again as before. Finally one morning one of the guards appeared at his hovel with a hammer and chisel. Entering he remarked sarcastically: "It's a shame. I suppose you will cause us lots of trouble for this and likely kill somebody and make feed for the wolves yourself; but I am ordered to release these shackles, and the good father requests you to attend mass. To-day is Sunday. I suppose it will take all the bloodhounds we have to find you by to-morrow. 'But here goes.'" So saying, he set to work and soon had cut the iron bands that clasped each leg, and the prisoner was free.

The happiest man at mass that day was the Jemez slave; and after mass when he had returned to his thatched hut, he sat and sang the hours away. The next morning he was at his post of duty as usual and even worked better than before. For some time, however, the guards kept close watch on him lest he should run off; but were, at length, convinced that he had no such intentions. So then they made him a trusty about the place. Meanwhile he visited the priest as often as he could and had him explain the different things about the white man's religion and the goodness of God. At last the priest took such a liking to him that he had him transferred from the mine to his charge, using him as a servant. This position suited Don Diego very much and he

worked hard to retain it. But even better things were in store for him. The priest finally made him one of the aids in the church service.

At last he had served out his sentence and with the blessings of the good *padre,* he set out for the home of his people, going not by the then Spanish route, but by the Indian route northward, somewhat the same as Coronado had gone.

After traveling toward the North Star several days, he came to that great ruin the Casa Grande — the Red House of the Indians — on the Gila. Thence he entered the broken region by Globe, with its blue, gray, red, and black rocks. Then onward he went northward over the Apache mountains by Chromo (Haystack) Butte to Salt River. This he swam near where Chief Lupe's camp is now situated. From there he passed northeastward a little past the "black butte" and over the granites and schists at the mouth of Cañon creek. He had been several days in the Apache country and as he could talk the language of the natives of the region he was treated as a friend and guest by them. There was an Indian encampment then near the mouth of the creek and here he rested a day. While here he took a canoe and went across Salt river a little above the encampment and examined the salt crystals that glisten in the evening sun where the saline waters seep out of the sandstone and shales of the Old Red Sandstone walls of the cañon. The next day with a guide, he set out on his further journey. Their course was northward up Cañon creek over its rough, narrow, inner valley, over rocks from Tertiary to Archæon in age, over rocks as hard and

brittle as glass to fine blue shale and loose Tertiary material. That evening they reached the flat now known as John Dazen's camp. Here, across the creek from Mount Chiddeschee, they rested and slept. Morning came and they now resumed their journey, now northeastward, climbing over the vitreous Tonto sandstone and the Devonian shell-bed areas and on up the Plateau walls to the flats of the Grasshopper Springs country. Night found them on the Cibicu creek, guests of the chief of the tribe that occupied the valley. A feast of corn was set before them. After the meal, a deerskin was spread on the ground and Don Diego, being tired, soon found himself fast asleep.

Don Diego had not slept long, when a disturbing dream awoke him. Rising on his elbow, he listened a moment; then remarked to his host: "What means that drum beat I hear?"

"Oh," replied the one addressed, "a medicine dance is in session. The medicine woman of our tribe is about to die; and the medicine people are performing the final medicinal ceremonies over her. In the performance they will either cure her or prepare her to meet her gods. We are all going to it. Would you like to go with us?"

Don Diego and the chief's family had scarcely joined the group of squatting people encircling the great fire, the sick one, and the chanters, when the medicine ghost dancers appeared the first time in the night ceremonies; the Gunelpieya ceremonies had been performed the afternoon previous. The ghost dancers entered the sick one's presence and, acting as though surprised, they danced backwards and forwards for several yards to the music of the chant:

" Kahs'-ah-tun' nee yah' ash kah'
Kahs'-ah-tun' nee yah' ash kah'
Kahs'-ah-tun' nee yah' ash kah'
Kahs'-ah-tun' nee yah' ash kee' yah'."

Then they approached again only to make a retrograde movement as before. This they did seven times in succession. Then they approached and strutted around the little spot where the sick woman lay, the clown going through every grimace known to his fraternity. After encircling the patient once, they pranced a moment while " grandma " sprinkled the sacred pollen upon them, blowing her breath on each one in blessing as she sprinkled him. This completed scene one of this act and the men of the gods cantered off into the darkness to go through their religious incantations to overcome " sick."

The ghost dancers returned and formed in column facing the west, the sick one being changed so that she faced them. They danced up to her feet and then retrograded in a backward movement to the spot where they had first formed the column, gobbling and strutting and waving their hands in imitation of a flying bird. This they repeated several times. Then the foremost dancer, as he made pose after pose imitating, in a manner, the actions of a mother quail when protecting her young, left the column and danced to the feet of the dying woman. He reached her presence, strutted around her, laid the crossed wands on her — he carried one in each hand, blew his breath on them, danced backwards about fifteen feet with medicine wands still crossed, parted the wands with a sweeping vigorous movement of the hands in opposite directions, thus sending the evil spirits

not into the swine but to the four winds. He returned to the patient, placed the wands on her breast, then danced backwards and scattered the evil ones as before. He then placed the crossed wands upon her head, and lastly upon her back, each time performing as above. His work being completed, he galloped off into obscurity to appear in the next scene.

The other medicine dancers in succession went through practically the same performance as the first dancer did. Then came the clown. His performance, in addition to his cutting capers and making grimaces, was about the same as that of those who preceded him, except that he did not strut and gobble like a turkey. His acting completed part one of this scene.

There were three other parts to this scene, all three of which were acted out similarly to the one just described with the exception that the position taken by the actors was different. In part two the sick one faced the northeast, the dancing column the southwest; in part three she faced the northwest, the column the southeast; and in part four she faced the southwest, the dancing column the northeast. Part four completed this scene and the medicine actors passed into the outer darkness.

The next ten scenes were similar to the one just described, except that when the lookers-on went to sleep the Satanic majesty, the clown, woke them up with his trident and made them dance, there being one hundred and fifty sleepy ones dancing at one time.

Just as the eleventh scene was culminating, the sick woman became semi-conscious; she had been unconscious throughout the whole performance. Raising herself to a sitting position, she began to address those around her not

in the Apache language but in that of the Jemez. Hearing his native speech used, Don Diego intuitively stepped quickly forward to the presence of the patient; and — lo! it was Geetlu. As he approached, she opened her eyes and looked wildly about her. "No," she exclaimed, "go away, Death. I will not die. I must not die till I see my husband, Don Diego. I ran away from that cruel Ojeda of Santa Anna with Bedessendaha to this place and to my friends. That was long ago. No, I will not die. Give me back my husband. He is coming to say a last farewell to me. I saw him in a vision. He is coming. He will be here to-night. No, I will not die till I see him and tell him that I love him and hate Ojeda."

He took her in his arms and soothingly addressed her: "I am your husband. I am Don Diego. I am free and I love you. My dear Geetlu, I love you."

Her eyes became calmer. She looked at him. She stroked his hair with her hand. She breathed on her hand and rubbed his face with it. Then she exclaimed: "My husband, my own Don Diego, peace to you and may the gods take care of you. I go to my long home. Good-by, my Don Die—."

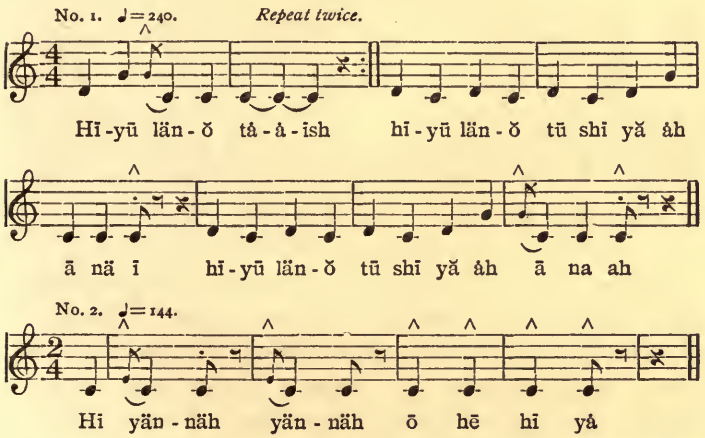
She again lapsed into unconsciousness. This was just as day began to dawn. Immediately the twelfth and last scene of the night performance began. The medicine dancers appeared, were sprinkled with the sacred cat-tail-flag pollen, and began to perform over the sick one as in the previous scenes with the exception that they used medicine hoops instead of wands. These hoops were five in number and were painted to represent the rainbow. Besides being painted, each hoop had five eagle feathers suspended from it.

When this scene began the lookers-on all took one more drink of Indian whisky (they had been drinking it all night), formed around the central fire in a great circle, and danced around it from right to left, the women in one half of the circle, the men in the other. The old women danced backward and forward on either side of the fire and acted out clown-performances within the outer dancing circle; and the members of the medicine fraternity sprinkled the sacred dust and prayed incessantly to the gods. More and more vigorous became the dance. Everyone joined it. The sound of the peculiar drums, now beat with greater accent, the loud chanting and deafening shouts of the dancers filled the surrounding country with ear-grating sounds. The excitement reached a high tension. The sick one became semi-conscious again. She made one supreme effort to rise and join in the dance; but she had not sufficient strength. They lifted her to a standing position, they sprinkled her with the sacred dust, they rubbed her back and her chest with scorching fir twigs, they supported her in a dancing position. She made one more heroic effort to dance and become well. Greater and greater grew the excitement. The chief medicine man prayed louder, the shrieks and shouts of the dancers became deafening. The crisis came. In the excitement, under the influence of the hypnotic spell, the sick one forgot her ailments. She danced. She took a medicine hoop in each hand. She lifted them high above her head. She leaped. She crow-hopped. She posed. She strutted around the great fire like a turkey. She called the gods by name. She shrieked, swooned and died.

Words cannot describe the scene that followed. The

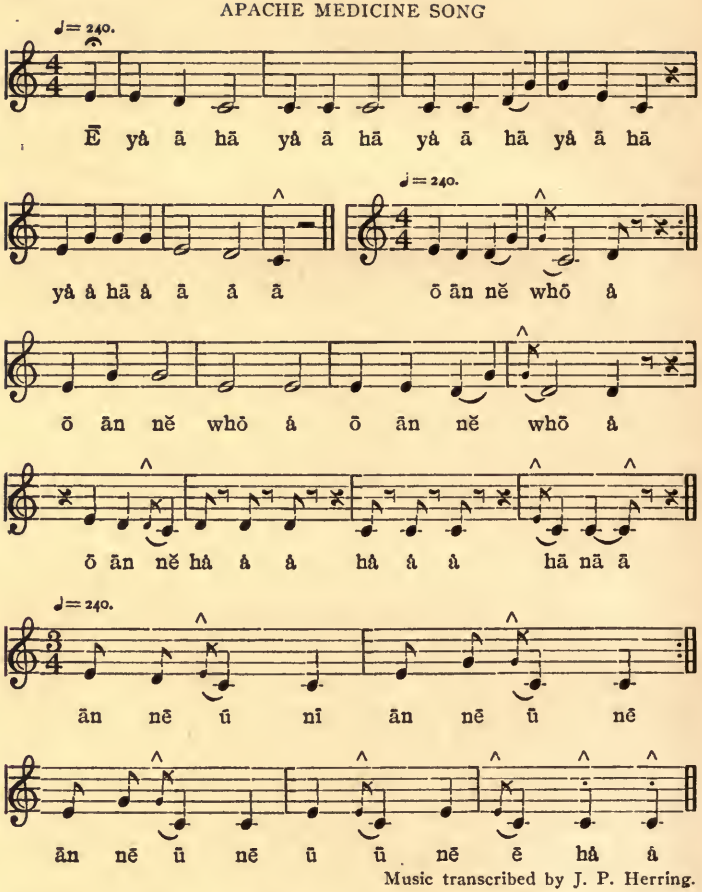
men wept, the women wailed with the hideous coyote yelping wail so characteristic of the Apaches. They pulled their hair out by handfuls, they rent their apparel and destroyed their property at hand. Then made a rush to see the corpse. They trampled over each other, and it was with difficulty that they were kept from crowding one another into the great fire. They carried her to the nearest wigwam; stripped, washed, and dressed her; beaded her with all the beads of the clan; put wristlets upon wristlets on her wrists; rolled her in her best robe; took her and her medicine accouterments to the mountain side and buried them beneath a piñon tree. Then they returned and destroyed everything which belonged to her, both animate and inanimate, together with her *tepee,* that the things that were hers on earth might be with her in the spirit of the land of bliss. Then for thirty days the women wailed and mourned for her at

MEDICINE GIRLS' SONGS



Music transcribed by J. P. Herring.

APACHE MEDICINE SONG



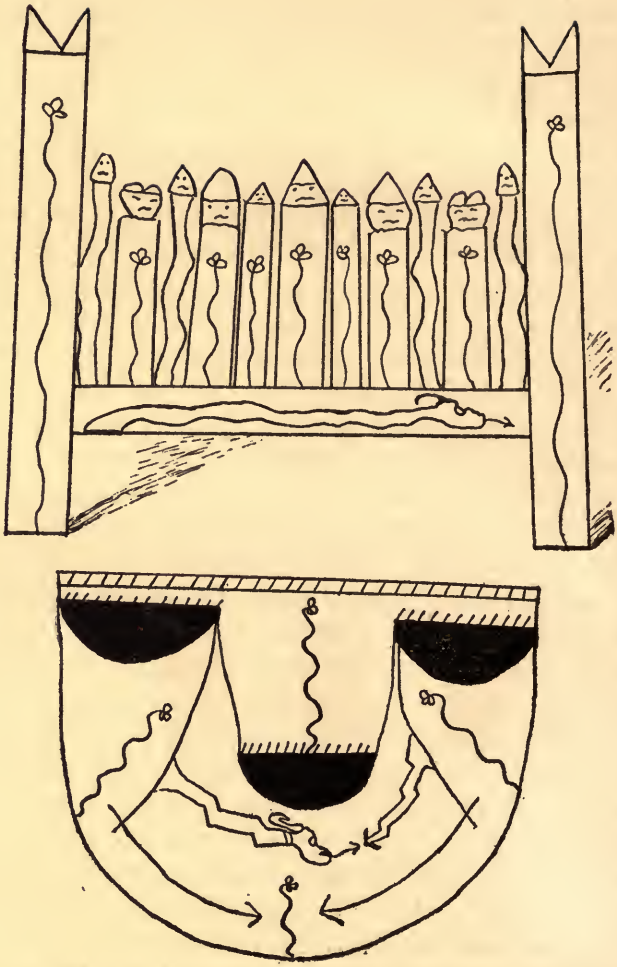
Music transcribed by J. P. Herring.

morning, noon, and night. Thus were the ceremonies performed over the medicine woman brought to a close.

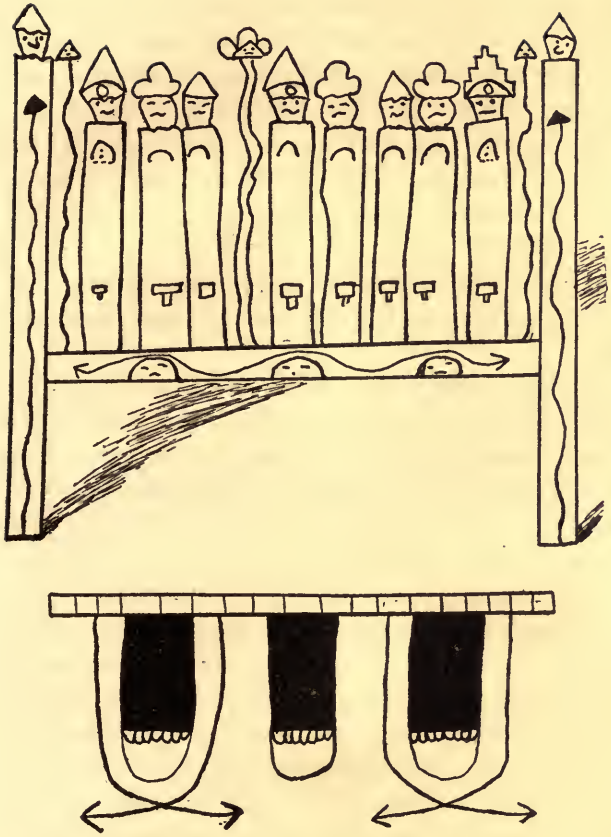
After the days of mourning were over, Don Diego resumed his journey. His Apache friends accompanied him to the edge of the "wilderness." From there he went on alone. He passed through Zuñi and on past

El Morro and finally Cabezon and began to ascend the foothills of the western wing of the Jemez Mountains. Reaching Jackrabbit valley in the early morning, he climbed the first point overlooking the Jemez country. He scanned the valley closely. The village there was abandoned and in the far southeastern view toward San Y Sidro, he could see a division of Spanish cavalry approaching. Turning to the northeast, he saw the mesa that was named for him swarming with life. It evidently had been refortified and war preparations were then actually going on. A battle was about to begin.

Don Diego hurried onward. Could he be of any service to his people? He heard the big drum sound as in the days of yore. He saw the warriors file down the tortuous trail. Was he dreaming? He pulled his hair to be sure that he was awake. The things he saw were real. He hurried on, as he rapidly planned in his mind what he should do. But what would he do? He saw the braves station themselves in the ravines and prepare to lie in wait for the approaching foe. He also saw the cavalry approaching at a rapid pace. He reached the edge of the table-land foothills. He descended to the valley and waded the river. With gray locks streaming in the breeze, for he was an old man now, he rushed between the approaching hostile lines, now only a few hundred feet apart. With uplifted cross, he walked between the lines. "I am Don Diego," he shouted to the Jemez braves. "I was war-captain of your fathers. We fought and lost all. My brothers, it is useless to make war on the pale-faces. They are like the southwest wind: more and more of them come every day. They are like the flies: the more of them one kills the



Altar and Sand Painting of the Knife Society of the Jemez.



Altar and Sand Painting of the Grant Society, Jemez, New Mexico. On the sand painting were placed stone gods of the bear and cougar, effigies of human beings, the skins of the left front legs of bears killed in the sacred hunts, bunches of feathers, and bowls of corn pollen and sacred meal.

more comes. The country of their fathers is running over with people and they will always come more and more. My brothers, our gods teach right doing, so does the white man's God. Their Jesus is our Pest-ya-sode. They are one and the same. In the name of all the gods of our fathers, I beg you to cease fighting and be brothers of the white people if they will be brothers to you. Give me till the sun has passed the Zia mesa to talk with the white chief."

Awed by the miraculous appearance of their former chief and great warrior, the lines of braves halted a moment.

Turning quickly, Don Diego faced about and walked quickly toward the Spanish allies. With uplifted cross he approached them. The general ordered his men to halt. An Indian ally went out to meet the envoy. They met. The ally was Ojeda. "My God," he said, as he neared the Jemez chief, "it is Don Diego."

"Yes, Ojeda, I am Don Diego," greeting him as a friend according to the Indian custom. "We are on the same level now. I forgive you all. I beg you to go to the white chief and tell him to rest his arms till I can talk to my people. Tell him I wish the Jemez to be brothers to the white people and fight them no more, and the white people to be our brothers also. I will talk to him when the sun stands over yonder red point [the Zia mesa]." Thus saying, he returned to his people and Ojeda to the Spanish lines.

As soon as Ojeda reported to the commandant the Jemez message, that officer asked: "Do you not think that these Indians are laying a trap for us?"

To this question Ojeda replied that he did not think

so, as the man he had talked with was Don Diego and he knew him to be a man of his word, though they had always disagreed.

"Don Diego!" spoke up the commandant, "you don't mean to say that that war-captain that caused us so much trouble and that was captured and sent to the mines is here on the fighting line now?"

"I certainly do. And he is the hardest man to fight that your people have ever met in this region. If he offers peaceable terms, they had better be accepted. I do not know how he got here unless he dropped from the clouds, but he is here."

In less than an hour Don Diego was seen approaching again with uplifted cross. Ojeda and the general went out to meet him. He greeted the general as a brother and begged him in the name of the Virgin Mary to accept the terms he would propose to settle the difficulty that had caused the uprising. The terms, proposed, were so reasonable that they were readily accepted; and that night the enemies camped together as brothers. Ojeda and Don Diego even enjoyed the same quarters and talked over the happenings of the long ago.

The next day was Sunday and the Spanish allies and the Jemez, led by Don Diego, went to mass at the mission church in the valley where the priest accompanying the army held services. After the religious services were completed, Don Diego arose and explained the meaning of the ceremony and interpreted the good sayings of the *padre* in his remarks.

On leaving the place the next day, the Spaniards left Don Diego both as governor and acting spiritual adviser of the Jemez people, which position he held to the day of

his death, but devoting most of his time to his priestly office, holding mass at the church, looking after the sick, and attending to the confessions of the people.

One day when holding mass he fell to the floor while kneeling before the altar; and when they went to him, he was dead. The next day his remains were carried to Mesa Don Diego and interred in a grave dug in the floor of the *estufa* in the village of his fathers, amid both Catholic and Indian ceremonies. The afternoon of that same day, Indians let themselves down by ropes over the east wall of the mesa opposite his grave and there overlooking the Rio San Diego, they chiseled in the rock wall a large likeness of their departed chief and religious advisor, which figure can be seen to-day. And even now the Jemez like to tell the legends around their hearthfires of this Jemez brother who was an acting Catholic priest. And furthermore, they confound him with the canonized Saint San Diego and in their Patron Saint feast to that saint on the 12th of November each year, they throw their bread, melons, and other eatables skyward to be trampled under foot in prayer to their former governor and priest, Don Diego.

THE END

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